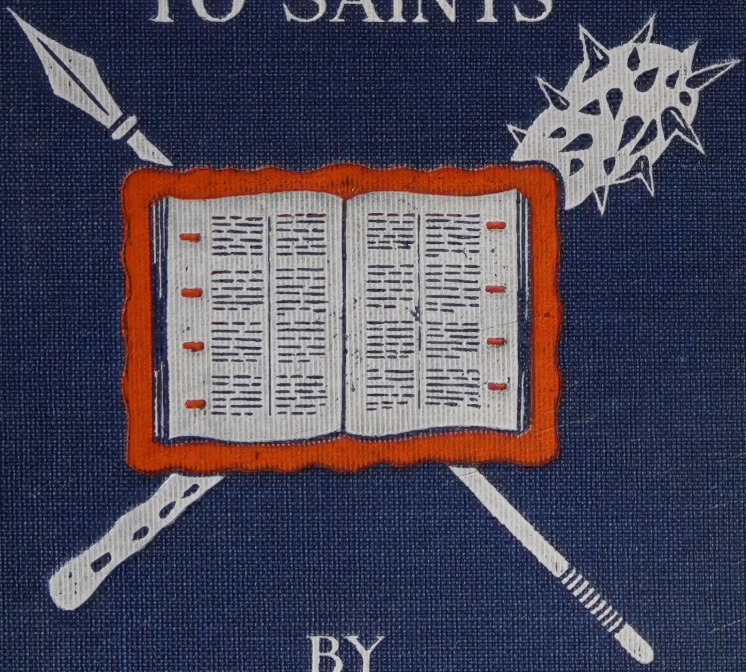
THE PACIFIC ISLANDERS

FROM SAVAGES TO SAINTS



BY

DELAVAN L. PIERSON

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PANAPA TENIHOTITI AND TOPOPOKI,
Two Maori Chiefs of New Zealand.

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THE PACIFIC ISLANDERS

From Savages to Saints

CHAPTERS FROM THE LIFE STORIES OF FAMOUS MISSIONARIES AND NATIVE CONVERTS

EDITED BY

DELAVAN L. PIERSON, M.A.

MANAGING EDITOR OF "THE MISSIONARY REVIEW OF THE WORLD"

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Chapter I

THE ISLAND WONDERS

Introductory

BY

DELAVAN L. PIERSON

Chapter I

THE ISLAND WONDERS—Introductory

THE Pacific Islands have long been famous for the wondrous picturesqueness of their scenery which is characterized by luxuriant foliage, volcanic mountain peaks or quiet lagoons and by a general prodigal lavishness of nature in fauna and flora. Birds and blossoms are decked in most gorgeous array, and fruits abound with flavors delicious beyond comparison. Behold the pearls, and ebony, and satinwood, and coffee, and cinnamon, and coconuts! How strange that where nature has wrought many of her chief marvels, and is often seen at her best, man is often found at his very worst!

These islands of the Pacific† are of all shapes and periods of construction, from the coral reef and volcanic cone to the verdant oasis of a thousand years, beauteous with its garland of palm-trees, pandanus, and breadfruit, surrounded with its

† As described by Dr. Samuel MacFarlane.

barrier and fringing reefs. The grand volcanic islands with their mountain heights, have vast craters with deep gorges between, lofty peaks, abrupt precipices, and sharp saddle ridges of basalt, lava, and volcanic débris, some more and others less recent.

In some of the homes of these cannibals the sublime and the beautiful are found united as in no other part of the world. Lava-belching volcanoes throwing up vast mountains, and then shattering them again with earthquake throes and convulsions. Torrents leaping precipices of a thousand feet. The blue unbroken billows of five thousand miles of ocean thundering incessantly upon their coral coasts. Placid lagoons and shore reefs, beautiful with shrubbery of a genial ocean. A tropical velvet verdure, covering with its grateful mantle the steepest mountain crags. Groves of palm and breadfruit-trees, like cedars of Lebanon. Dells and valleys of palm-covered plains, like the garden of Eden, with every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food. These are some of the natural features and contrasts of beauty in the fairy gardens of the homes of the cannibals of the South Seas.

The islands of the Pacific were formerly famous for the lowest type of barbarism and shocking

savagery, for the unspeakable horrors of the *tabu*, cannibalism, universal lust, and endless war. Fiji, New Zealand, New Hebrides and Raratonga were for long years names with which to conjure up scenes most forbidding and loathsome.

For ages these oceanic races lived secluded on the islands of their watery domain, a world by themselves. The very mildness of their climate and productiveness of their soil, and the abundance of fish in their waters, tended to keep them from advancing in civilization and morality. Wars almost exterminated the populations of some of the islands; the immorality was appalling; from one-fourth to two-thirds of the children were strangled or buried alive; cannibalism was frequent; and the sick and aged were usually killed rather than left to die a natural death.

In religion they were polytheists almost to the extent of pantheism, for nearly every object in nature was in their eyes a god of good or evil portent. Their religious ceremonies were accompanied with sorcery, human sacrifices, and bestial orgies, such as might characterize the infernal regions. But in the midst of all this some elements of humanity remained, and many instances are recorded that show nobility of

character and strivings after higher things in the political and social spheres.

The degraded state of these islanders, as in the case of so many other pagan peoples, was rendered still worse by the vices imported from more enlightened nations. Traders and adventurers in sailing around from the Atlantic into the Pacific "hung up their consciences off Cape Horn." These men revelled in the heathen immorality, imported rum wherewith to frenzy the natives, and oftentimes caused them to lose even the little sense of honor and duty which they had possessed. It was the murderous treachery of some of the white men that produced distrust and hatred in the natives, which resulted in the murder of John Williams and other missionaries and inoffensive traders. A captain of a vessel would sometimes impersonate a missionary, that he might gain the confidence of the natives, and then would kidnap them to be sold as slaves.

But where nature was at her best and natural man at his worst, there the Gospel of Christ has wrought some of the most marvelous transformations of history. The thrilling adventures and noble self-sacrifice of pioneer missionaries have already inspired volumes, while the story of

the conversion of cannibal chiefs into Christian preachers and the transformation of bloodthirsty tribes into worshipping churches form many fascinating chapters in the Marvels of Modern Missions. Nowhere have the triumphs of the cross been more numerous or more glorious than among these savage islanders. Upon the Hawaiian Islands missionaries were toiling and waiting and watching with weeping for fifteen long years, but after that, within six years 27,000 were gathered into the churches, which now are independent, almost self-sustaining. Within fifty years these people, saved from extinction, have become a part of our Christian nation. Years ago their hearts went out to Japan, and they gave $1000 to aid in establishing the first Christian Church there. Besides supporting the work among themselves, they have carried on mission work in other islands. One of the most striking facts indicating the missionary spirit of the native Church is that thirty per cent. of the native ministry are foreign missionaries, and twenty-two per cent. of the Christian giving in the islands goes to support their foreign missionary work.

Eighty years ago Polynesia was entirely heathen and its peoples most cruel. Now more than 300 of the islands are Christian, so that we can say,

not only that they wait for God's law, but they have received His law. In one of the New Hebrides there is a suggestive memorial slab near the grave of Rev. John Geddie: "When he came here in 1848 there were no Christians, and when he left in 1872 there were no heathen." Thousands have been thrilled with the triumphs of the Gospel among these cannibals of the New Hebrides, by reading the biography of that venerable missionary, John G. Paton. These people, once gloating over human flesh, have within a few years given thousands of dollars for the printing of God's Word for the feeding of human souls.

The man who first entered the Friendly Islands as a missionary tells us that the people were so ignorant that they did not know of fire; they ate everything raw. Neither did they know that water would boil. When this missionary kindled a fire and boiled some water he could scarcely restrain them from worshipping him as a god. We can imagine how they marveled when their language was reduced to writing, and the Word of God was printed on the little mission printing-press. This venerable servant, who has since gone to his reward, lived to see more than 20,000 church-members in the Friendly Islands.

When James Calvert arrived at the Fiji group,

it was his first duty to bury the hands, feet, and heads of eighty victims whose bodies had been roasted and eaten in a cannibal feast. Can the Gospel do anything for such people? Let the same missionary answer: "I lived to see those very cannibals who had taken part in that human feast gathered about the Lord's table, members of His Church." Cannibalism on these islands is wholly given up. Sixty years ago there was not a Christian in Fiji; now there are 2500 preachers, 1300 chapels, 2000 day and Sunday-schools, and 3000 native teachers. Surely, instead of the brier there has sprung up the myrtle-tree.

The Church Missionary Society entered New Zealand as far back as 1814, but waited and toiled eleven years for the first convert, and five years longer for the second. But then ensued such a remarkable religious overturning that in 1842 Bishop Selwyn could write: "A whole nation of pagans has been converted to the faith." Now, out of about 40,000 Maoris, 25,000 are Christians by profession, while 50 of their number are ordained clergymen.

The secret of these distinguished conquests for the kingdom of heaven is doubtless to be found in part in the fact that the insular races, as a rule, are by nature more gentle and docile and impressible

than the Chinese or the Hindus. The Islanders have never been burdened and enslaved by any form of civilization highly wrought and hoary with age, or by any religious system elaborate and fortified by centuries of learning and culture, and therefore the people were more ready to look up to their teachers and to learn, like children, and were less proud and self-sufficient. So, with all their base superstition and measureless depravity, like the publicans and sinners of our Lord's time, they were much nearer the kingdom than many more civilized.

Oceania may be divided into five groups, in addition to which there are isolated groups and islands.

Polynesia includes Hawaii, the Samoan, Society, Austral, Tonga or Friendly, Hervey or Cook, Marquesas, Phœnix, and other groups. Among islands of special interest in missionary annals are Tahiti, Raratonga, and Pitcairn. They were native teachers from Samoa who first carried the Gospel to the New Hebrides. Since Tahiti and a few other of these islands have come under French control, the Protestant missionary work has been transferred from the London Society, which first carried on the work, to the Paris Evangelical Society. The London and Wesleyan societies are still at work in this portion of the Pacific.

Melanesia includes the section west of Polynesia, and the principal groups are the New Hebrides, Loyalty, Banks, Fiji, Ellice, and Solomon. The societies engaged in evangelizing these islands are the Presbyterians of Scotland and Canada, the Wesleyans, the Church of England, and the London Missionary Society. In the New Hebrides, fifteen islands are already Christian, and the Bible has been translated in whole or in part into fifteen languages and dialects. In the Fiji Islands a greater proportion of the population attends church than in the United States. The Paris society also works in the Loyalty Islands, and the Australian Churches have taken a large part in the evangelization of their neighbors.

Micronesia lies to the north of Melanesia, and includes the Gilbert, Caroline, Marshall, and Ladrone Islands. Work was begun here by American Board missionaries from Hawaii, and has been largely developed by native Hawaiian laborers.

Australasia comprises, besides the continent of Australia, New Guinea, New Zealand, Tasmania, etc. Australia is home mission ground; New Zealand and Tasmania are practically Christianized, and New Guinea is occupied by the London society in the English section, and by the Rhenish and Neuendettelsan Missions in Kaiser Wilhelm's

Land and by the Utrecht society in the Dutch section. At Bon, where there may be seen thirty notches in a tree to commemorate as many cannibal feasts, there is now a flourishing Chrisian church.

Malaysia consists for the most part of islands adjacent to Southeastern Asia. Among the most important of these are Sumatra, Java, Celebes, the Molucca, and other small islands under Dutch rule. Borneo is divided between Holland and Great Britain, and the Philippines are now under the Stars and Stripes.

The chief missionary work is done by the American Methodists, the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Reformed Church of Holland and other Dutch societies, while in the Philippines are the American Bible Society, the Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, Episcopalians, and others.

Exclusive of Australasia and Malaysia, the total land area of the South Sea Islands is 60,000 square miles, and the population is estimated at 900,000. Some three hundred and fifty islands of the Pacific, including fourteen groups, may be said to be Christianized, but there are still many more islands almost or wholly untouched, where multitudes await some one to bring them tidings of a Saviour.

Chapter II

MODERN MIRACLES IN POLYNESIA

BY

Rev. Robert Steel, D.D.
Formerly of Sydney, New South Wales, Australia

Chapter II

MODERN MIRACLES IN POLYNESIA

MARITIME discovery and terrestrial exploration have had a great influence on Christian work. During the past century Captain Cook's "Voyages" and Dr. Livingstone's "Travels" have done much to draw forth the energies of Christian people to extend the Gospel. Livingstone knew that his discoveries would do this and his expression has become a proverb: "The end of the geographical exploration is the beginning of the missionary enterprise." It was otherwise with Captain Cook. His voyages to Polynesia, though not actually the first, awakened a great interest; and after the publication of the account of his visit to Tahiti, the Viceroy of Peru instituted a mission under two Roman Catholic priests. A house was erected for them in Vaitapeha Bay, but they remained only ten months, and then returned in the ships that took them. Captain Cook, on his third voyage, in 1777, saw the house that had been erected for them, with a wooden cross standing before it, on which he read this

inscription: "Christus vincit, et Carolus III. imperot. 1776." Referring to this effort to introduce Christianity in the islands, Captain Cook wrote in his journal:

"It is very unlikely that any measure of this kind should ever be seriously thought of, as it can neither serve the purpose of public ambition nor private avarice; and without such inducements I may pronounce that it will never be undertaken."

How much he was mistaken! How greatly he had miscalculated! There was a stronger motive than either "public ambition" or "private avarice" to induce Christian people to send the Gospel to the heathen. The love of Christ inspires missionary enterprise for fulfilling the Divine command. But it was Cook's "Voyages" that were used by God to awaken the interest that led to the new age of missions. William Carey read the "Voyages," and was fired with zeal to send the Gospel to the South Sea Islands. In his first pamphlet he specially refers to Cook, and remarks that "Men can now sail with as much certainty through the great South Sea as they can through the Mediterranean or any lesser sea." His unanticipated meeting with Mr. Thomas afterwards directed Carey's mind to India, where he found

his most appropriate sphere. Rev. Dr. Haweis, chaplain to the Countess of Huntingdon, also read Cook's "Voyages," and pressed upon her ladyship the duty of sending missionaries to Tahiti. Tho he succeeded with that devout and generous lady he could not find the missionaries, but he did not rest until, with like-minded friends, a missionary society was formed in 1795. It was then resolved to send missionaries first to Tahiti.

Captain Cook had described the natives of the South Seas in a very interesting and truthful way. He told of the savage and cannibal propensities rampant in some islands, the low morals and degrading superstitions in all, while he set forth such pleasing features of life and manner as were disclosed to him. His observations have stood the test of all subsequent investigations, and his mode of dealing with the natives prepared the way for others to follow. When at last he became a victim of their savage fury, the zeal of his Christian countrymen led them to send the Gospel to these islands.

Even Cook had not sounded all the depths of Polynesian degradation. Missionaries had to discover them through painful experience of their evil deeds. Thirty missionaries, most of

them artisans, left in the first ship, the *Duff*, in 1796, amid the many prayers and great enthusiasm of English Christians. The capture of the vessel on her second voyage by a French privateer intensified the trials of the missionaries on Tahiti and Tonga. The thievish and exacting conduct of the natives on Tahiti, the frequent wars among them, the difficulty of gaining access to their souls, and the long delay in receiving supplies and letters from England made the first twelve years a period of great disappointment and danger. Eleven of the missionaries left Tahiti in March, 1798. Some died, some fell into evil courses, and though a re-enforcement came in 1801, events occurred which led six, with their wives and children, to leave for Huahine, and all of the remainder except two sailed for Australia in 1809. Mr. Nott alone remained on Tahiti, so that the mission was nearly broken up.

At length several of the missionaries returned. Teaching and preaching were resumed and finally in 1813 a Tahitian was heard praying to the True God. Tears of joy filled the eyes of the brethren. After sixteen years of toil, anxiety, and fear, they were rewarded—God had granted unto these benighted people "repentance unto life."

The idols were burned in 1815. Pomare, the chief, triumphed over his enemies, destroyed their idols, and became a Christian inquirer. In 1817 Rev. W. Ellis arrived with a printing-press, which did eminent service to the cause of the Christian religion at that critical time. The people became eager to learn to read and to have books.

In 1819 Pomare and many others were baptized, and a great change was manifest. The people, whose revolting depravity, thievish habits, savage warfare, degrading superstitions, and brutal licentiousness seemed so impervious to missionary endeavors, really became new creatures in Christ Jesus. They passed through conviction of sin; they believed in the love of God as revealed in Christ, and started on a new life of moral uprightness. New laws regulated the native kingdom, new arts were practised by the people. A marked devotion to God and an exemplary obedience to His will characterized the islanders. The churches were filled with reverent worshippers, the schools with diligent scholars, and in every native hut there was a family altar. Captains of trading ships and of ships-of-war, both of England and America—notably Captain Fitzroy, of H. M. S. *Beagle*—noticed the remarkable

change in the manners and customs of the natives, and recorded this with admiring wonder in their journals.

Education made progress, and native teachers were trained to extend its influence, and also to preach the Gospel. The Scriptures at length were printed in the Tahitian language. In that year (1836) there were two thousand communicants, two-thirds of the people could read, many could also write, and the Society Islands were added to the Church of Christ.

The advent of such men as William Ellis and John Williams, not to speak of their colleagues and successors—all admirable missionaries— was an era in these missions to the South Seas. Mr. Ellis gave an immense impetus to inquiry and the missionary cause by the printing-press which he brought and used. He also aided the work in the Hawaiian Islands, whose language he mastered in two months. Mr. Williams became the apostle of Polynesia, conducted enterprises, discovered islands, reaped conquests for Christianity, and extended the work of missions. His visit to England, his eloquent appeals, the publication of his "Missionary Enterprises," which, as the Archbishop of Canterbury said, read like a "new chapter of the Acts of the Apostles," excited im-

mense interest in missions. His return to the islands and his martyrdom in the cause, in 1839, awakened marvelous sympathy and evoked new zeal for extending the Gospel.

The Samoan mission was founded by John Williams in his memorable vessel, *The Messenger of Peace*, built by himself in 1830. The people there showed superior intelligence, along with shocking moral degradation, and they received the Gospel with great interest. Deep convictions, even physical convulsions, marked their strong emotions, and they became genuine converts. They were good learners at school, and rewarded the labors of their early teachers and evangelists. They also developed a zeal for usefulness, and from the noble institution established at Malva sixty years ago by Messrs. Hardie and Turner, a succession of native pastors and teachers have been trained, more than one thousand in all. These men became faithful pastors of native congregations and heroic pioneers of the Gospel to heathen islands. Many of them went to do missionary work among the cannibals in New Guinea.

The Hervey group of islands presented similar scenes for Christian enterprise, drew forth similar energy, and illustrated similar success. When

Mr. Williams found Raratonga in 1823, he said: "They were ignorant of the nature of Christian worship; but when I left them, in 1836, I am not aware that there was a house in the island where family prayer was not observed night and morning." Eleven islands are embraced in the Christian Church, and the character of the converts has been adorned by the beauty of spiritual graces. The population, now much reduced, as elsewhere in Polynesia, shows "a higher degree of industry and a more ready adaptability to European manners and clothing than those of any of the group" visited by the Auckland commissioners of the Chamber of Commerce. Hundreds of native teachers have been trained, and many have gone to other islands.

The mission in Tonga started amid appalling difficulties in 1796, and a long and gloomy period of peril and disappointment followed before hope dawned. The most horrible cruelties were perpetrated, and the king, who died in 1892, after a Christian reign of more than half a century, led an attack on a French whaler in 1806, in which the crew were mercilessly massacred. After the Wesleyan Methodists took up this mission God blessed their labors with a remarkable religious awakening. King George became a convert in 1831, gave up

his idols, liberated his slaves, built churches, and even preached the Gospel. Eager crowds gathered to hear the Word of God, the people were taught to read, and a printing-press supplied portions of the Scriptures and other books. Christianity triumphed in a signal manner. A self-supporting and a missionary church arose, with a college for native pastors, a translated Bible, and an increasing commerce. The Tongan pioneers were a great factor in evangelizing Fiji.

The Fiji group of islands was a hot-bed of savage cannibalism, of incessant internecine warfare, and of all the vices of a barbarous people. The early missionaries, Messrs. Cargill and Cross, went at the hazard of their lives, and had a painful struggle amid a people with reckless disregard for human life and its tenderest ties, and with an appetite for human flesh never excelled even among the Maoris. The Gospel at length gained influence, natives were converted, and women were saved from strangling at the death of their husbands. In 1857 Thakombau, the great cannibal chief and conqueror, was baptized before a congregation many of whose wives he had dishonored, widows whose husbands he had eaten, women whose brothers he had murdered. He learned to read, he learned

to rule, he protected the missionaries, he aided the advancing cause of Christianity, and when white settlers were pressing into the islands he voluntarily offered the land, with full consent of the chiefs, to the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland. The Scriptures were translated partially at first in fifteen dialects, and finally in one, now known and read by all Fijians. The result is that governors, naval officers, travelers, and colonists have all testified to the thorough work of transformation wrought by means of the Wesleyan Methodist mission. Miss Gordon Cumming, after two years in Fiji, says:

"You may pass from isle to isle, certain everywhere to find the same cordial reception by kindly men and women. Every village in the 80 inhabited islands has built for itself a tidy church and a good house for its teacher or native minister, for whom the village also provides food and clothing. Can you realize, that there are 900 Wesleyan churches in Fiji, at every one of which the frequent services are crowded by devout congregations; that the schools are well attended; that the first sound which greets your ear at dawn and the last at night is that of hymn-singing and the most fervent worship rising from each dwelling at the hour of family prayer?"

BREAKFAST IN THE ISLAND OF TAHITI.

DANCING IN FRONT OF A NATIVE HUT IN TAHITI.

THE WESLEYAN COLLEGE IN NUKUALOFA, TONGA.

THE KING'S CHURCH AT NUKUALOFA, TONGA.

Well may we ask, "What hath God wrought?"

The Melanesian Mission was commenced in 1848 by the first bishop of New Zealand, Dr. George Augustus Selwyn, a man of an apostolic spirit. He pioneered the work amid the islands and endeavored with rare tact to ingratiate himself with the islanders. Boys were induced to go to Auckland to be educated and returned to their native islands. He persuaded John Coleridge Patteson to assist him, and afterward to become Bishop of Melanesia. Work was carried on in the Northern New Hebrides, the Banks, Torres, Solomon, and Santa Cruz groups. Many youths were taught at Norfolk Island, which was made the headquarters, and a band of European missionaries was secured. Bishop Patteson fell a martyr at Nikapu in 1872 and Bishop John Selwyn succeeded him. The Melanesian Christians now number some twelve thousand and there are between 8000 and 10,000 pupils under teachers. A steam vessel serves the mission amid the islands.

The aborigines of Australia have been the most difficult of all tribes to evangelize. They are entirely nomadic, which makes it impossible for a missionary to be with them in their own way of living. The only means of reaching them has

been by inducing some of them to settle on certain reserves. Again and again a forlorn hope has been cherished in all the colonies, and tho not without some faint encouragements, has been on the whole very disappointing. Contact with Europeans has not been favorable. But in the more favorable settlements both education and religion have had occasional success in each of the colonies. The Rev. V. A. Nagenauer, who has devoted thirty-five years to Christian work among them in Victoria, does not despair of missionary success. The most promising efforts at present are those in Mapoon, Northern Australia, where the Moravians have a mission far away from white settlements. It is to these that the prayers and liberal gifts should be given, in the hope that even yet a proportion of the blacks of Australia may be gathered into the Christian Church before the race finally disappears. Self-denying missionaries have labored among them and have won converts to Christ. Small portions of the Gospels have been translated into different languages. The Lutherans have a mission in the east, and the Presbyterians on the Batavia River, in the Gulf of Carpentaria. Large reserves have been secured, and the government aids the secular part. The churches support the missionaries.

One very pleasing feature has characterized missions in the Pacific. They have, with few exceptions, been free from sectarian strife. Very rarely have missionary societies overlapped each other in the Pacific Ocean. Roman Catholic missions have occasionally entered upon spheres where the natives had already become Christians; but Protestant missions have each been left to the groups where they began the good work. Though Anglican bishops have taken a part in the work, they have, as a rule, not only refrained from interfering with others, but have even retired farther on, as in the New Hebrides, as the pioneer missionaries of the Presbyterian Church advanced.

Great hindrances to missionary work in the South Seas have arisen not merely from the degradation and vicious habits of a barbarous people, but also from these other causes:

1. The presence of vicious white men, some of them runaway convicts, some sailors, and others, a class called "beach combers," who had ingratiated themselves with the natives, and frequently plotted against the missionaries.

2. The unprincipled and immoral conduct of the crews of some ships.

3. The distribution of intoxicating liquors among the natives.

4. The immoral relations of some traders with the native women, and the opposition to the missionaries by these men.

5. The worldly influences introduced along with civilized life and commerce.

6. The exportation of natives to plantations in the colonies or on other islands.

There are not fewer than 350 islands of Polynesia that have been more or less fully evangelized in this century. A fleet of five missionary vessels with auxiliary small craft has been occupied in this work till steamships in the trade have caused some to cease. The Word of God has been rendered into over 50 languages in whole or in part. Half a million of converts have been gathered into the Church. Many faithful native pastors and teachers have been trained, and have illustrated the graces of Christian character and the works of faith and love. Some have, amid many dangers, pioneered the Gospel to savage islands, and have led the natives to Christ without European or American missionary aid. The whole expense has been about $10,000,000, or £2,000,000! Has this not been a wonderfully economical enterprise to have produced such glorious and permanent results?

Chapter III

PAO, THE APOSTLE OF LIFU

BY

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"Among the Cannibals of New Guinea" and
"The Story of the Lifu Mission."

Chapter III

PAO, THE APOSTLE OF LIFU

ABOUT forty-three years ago I bade good-by to home and friends and civilization, and started for the cannibal islands in Western Polynesia. My destination was Lifu, the largest and most populous island in the Loyalty group. As the highest point of these islands does not exceed two hundred and fifty feet it is sufficiently plain why Captain Cook sailed along the eastern coast of New Caledonia without discovering them. They were not known until 1803, and M. Dumont d'Urville was the first to make a hydrographic chart of the group.

Lifu and such islands as Mangaia and Niue, or Savage, Island are composed of coral rocks, more or less modified by the action of air, water, and other agents. These do not exhibit the picturesque beauty of the volcanic islands nor the soft and gentle loveliness of the true coral islands, which have received the enthusiastic praise of all voyagers in the South Seas; still, they are beautiful in their own peculiar way.

It was on Lifu that I spent the first thirteen years of my missionary life, and gained much valuable experience for the more difficult work in New Guinea. The pioneer Christian teacher among those Lifu cannibals was a native of Polynesia. An Englishman had also lived with the people many years before my coming. These two pioneers—an English heathen and a Polynesian Christian—preceded me, the first missionary on Lifu. While the Englishman was being trained in a Christian home and attending the Sunday-school, the Polynesian was being initiated in all the abominations of the savages on Raratonga.

The English boy ran away from home, and shipped on board a vessel going to Australia. He made friends with the worst of the sailors, and in Australia gave himself up to drink and vice, and at length engaged himself as a sailor on a small vessel going to Western Polynesia. At Lifu the reckless youth determined to take up his abode with its savage inhabitants. He landed among them, and gained their favor by giving away his clothes and adopting their mode of life.

He assisted the tribe in their cruel wars, and became a noted warrior and a terror to the other tribes. He even revelled with them in their abominable cannibal feasts, and became known among

traders as "Cannibal Charlie." When the missionary ship *John Williams* first visited the island, this heathen white man came off in a canoe "as wild as the wildest heathen, and much more detestable to look on than they."

Three thousand miles away to the east of Lifu another lad had been growing up in a heathen home, who was to be the next foreigner to settle at Lifu. His name was Pao. His countrymen were a wild lot of savages and Pao was nurtured amid the cruelties of war and the abominations of heathenism. He would doubtless make a brave young warrior, for as I knew him years afterward he was a man of great energy and dauntless courage.

Pao's place of conversion and school of instruction was, strangely enough, on board an American whaler. These ships generally carry the most godless crews, but judging from my own experience many are not so black as they have been painted. On board the one which took away the young savage, Pao, for a three years' cruise, there must have been at least one devout sailor, who took spiritual charge of the youth, and endeavored to make him the means of blessing to his countrymen. He taught him to read and write, and speak English fairly well; he explained

to him, in a simple way, the doctrines of a Christian religion, and had the joy of witnessing the dawn of light and growing enthusiasm in the mind of this heathen young man. Long before the three years' engagement was completed, Pao had declared his intention of becoming a missionary to his countrymen on his return.

When Pao was landed at Raratonga he was delighted to find that John Williams, the renowned missionary of Polynesia, had established a mission there, and that some progress was already visible. He was a valuable addition to the small mission party, and his story of the white man and the white man's God was listened to by his heathen countrymen with great attention and wonder. He went from village to village proclaiming the Gospel of peace and salvation.

The South Sea Island missions have been preeminently distinguished for their noble bands of native pioneer evangelists. The European pioneers at Tahiti labored for seventeen years before one native embraced the Gospel; but where native pioneers have gone it has rarely taken as many months to gather in the harvest. The secret of their success is that they are, above all things, consecrated men and understand the people. From their early days they have been trained as

warriors, beginning their education with toy bows, arrows and spears. When they embrace the Gospel they carry their war-spirit with them and often say: "We have been the soldiers of the devil. We are now the soldiers of Jesus Christ. Tell us what He would like to have us do." When these men learn that Christ would not like to have them go to a certain place, they say, "Then I won't go"; that He would not like to hear them using bad language, their reply is, "Then I won't say that any more." With consecrated, enthusiastic converts like these it is easy to understand the rapid progress of Christianity in the Pacific Islands.

It is not always the best-educated converts who make the most successful *pioneer* evangelists. Pao's life and work illustrate this in a very remarkable manner. When an institution for training native teachers was established at Raratonga, and a call given for volunteers to carry the Gospel to the cannibals of western Polynesia, Pao offered himself. A few months later the *John Williams* arrived, and finding that she was to visit the cannibal islands in the west, Pao at once went to Mr. Buzacott, the missionary, and begged to be allowed to go in the vessel.

"What for?" asked the missionary.

"To teach the cannibals," replied the young man.

"Why," said Mr. Buzacott, "you have only been here a few months; you have four years' training before you yet; you must learn before you teach."

"I want to teach what I have learned," answered the intrepid youth. "It is true I don't know much, but I know who the true God is; I know who Jesus Christ is; and I know about the future; let me go and tell them that, and send other young men after me to teach them other things."

It was well that Mr. Buzacott possessed a large amount of "sanctified common sense." Had he insisted upon Pao's remaining to complete his four years' course, he might have spoiled one of the finest specimens of Polynesian pioneers. Men like Pao are exceptional, and should be treated accordingly; they are God-trained men for a special work. A long course of study might damp their enthusiasm, and change their views. The object of training should be to fit them for the work they are called to do. What more did Pao need for a *pioneer* among savages and cannibals? He had unwavering faith in God and in His Gospel message. He had a great pity for the heathen and a burning zeal and yearning desire to declare to them the message of God's love. What more did he require? The convincing argu-

ment would be his own life; and he felt sure that the power that had changed him, and was changing eastern Polynesia, would not fail among the cannibals of the west. So his request was granted, and he was solemnly set apart as a Gospel messenger to the cannibals of Lifu; and he again sailed away fromhis native land, this time never to return.

The ferocious cannibals of the Loyalty group had taken several English vessels and murdered the crews. They declared to me when I settled among them that they found this a very easy way of acquiring property. As the mission had already gained a footing on Mare, about forty-five miles from Lifu, it was thought prudent to leave Pao at that station for a year until the return of the *John Williams*. It was hoped that by that time he would not only be able to form the acquaintance and learn the language of some of the Mare natives who had friends and relatives at Lifu, but also would make friends with some of the Lifuans themselves, who were in the habit of crossing in their canoes at certain seasons of the year.

But Pao was not the man to wait for a whole year when the sphere of his work was so near. He soon acquired sufficient knowledge of the Mare

language to make himself understood, and by his energy and skill in canoe- and house-building he became popular with the natives, and prevailed upon a few who had friends at Lifu to accompany him in a canoe to that island.

Pao knew the dangers he was facing both from sea and from savages but he hesitated not. He sat in the stern of his little canoe, grasping the steering-paddle, and gazing across the white-capped waves to catch the first sight of his sphere of labor. He had a little bundle stowed away in the canoe, containing his Raratongan New Testament and a few simple presents for the chief. He not only knew how to build a good canoe, but how to sail it, and secured the confidence of his fellow passengers by the dexterous way in which he manipulated the steering-paddle, keeping the canoe from shipping much water. Two or three hours after they had lost sight of Mare the tops of the cocoanut-trees at Lifu appeared to rise out of the sea, growing as they drew nearer, till the land itself became visible; then the barrier-reef, like a ridge of snowy foam; and soon afterward they heard the thunder of the breakers. As the canoe drew near the dangerous reef a crowd of natives assembled on the beach, and some waded out in the lagoon.

Only those who have passed through the experience know what a sense of relief and thankfulness one feels when he has shot through the narrow reef-passage from a tempestuous sea into the placid lagoon. Pao required all his strength and skill to keep his canoe from being swept broadside onto the barrier-reef. But no sooner was he safely in the lagoon and relieved from all anxiety about the voyage than a more formidable danger appeared. How would he be received by the cannibals who were assembled on the beach? He knew that the great chief Bula was a despot and that his word was law, from which there was no appeal. Whether they would listen to his message or feast on his body depended, humanly speaking, entirely upon this man. So Pao wisely determined to appeal to the chief at once. Being of a lighter color than his companions, with black, straight hair of the Malayan type, he was a conspicuous object as he stood in the bow of the canoe, which was being paddled toward the beach. His friends had told him that many of the people there were acquainted with the Mare language, and that they would understand if he spoke to them in that tongue. As he drew near the crowd of savages he shouted, "Go and tell the king that I am a friend, and have

brought a message for him from the Great Spirit." He was unwittingly setting an example of a way of introducing the Gospel to the heathen that would be followed by many a Lifu pioneer evangelist afterward in the New Hebrides, New Caledonia, and New Guinea.

The king received the news with astonishment and delight. Here was a man who could tell him what he wanted to know. He had been losing faith in his gods, and had actually sent canoes to the neighboring islands to see if they could find any more powerful than his; now comes a man with a message from the Great Spirit Himself, of whom their *hazes* were merely representations. So he told some of his warriors to bring the stranger to his house. Surrounded by these braves, and followed by a crowd, he was conducted to the king, whom he found sitting on a mat in the midst of his head men. Bula was the most powerful chief in the Loyalty group, having five thousand petty chiefs and men who paid tribute to him, and were ready to use their clubs and spears for him at any moment.

When Pao was brought in, the king regarded him for a few moments in silence. No one dared to speak till he had uttered his wish, and they were prepared to carry out that wish with reference

to this stranger, whatever it might be. Presently the king said, in the Mare language:

"Have you a message for me from the Great Spirit?"

"Yes," replied Pao, emphatically—so decidedly, indeed, that all present looked at him in astonishment. The king again turned his eyes to the light-colored, black-haired young messenger as he stood fearlessly before him.

"Have you seen him?" said the king.

"No," replied Pao, "you can not see a spirit."

"Then how did you get the message?" inquired the king.

"By letter," said Pao, "and here it is," producing his New Testament. "The white missionaries have translated it into my language, and they will very soon come and translate it into yours. I have come to live with you, and learn your language, and tell you what the letter contains."

"Good," said the king. "I will be your friend and proclaim you my *enekma*." This not only secured protection for Pao throughout the king's territory, but led to his being kindly and hospitably treated wherever he went.

For a few days the king listened attentively to all that Pao had to say about the true God; then

determined to test, in his own way, the truth of some of the things that he had heard; so he sent for Pao, and thus addressed him:

"You say that your God is above all gods; that He made all things, and is almighty. Now, that is the kind of God I want. Our fathers worshipped these gods of wood and stone, and told us they represented the Great Spirit and were sacred. We have prayed to them and made sacrifices to them, but they have failed us in war, in sickness, and in sending rain when we need it. Your letter, which you say comes from the Great Spirit, may be more powerful; we will try it. Our enemies on the other side of the island have plundered some of my villages on the border and killed some of my people. They are led by a white man who, they say, is a great warrior. We will fight them. You shall go with us, carrying the letter from the Great Spirit; we will fight under it, and if He is what you say, and this is His letter, victory will be ours, for their gods are no better than ours."

All applauded. The test seemed a fair one. It was in vain that Pao preached his Gospel of peace amid the preparations for war. Neither king nor people were in a mood to listen or to leave him behind, so he made the best of the position in

which he found himself, and prayed earnestly to God for victory, that His cause might be established and his own life spared to work among this people.

The warriors met on the borders of the two districts, at a place called We, their common battlefield. On the one side was "Cannibal Charlie" and on the other was Pao. The white heathen and the converted savage were the guests of the opposing chiefs, and both sides looked to them to secure victory. Pao felt that it was like the meeting of Elijah with prophets of Baal, and he had no fear of the result. We do not know how Cannibal Charlie spent the night before the battle, but Pao and his companions from Mare sang hymns and prayed to the true God for a victory that would establish His cause on the island, and lead to peace and the conversion of the people. The savages sat silently around their camp-fires and listened to these strange proceedings, regarding them, no doubt, as incantations. But Pao was not only a man of prayer and faith; he was pre-eminently a man of action. His energy, and courage and fearlessness were always spoken of by the people with admiration. That night they were infectious as he moved about amongst the warriors.

Next morning the armies were drawn up opposite to each other on the plain. Heralds rush out from each side toward the enemy, whom they approach in the most defiant attitude, shaking their spears and brandishing their clubs, calling out the names of their fathers and chiefs. But before coming dangerously near each other, they stop suddenly, throw grass and dirt toward the enemy, and retire. This is repeated as the armies slowly approach each other, till the heralds come into conflict, and then their friends rush to the rescue and a general fight takes place. There is a good deal more yelling and shouting and urging each other on than actual fighting in these wars, and neither side will remain long after seeing a few of their side killed and wounded.

At last Pao's party were admitted to be the conquerors, and this secured to him the liberty of proclaiming the Gospel throughout Bula's district. The king and his ministers professed to adopt the new religion, but merely as a means of furthering their wicked ends. Pao and his God were to be kept for themselves, and to be used against their enemies; but they were unwilling to place themselves under any of the restraints required by the Gospel. They continued their wars, practised polygamy, and often re-

turned from evening prayers, unknown to Pao, to another house to eat human flesh.

Such was the state of affairs when the king became blind, which was regarded by the natives as a great calamity, caused by some person or persons by their incantations. The consciences of some of them, however, told that they had played the hypocrite with Pao, and they naturally looked upon this as a punishment from his God, and determined to put him to death. Five men were selected for this purpose, from one of whom I received the story.

One day when Pao was mending his canoe on the beach, they arranged to surround him, enter into a conversation with him, and then, upon a given signal, tomahawk him. They approached, encircled him, conversed with him, gave the signal, but no hand was raised against him. One of them assured me that they felt as if their arms were paralyzed. A number of braves undertook to throw him down a cavern by which he had to pass, but when he appeared and calmly asked them why they wished to kill him, and what evil he had done, and if he was not their best friend, the would-be murderers hung their heads in confusion and shame, and, instead of their killing him, he preached the Gospel to them.

Other teachers soon arrived to assist Pao, but they do not appear to have taken a very active part in the evangelization of the island. Unfortunately, soon after their arrival an epidemic broke out, carrying off many of the people, among them some of the chiefs. The new teachers were blamed for having brought it, and there was a cry for their death or banishment. Cannibal Charlie knew that either he or the teachers would have to leave the island, and, seeing his opportunity, joined in the cry for their banishment. But the king, tho blind, and still a heathen and cannibal, remained true to his Raratongan friend till his death, which occurred soon after. Then the storm which had been gathering burst over the devoted Pao and his little company of converts, and he, with the other teachers, was obliged to escape to Mare.

The son of old Bula, who succeeded his father, was not long after this defeated by his enemies and obliged to flee for his life. This defeat of the king's party was regarded by Pao's friends as a judgment upon them for their hypocrisy. In the midst of these troubles Pao, accompanied by a few influential natives from Mare, re-visited Lifu; but he was received with hostile demonstrations, and owed his safety, no doubt, to the

influence of his Mare friends. His faithful few urged him to return to Mare for a little longer and again he put to sea, with a sad, perplexed heart. He had to learn that *our* work is to surround the walls of idolatry and blow the Gospel trumpet; God will do the rest. Pao's trumpet had given no uncertain sound on Lifu; the blasts had been long and loud, and had echoed through every village on the island; now he was to retire till God threw down the walls that stood between him and his work.

The change that took place in the minds of Pao's enemies was remarkable for its suddenness and completeness. They felt the truth of what he had said about their desolating wars; they heard with interest the glowing accounts of the transformation effected on Mare by the Gospel; they were losing confidence in their gods, and becoming more and more afraid of "Jehovah." The little band that Pao had left behind were also zealous in disseminating as much of the truth as they knew, so that a few months after Pao left Lifu, messengers arrived at Mare earnestly begging him to return and assuring him that those who had formerly been his enemies were ready to receive him with open arms.

Pao's spirit was stirred within him when he re-

ceived this news and his canoe was soon launched again, his mat-sail unfurled, and he and his companions flying before a trade-wind to the seat of his labors. He was received with unmistakable demonstrations of joy by the people when he landed. The wall had, indeed, fallen down flat, and all that he and his friends had to do was to go straight before them and take the city.

Temporary buildings were erected in which regular services were conducted, and these were numerously attended. Schools were also established; and very soon some of the natives, to the astonishment of their friends, could name any letter in Pao's New Testament. The wonderful change taking place in the L¨si district, where Bula was supreme, became the talk of their enemies on the other side of the island, the Wet district, where Ukenizö was the great chief.

One of the most influential of the heathen priests, or sacred men, in the Wet district received a message from a friendly priest in the Lösi district, informing him that they were all going to embrace the new religion, and urging him to adopt the same course. This priest, who had already heard much in favor of Christianity, declared his readiness to receive Pao and hear what he had to say. Pao regarded this open door as providen-

tial, and determined to enter at once with the Word of Life. When he made known his intention many of his followers strongly opposed it, declaring that he would be killed by their enemies. Others, who began to comprehend better the design of the Gospel, were anxious that the Wet people should embrace it, and thus end their wars. All, however, agreed, that if he went, he should be well escorted. In vain did Pao assure them that his God would protect him as He had done before. They seemed to think that neither he nor his God knew the character of their enemies half so well as they did. The result was that a large number of armed men accompanied him to the village of the heathen priest. Haneka heard all he had to say, declared himself a Christian, and delivered up his gods to Pao. He then accompanied them to the great chief Ukenizö, who, hearing of their approach, and fearing an attack, had two parties placed in ambush near his house for protection. Altho no disturbance took place, the interview was too martial and Mohammedan-like to be productive of much real good.

The king declared himself satisfied with the gods of his fathers, and openly avowed his intention to live and die a heathen. For a time Haneka was the only man in Wet who dared to

become a Christian. He was a man of so great influence that even the great chief Ukenizö was afraid of him; and his son, an energetic, fearless man about thirty years of age, joined his father, and became a means of communication between Haneka and Pao. This man was most indefatigable; he seemed by his frequent intercourse with Pao to imbibe his spirit, and became really the evangelist of Wet, carrying Pao's messages from village to village, and running off to him with every hard question or difficulty. Numbers flocked to old Haneka at his home to learn about the new religion, and wherever his son, Tubaisi, went they gathered round him to hear and become converts.

It was not long before Pao had adherents in almost every village in Wet, he himself paying them personal visits as often as he could, altho his life was frequently in great danger.

It soon became a question with Pao where he should settle as his headquarters and the spirit of the man was shown in his choice. All wanted him, and the natives of the two districts very nearly came to blows on the subject. He settled the question by building his house on the battlefield between the two districts. No coconut-tree, nor indeed food of any kind, was ever allowed to grow there. The idea of establishing a village at We

was quite amusing to the heathen party, and even Pao's followers looked upon the undertaking as hopeless. Soon, however, a neat little cottage stood by the roadside on that dreary plain. So extraordinary a phenomenon was the subject of general conversation and astonishment, and there were but a few who believed that it would be allowed to remain. It certainly did not remain alone very long. Natives from the extremity of both districts gathered around Pao; houses were erected, groves of coconut-trees planted, and ere long it became the talk of the island that bananas were to be seen growing on the roadside at We, and even bunches of ripe ones were allowed to remain on the trees. Here was a telling fact in favor of Christianity. The settlement soon became a populous and flourishing village, with a neat lath-and-plaster church in its center, glistening among the coconut and banana trees, a pleasing illustration of the fulfilment of Isaiah's prophecy: "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as a rose."

The success of Pao spelt failure to Cannibal Charlie; even among the heathen his influence gradually waned. He knew that cannibalism and all the dark deeds of heathenism were doomed,

and as he desired to continue the sort of life he had adopted, he embraced the opportunity offered by a vessel calling at Lifu on its way to the Fiji Islands, and leaving his harem and infamous example behind, he settled among the notorious cannibals of Fiji, where he spent the remainder of his life. And what a life!

During the illness from which Pao did not recover, he expressed a strong desire to make his *will* (!) in my presence. Altho he was twenty miles from the place where I was living, I started at once, to show the Lifuans my respect for him. Arriving in the evening, I presented myself at his bedside to receive his commands about the disposal of his property, which consisted of a scanty wardrobe and a few carpenter's tools, all of which were well worn. However, with Pao, the business was as serious as if he had been a millionaire.

He had a wife and two little daughters; one of the latter he disinherited altogether because she had not been attentive to him during his illness, perferring the playground to the sick-chamber. I remonstrated, but he remained firm. He then charged me to see that the following distribution was made of his property:

To a friend at Aitutaki—An old black cloth coat, the best he had.

To a native of Raratonga—A carpenter's brace and bits.

To another friend of the same island—A large auger.

To his wife—Her own box, containing two dresses and a piece of calico.

To the younger daughter—The remainder of his property, which consisted of a few carpenter's tools, all of which were specified; also what clothes remained after his burial suit has been provided.

He desired me to see that his wife and children went to Raratonga by the *John Williams*. Then he died happy.

Thus passed away the apostle of Lifu—more like an apostle than many of us. What a contrast between his usefulness and will and those of many professing Christians! Pao was not qualified for the steady, systematic duties of a settled teacher; his work was simply that of a pioneer. On two occasions, accompanied by some Lifu men, he crossed over to New Caledonia in a canoe, and sought to introduce the Gospel to those savage cannibals. His death was mourned by the whole population, and so great was the respect for his memory that many years after his death the natives and foreigners united in raising a monument to commemorate his life and labors at Lifu.

Chapter IV

TITUS COAN AND THE PENTECOST AT HILO

BY

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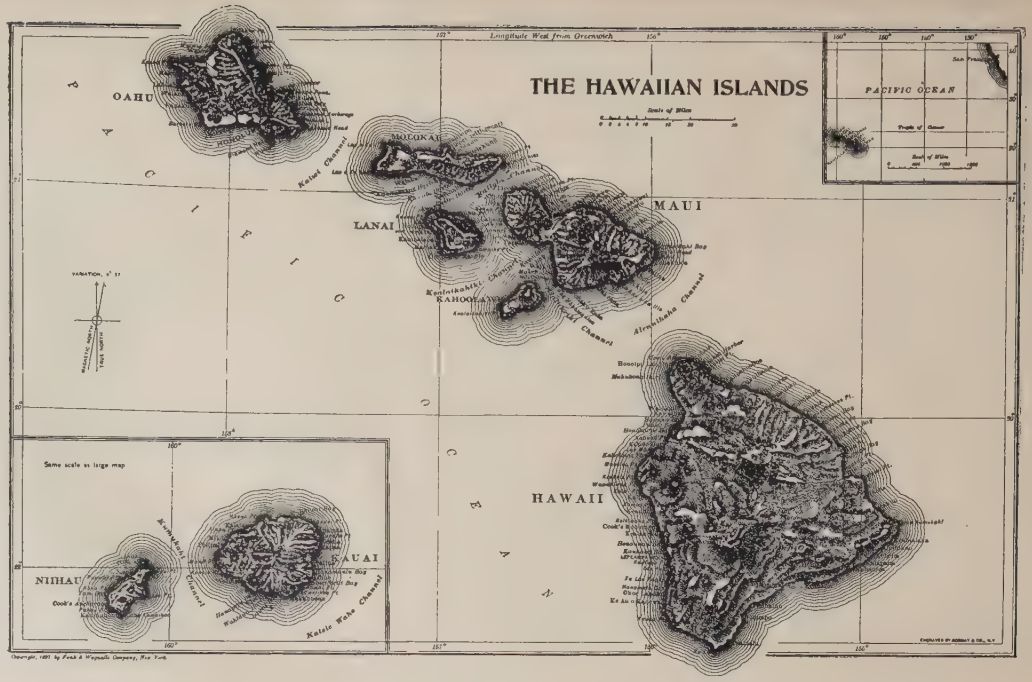
THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS
Longitude West from Greenwich
Scale of Miles
PACIFIC OCEAN
OAHU
MOLOKAI
LANAI
MAUI
KAHOOLAWE
HAWAII
NIIHAU
KAUAI
Kaiwi Channel
Kaiolohia Channel
Alenuihaha Channel
Kaulakahi Channel
Kalaie Wahe Channel
Same scale as large map
VARIATION, 8° 37
MAGNETIC NORTH
TRUE NORTH
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ANCIENT HAWAIIAN IDOLS.

THE GREAT UNION CHURCH AT HONOLULU.

Chapter IV

TITUS COAN AND THE PENTECOST AT HILO

ALL things considered, no more phenomenal results have been recorded in the history of missions than are supplied by the work in the Hawaiian Islands. Every period from their discovery to their annexation to the United States overflows with elements surprising and almost startling.

The location of this group is peculiar in the extreme. In the boundless expanse of the Pacific, it lies isolated and remote from all continents and islands, being 2100 miles southwest of San Francisco, 2400 miles north of Tahiti, 3440 miles from Yokohama, and 2400 miles from Hongkong. Situated thus, "at the crossroads of the Pacific," it is near the center of commerce between British Columbia, California, Nicaragua, and Panama on the east, and Japan, China, New Zealand, and Australia on the west and south. The position in space is marvelously strategic, no substitution or rivalry being possible.

The islands, eight in number, are of no incon-

siderable size, having a total area of 6640 square miles, or almost as large as New Jersey, while the largest, with its 4210 square miles, has an area about the size of Connecticut. Much of the soil is unfit for cultivation, but such as is arable is exceedingly productive. The climate is well-nigh ideal, the mercury seldom rising above 90°, or sinking below 60°, with an average of 70° to 80°, and cool trade-winds almost constantly blowing. A population of 1,000,000 is easily possible, and is also likely at no distant day.

It was seemingly by accident that the "Sandwich Islands" were discovered by Captain Cook when he was engaged in his fruitless attempt to find a northeast passage from Behring Straits to Baffin Bay. For about forty years this group was visited only by vessels in search for sandalwood, or those on their way to and from the North Pacific in quest of whales or furs, not seldom remaining also during the winter season. Many of the sailors were of the very vilest, and their presence was often accompanied by the most shameless and loathsome debauchery, which resulted in forms of disease so deadly as to decimate the population and probably doom the entire race to eventual extinction.

From time immemorial each island had been

ruled by a chief of its own, but not long after the visit of Captain Cook, Kamehameha, one of the strongest and most enterprising of these, made war upon one after another, and finally, in 1810, became undisputed head of the entire group. This put an end to the desolating wars which hitherto had been almost constant, and made an important preparation for the introduction of the Gospel.

Trading vessels came to these shores to obtain the sandalwood, used for incense to the idols in Chinese temples; and thus these idolaters contributed to idolatry elsewhere. The features common to idolatry were found among the Hawaiians, and human sacrifices were customary, especially in case of the sickness of a monarch; and, when Kamehameha would not permit them, three hundred dogs were offered at his funeral obsequies. The islands were filled with wailings; the people shaved their heads, burned themselves, knocked out their front teeth, and both sexes, young and old, gave free rein to their evil passions, in robbery, lust, and murder.

Idolatry in Hawaii was of the lower order; the idols were of their own making, roughly and hideously carved in wood and in stone. Again were the significant words of Scripture fulfilled: "They that make them are like unto them," for the

Hawaiians had become almost as stupid and senseless as the images they worshipped.

Kilauea, the great volcano, was among their gods. Its crater is 4000 feet above sea-level, and 10,000 feet distant is another active crater, not connected with this, which is three miles in diameter. Jets of scalding steam rose from crevices all over the field, and the burning lake rose and fell as the mighty power beneath heaved the molten mass, which every now and then swelled into a vast dome, or was tossed up in jets from 60 to 80 feet high. Here the god Pele was adored with prayers and offerings. When the volcano poured forth its rivers of fire it was believed that the wrath of Pele was no longer to be restrained; and when the seething crater was comparatively quiet, he was appeased. Kalaipahoa, the poison god, was made of wood, curiously carved into hideous deformity; and no idol was so dreaded save the deities believed to preside over volcanoes. All deaths from poison were traced to his malign power, and even the wood of his image was believed to be death-dealing.

The war god, Tairi, was borne in war near the king's person. It was about two feet high, made of wickerwork, covered with red feathers, and having a hideous mouth. Lono, another of the

popular and powerful idols, consisted simply of a pole with a small head on the end, probably carried in battle. One of the largest temples, dedicated to this god, was over 200 feet long and 100 feet broad. It was built of lava stones, and upon it stood the idol, surrounded by images of inferior deities. This temple still stands, a melancholy monument to what the Hawaiians once were. There was the court of idol deities; there they met for superstitious worship and licentious festivals. There they poured out human blood and burned the flesh and fat of human sacrifices, every humane instinct blotted from their natures by ages of increasing degradation and deterioration.

No intelligent view of the heathenism of the Hawaiians can be had without a knowledge of the *tabu* system of restrictions and prohibitions, inseparable from the national idolatry, and embracing sacred places, persons, and things. To violate these restrictions was a capital offence. A husband could not eat with his wife, nor could women eat certain choice articles of food; and those whose high social position could defy the death penalty were threatened with the wrath of the gods. What was enjoined or prohibited was more tyrannically trivial than the injunctions

of the ancient Pharisaic code; yet their very insignificance made them more intolerably oppressive. The *tabu* laws left the people at the mercy of a corrupt priesthood, and under a yoke of the most galling servitude, destroying personal liberty.

Ignorance of course prevailed. The Hawaiians knew not the meaning of a grammar, a dictionary, or a literature, and the simplest operations of arithmetic were inexplicable mysteries. Ignorance is the mother of superstition as it is the twin sister of idolatry. The ignorance of the Hawaiians was as extreme as their idolatry was degrading. They were savages without the Gospel. They lived in grass huts, and were almost destitute of clothing; the arts and sciences were unknown to them beyond those which are most primitive and essential to the preservation of life. Even language often shows the degrading influence of idolatry. As a people sink into depths of moral ruin, they lose higher and more spiritual ideas, until they have no longer any words with which to associate elevated and ennobling sentiments. The missionaries to the Pacific Isles found no word to express *thanks*, as tho gratitude were unknown; and many other instances might be given showing the influence of heathenism upon language.

The influence of superstition could be seen conspicuously in the treatment of disease by native doctors, and the apprehension of being prayed to death, implying a belief in a species of witchcraft. The most absurd and foolish notions had all the importance of most certain facts and most weighty issues. The people lived in terror of their own thoughts, and malignant influences were believed to be all about them, shaping them and their destinies as by an inexorable fate.

There was in those days one ruler in the islands, and his word was law, and his beck determined life and death. If a chief placed a stick of sugar-cane in the corner of a field, not even the owner himself dared take his own crop away. If a person refused to obey his chief, or perform any service, his house might be burned, and his family left destitute. Hawaiians were ruled with a rod of iron.

Infanticide was also the fatal plant growing in the death shade to destroy the very existence of the nation. With the exception of the higher class of chiefs it was practised by all ranks of the people. Few parents spared more than two or three children, and many allowed no more than one to live. Shortly after birth, or during the first year, two-thirds of the native children

actually died a violent death; and many different methods were used, some of which proved fatal to the mother also. Having failed, through lack of a "higher civilization," to understand the modes of prenatal murder so common in Christian lands, the poor Hawaiians had no alternative but to permit nature to bring to birth, and then to strangle or bury the children alive. Think of a mother thrusting into the mouth of a helpless babe a piece of tapa to stop its cries, then deliberately digging a hole in the earthy floor of her hut within a few yards of her bed, and of the spot where she ate her daily bread, and there burying alive her own child! And for no other motive than to indulge indolence, or save the trouble of bringing the child up! Parents were wont thus to put out of the way not only weak and sickly children, but even the brightest and healthiest. During the forty years, between 1778 and 1818, the population had decreased from 400,000 to 150,000, nearly two-thirds; so that *a nation was saved from extinction* by the Gospel, for in twenty years more, at the same rate of decrease, the Hawaiian Islands would have been an uninhabited waste.

The governor, Kekuanoa himself, in an address at Honolulu, in 1841, said:

"There were, a few years ago, three laws, all designed to deliver criminals from justice by the protecting favor of the chiefs. Offenders were not then brought to trial, and even legislation set a premium upon crime. Both polygamy and polyandry were common, no law of marriage being known, and property and rank settling the question of the number of wives a man should have or the number of husbands a woman should have, and hence came the attendant evils of infanticide, quarrels, and murder.

"The lines of distinction between right and wrong seemed well-nigh obliterated. Good and evil were alike; the rights of others were not respected; they abused the maimed, the blind, the aged, and the chiefs ground the poor into the dust. Gambling, drinking, and debauchery found in the rulers rather their leaders than their rebukers and punishers. The chiefs themselves became rich by seizing the property of their subjects; and at the death of his father Liholiho made a law which sanctioned wholesale rum-drinking, dancing, stealing, adultery, and night carousing, consuming whole nights in the most shameless debauchery, and turning whole villages into brothels."

Modesty there was none; even among the gentler sex all sense of shame seemed dead. Nakedness

brought no blush. As to virtue, what chastity could be expected where these barriers were broken down? Parents gave their daughters, and husbands their wives to a fate worse than death for the sake of gain; and this traffic in virtue became a systematic thing upheld by law and sanctioned by universal custom. Every foreign vessel was turned into a floating Sodom. The facts defy language; and, if language could be found, refined taste would forbid the repetition of such shocking details.

Of course the whole social fabric was decayed and rotten from the foundation. The tie of marriage was dependent on caprice. One day a man might have as many wives as he could feed and take care of; the next day he might turn them all adrift, as it suited his pleasure or fancy. A woman could have as many husbands as she pleased, and the relation was equally uncertain. The king himself had five wives, and one of them was his father's widow, and two others his father's daughters. Each one had her day in which to serve her lord, following him with a spit dish and a fly-brush. Conjugal concord or affection was as unknown as though they had no existence, and so of parental authority or affection, or filial love and obedience.

While this state of things prevailed in Hawaii there was born in New England a boy who was destined to play a large part in the transformation of these islanders. Among all miracles of missions we know of none more suggestive of supernatural working than the transformation wrought in Hilo in the Hawaiian Islands, by the outpouring of the Holy Spirit under the ministry of Titus Coan.†

It was in Killingworth, Connecticut, on February 1, 1801, that this boy first saw the light of day in one of those New England homes where "plain living and high thinking" prevailed. He was educated in the district school, and later in a neighboring academy until he began to teach at eighteen years of age. After a time he became fully convinced that he was called to be a foreign missionary, and he entered Auburn Theological Seminary for necessary study. Before his graduation he was called to Boston to be ordained and sent on a mission of exploration to Patagonia.

As there was no "open door" in Patagonia, he returned in one year, and taking as his wife Fidelia Church, in December, 1834, sailed away to the Sandwich Islands.

Travel was slow in those days, and, with only

†Facts about the early life of Titus Coan are from a leaflet by Mrs. O. W. Scott.

brief stops by the way, they did not reach Honolulu until the sixth of June, 1835. Mr. Coan then found that he and his wife, with Mr. and Mrs. Lyman, who were returning after a short absence, were appointed to Hilo, on the southeast coast of Hawaii, which they finally reached on June twenty-first.

Words failed to express the beauty of this "gem of the ocean." First they saw a spacious harbor, its crescent-shaped beach divided by three streams of pure water. Stretching inland to the bases of the mountains the landscape was arrayed in "living green." And such a wonderful variety of tints! Plumes of the lofty coco and royal palm, rustling leaves of the mango, breadfruit, tamarind, rose-apple and other trees mingled their foliage with luxurious vines and many tinted flowers, under the bright sun and soft breezes of the tropics. Back of all rose the lofty, snow-capped mountains, Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa. It seemed an earthly paradise compared with New England, but Titus Coan and his bride found no New England home awaiting them.

Missionary work had been begun by a Rev. Mr. Goodrich, but he soon left the island, and into his house, the only frame building in Hilo, our friends moved. The Lymans built a comfortable

home near them, and, as they had been there two years before this, were able to teach the language to the eager new-comers. At the end of three months Mr. Coan went into the pulpit with his teacher and preached his first sermon.

At thirty years of age, he had written these words: "Lord, send me where Thou wilt, only go with me; lay on me what Thou wilt, only sustain me. Cut any cord but the one that binds me to Thy cause, to Thy heart." His whole life showed the same spirit of consecration.

His missionary parish on Hawaii's eastern shore was one hundred miles long, and, including Hilo and Puna, contained fifteen thousand natives. Soon after he began to use the native tongue he made his first evangelistic tour of the island. He was a relative of Nettleton, and had been a co-laborer with Finney; and from such men had learned what arrows are best for a preacher's quiver, and how to use his bow. His whole being was full of spiritual energy and unction, and on his first tour multitudes flocked to hear, and many seemed pricked in their hearts. The crowds so thronged him and followed him that, like his Master, he had no leisure, so much as to eat. One day he preached three times before he had time to breakfast. He was wont to go on four or five

tours a year, and saw tokens of interest that impressed him with so strange a sense of the presence of God that he said little about them and scarcely understood them himself. He could only say, "It was wonderful." He went about like Jeremiah, with the fire of the Lord in his bones; weary with forbearing, he could not stay.

There were in Hilo no roads, bridges or horses, so that the missionary was obliged to make his tours on foot. His trail was a winding path, leading up and down the mountains over dangerous precipices, and through streams which often became rushing torrents. Of some of his experiences Mr. Coan says:

"I had several ways of crossing the streams. First, when the waters were low and the rocks bare, I leaped from rock to rock with the help of a stout stick. Second, when they were not too deep, I waded. Third, when too swift, I mounted upon the shoulders of a sturdy, aquatic native, holding on by his bushy hair, while he crept down the slippery bank and moved slowly among the slimy boulders until, after a perilous trip, he landed me safe, with a shout and a laugh, on the opposite bank."

Several times Mr. Coan narrowly escaped death, but he was fearless in his work and loving

in his dealing with the natives, so that they came to love and trust him.

In 1837 the slumbering fires broke out. Nearly the whole population became an audience, and those who could not come to the services were brought on the backs of others or on their beds. Mr. Coan found himself ministering to all of the fifteen thousand people who were scattered along the hundred miles of coast. He longed to be able to fly, that he might get over the ground, or to be able to multiply himself twentyfold so that he might reach the multitudes who fainted for spiritual food.

Necessity devises new methods. He bade those to whom he could not go to come to him, and for a mile around the people settled down. Hilo's little population of a thousand swelled tenfold, and here was held a two years' colossal "camp-meeting." There was not an hour, day or night, when an audience of from two thousand to six thousand would not rally at the signal of the bell.

There was no disorder, and the camp became a sort of industrial school, where gardening, mat-braiding, and bonnet-making were taught, in addition to purely religious truth. These great "protracted meetings" crowded the old church with six thousand, and a newer building with half

as many more; and when the people were seated, they were so close that until the meeting broke up no one could move. The preacher did not hesitate to proclaim stern truths. The law with its awful perfection; hell, with its anguish, of which the crater of Kilauea and the volcanoes about them might well furnish a vivid picture; the deep and damning guilt of sin; the hopelessness and helplessness of spiritual death—such truths as these prepared the way for the Gospel of love with its invitation and appeal. The vast audience swayed as cedars before a tornado. There was trembling, weeping, sobbing and loud crying for mercy, sometimes too loud for the preacher to be heard; and in hundreds of cases his hearers would fall in a swoon.

Titus Coan was made for the work God had for him, and he controlled the great masses. He preached with great simplicity, illustrating and applying the grand old truths; made no effort to excite, but rather to allay excitement, and asked for no external manifestation of interest. He depended on the Word, borne home by the Spirit; and the Spirit wrought. Some would cry out, "The two-edged sword is cutting me to pieces." A wicked scoffer, who came to make sport, dropped like a log and said, "God has struck me." Once,

while preaching in the open field to two thousand people, a man cried out, "What shall I do to be saved?" and prayed the publican's prayer; and the entire congregation took up the cry for mercy. For a half hour Mr. Coan had no chance to speak, but was obliged to stand still and see God work.

There were greater signs of the Spirit than mere words of agony or confession. Godly repentance was at work—quarrels were reconciled, drunkards abandoned drink, thieves restored stolen property, adulteries gave place to purity, and murders were confessed. The high priest of Pele, the custodian of her crater shrine, who by his glance could doom a native to strangulation, and on whose shadow no Hawaiian dared tread, who ruthlessly struck men dead for their food or garments' sake, and robbed and outraged human beings for a pastime—this gigantic criminal came into the meetings with his sister, the priestess, and even such as they found there an irresistible power. With bitter tears and penitent confession, the crimes of this minister of idolatry were unearthed. He acknowledged that what he had worshipped was no god at all, and publicly renounced his idolatry and bowed before Jesus Christ. These two had spent about seventy years in sin, but till death maintained their Christian confession.

In 1838 the converts continued to multiply. Tho but two missionaries, a lay preacher and their wives constituted the force, the work was done with power because God was in it all. Mr. Coan's trips were first of all for preaching, and he spoke on the average from three to four times a day; but these public appeals were interlaced with visits of a pastoral nature at the homes of the people, and the searching inquiry into their state. This marvelous man kept track of his immense parish, and knew a church-membership of five thousand as thoroughly as when it numbered one hundred. He never lost individual knowledge and contact in all this huge increase. What a model to modern pastors, who magnify preaching but have "no time to visit"! It was part of his plan that not one living person in all Puna or Hilo should fail to have the Gospel brought repeatedly to the conscience, and he did not spare himself any endeavor or exposure to reach the people.

He set converted people to work, and above forty of them visited from house to house, within five miles of the central station. The results were simply incredible, but they were attested abundantly.

In 1838 and 1839, after great care in examining

and testing candidates, during the twelve months ending in June, 1839, 5244 persons had been received into the Church. On one Sabbath 1705 were baptized, and 2400 sat down together at the Lord's table. It was a gathering of villages, and the head of each village came forward with his selected converts. With the exception of one such scene at Ongole, India, just forty years later, probably no such a sight has been witnessed since the Day of Pentecost. What a scene was that when nearly twenty-five hundred sat down to eat together the Lord's Supper; and what a gathering! "The old, the decrepit, the lame, the blind, the maimed, the withered, the paralytic, and those afflicted with divers diseases and torments; those with eyes, noses, lips, and limbs consumed with the fire of their own or their parents' former lusts, with features distorted and figures the most depraved and loathsome; and these came hobbling upon their staves, and led or borne by their friends; and among this throng the hoary priests of idolatry, with hands but recently washed from the blood of human victims, together with the thief, the adulterer, the Sodomite, the sorcerer, the robber, the murderer, and the mother—no, the monster—whose hands have reeked in the blood of her own children. These all meet before

the cross of Christ, with their enmity slain and themselves washed and sanctified, and justified in the name of the Lord Jesus and by the Spirit of our God."

During the five years ending June, 1841, 7557 persons were received into the Church at Hilo, or three-fourths of the whole adult population of the parish. When Titus Coan left Hilo, in 1870, he had himself received and baptized 11,960 persons.

These people *held fast* the faith, only one in sixty becoming amenable to discipline. There was not a grog-shop in that whole parish, and the Sabbath was better kept than in New England.

Mrs. Coan opened a boarding school for girls in 1838, the people again gladly building a house "the like of which was never seen before or since." When the children had no paper or slates, a square of banana leaf and a stick made an outfit! At this time the Bible and a few text books were all that had been translated into the Hawaiian. The schools, of which several were soon organized, had a pleasant custom of meeting for social enjoyment. The children, dressed in uniform and marching to music, went through simple exercises, and often sang songs composed by the natives themselves, the day closing with a feast for all.

The first church buildings were not substantial and soon grew shabby; so in 1840 they decided to build a frame church. All the men who had axes went into the forest to cut and hew the timber. Then hundreds of men and women went to bring it in. The captain arranged them in two lines, bark ropes in hand, and gave the command: "Grasp the ropes, bow the head, blister the hand, go, *sweat!*" and away they rushed over rocks and streams till they heard the welcome cry: "Halt, drop drag-ropes, rest!"

Such strenuous exertion—which may hold a lesson for us—was duly rewarded in the completion of the first frame church in Hilo. It would seat two thousand on the earth floor.

Very early in their Christian life Mr. Coan taught his people to be benevolent. At first their gifts were a little arrowroot, dried fish, or a stick of firewood; but when money came into circulation they gave as freely of it. The custom was to have each donor come to the pulpit and place his gift on a table. Mr. Coan wrote that he had seen mothers bring their babes, or lead their toddling children, that these little ones might deposit a coin upon the table. If at first the child clung to the shining silver, the mother would shake the baby's hand to make it let go

its hold. In those prosperous days the collections often amounted to $200 in one month. Thus developed a fine missionary spirit, and from this and other Hawaiian churches missionaries were sent to the Marquesas Islands. Then they planned a mission to Micronesia in connection with the American Board. But for this they needed a ship that could be used for missionary purposes alone. So to Titus Coan belongs the honor of suggesting that the children of the United States build the vessel—the first *Morning Star*. The children of Hilo gave freely for this ship, and it was a glad day for Hilo when on the seventh of July, 1857, the cry: "Hokuao! (Morning Star) Hokuao!" echoed and re-echoed from hill and valley. Multitudes of children awoke and ran shouting to the shore. Away in the east floated the beautiful ship, its flag flying, a shining star in its center.

In the autumn of 1855 there was every human probability that Hilo, in the Hawaiian Islands, with its crescent strand and silver bay, would be blotted out beneath a fiery flood of lava from Mauna Loa. For sixty-five days the great furnace crater had been in full blast belching forth consuming fire, and rivers of resistless liquid flame had swept down the mountain sides, one stream of which was three miles wide at its narrowest,

spreading at times into lakes of fire from five to eight miles broad. In the hardening crust there were frequent vents from ten to one hundred feet in diameter. The principal river of lava was sixty miles long and from three to three hundred feet deep, its momentum incredible, and its velocity was said to be sometimes fourteen miles an hour. This devouring river was rushing madly toward the bay, heading directly toward the site of Hilo, and was only ten miles distant. On it came! No natural obstacles intervened to arrest its progress. There was no reason that natural science could assign why those billions of cubic feet that for some months continued to descend from the crater, and in the same direction as at the first, should not continue to push forward until the flood of molten lava met and mingled with the floods of the sea, thus utterly destroying the town. But tho the molten lava moved steadily on until it was within seven miles of the ocean, it was then mysteriously arrested. Hilo had been the scene of marvelous triumphs of grace twenty years before, and much prayer was offered to God for the arrest of that awful flood, and it was the firm conviction of the missionaries and their praying band of helpers that nothing could account for the deliverance but this: that God had inter-

posed in answer to prayer. As late as February, 1859, nearly four years after the eruption began, the summit of Mauna Loa was rent with volcanic fires and pouring a deluge of wrath down its sides with such energy that in an hour or two the flood had swept twenty miles. For a while it moved toward Hilo, but again turned westward and entered the sea, fifty miles from the source of the outbreak, leaving nothing but ruin behind it.

Still later, in 1881, this fearful volcano was for nine months in full blast, and human reason and arithmetic both doomed Hilo's town and harbor. The fires swept down the mountain, obliterated a forest fifteen to twenty miles wide, and approached within *half a mile*, until it seemed as tho hell was opening her very jaws to engulf the town. But a day of humiliation and prayer was observed, and at the last hour, when the burning, withering breath of the destroyer was already scorching the inhabitants, God's command went forth: "Thus far, but no farther!" Afterward Mr. Coan and his helpers in prayer used to walk out and view their deliverance. There lay the "great red dragon," a few rods from the missionaries' happy bower, a blackened, hardened monster, fifty miles long from mountain to main, and they could only say, with deep and reverential awe: "*It is all of God.*"

In 1867 the old mother church divided into seven; and there have been built fifteen houses for worship, mainly with the money and labor of the people themselves, who have also planted and sustained their own missions, have given over $100,000 for holy uses, and have sent twelve of their number to regions beyond.

As no man has had more signal tokens of God's presence and power, we seek to find the secrets of his success. They seem to have been three: a persistent preaching of the Word of God, individual contact with souls, and a deep love for the people. Mr. Coan never grew weary of preaching a full Gospel. He did not hesitate to preach the sterner truths of the law, but he always followed them by the melting entreaty of grace. On his long tours he met and sought to lead *individuals* to Christ, or to reclaim, one by one, wanderers from the fold. He was not content to preach to great multitudes, but, one by one, sought to gather souls into the kingdom. When, under the mighty power of God, crowds thronged him, weeping and inquiring, he worked incessantly, sometimes till midnight, and his pen was as busy as his tongue. He wrote three thousand letters, in about forty-five years, to over four hundred and fifty individuals. He was a great missionary

pastor to thousands of church-members with their children, and, like Moses, a judge or arbiter in their little difficulties. He baptized over ten thousand converted heathen in seventeen years and buried four thousand three hundred, while six thousand remained in 1852 for personal watch and care. He was like a great general who not only commands a great army but knows and cares for each soldier. In 1868 he had already buried seven thousand three hundred and seventy-three, so that the living congregation was outnumbered by the dead; but the individual had never been forgotten in the multitude. A discordant note, caused by a backslider or the self-will of a church-member, he would spend hours to harmonize, and his prayers, like his toils, were ceaseless.

It pleased God that his departure should be not sudden, but like a very gradual withdrawal. For nearly three months he felt within himself that the summons had come and the messenger was waiting. The natives heard of his condition, and their love could not be restrained. They came and went, his room being filled most of the time. But he had an individual word, a text, a prayer, for each one. Aged men, who thirty years before had been his companions in his pastoral tours, came long distances for a farewell look and word.

They reverently put off their shoes, as on holy ground, as they stepped into his bedchamber, and mutely pressed his hand while tears poured down their cheeks. He himself asked that candidates for admission to the Church might assemble at his home, and he listened to the examination he could not conduct, and then gave his hand to each with a radiant look and a gracious word never to be forgotten. Later on he was borne on a reclining-chair about the streets, that he might meet his dear converts face to face in larger numbers, as John was borne on loving shoulders into the assemblies of the Ephesian Church.

The expressive marble slab that marks the grave of this remarkable man at Hilo was the gift of his people. It bears a simple epitaph which he himself wrote:

TITUS COAN
February 1, 1801—December 1, 1882
HE LIVED BY FAITH,
HE STILL LIVES.
BELIEVEST THOU THIS?
—*John* xi. 26

Christian history presents no record of Divine power more thrilling than this of the great revival

in the Hawaiian Islands from 1836 to 1842. When, in 1870, the American Board withdrew from this field, they left behind nearly sixty self-supporting churches, more than two-thirds having a native pastorate and a membership of about fifteen thousand. That year their contributions reached $30,000. Thirty per cent. of their ministers are missionaries on other islands. That same year Kanwealoha, the old native missionary, in presence of a vast throng, where the royal family and dignitaries of the islands were assembled, held up the Word of God in the Hawaiian tongue, and in these few words gave the most comprehensive tribute to the fruits of Gospel labor:

"Not with powder and ball and swords and cannon, but with this living Word of God and His Spirit, do we go forth to conquer the islands for Christ!"

Chapter V

SAMOA—ITS PEOPLE AND MISSIONS

BY

Rev. James M. Alexander

Author of "The Islands of the Pacific"

Chapter V

SAMOA—ITS PEOPLE AND MISSIONS

THE islands of Samoa lie about midway in the routes of travel from North America to Australasia, and on the northern border of the vast zone of islands that, with little intervening spaces between its groups, stretches from the Marquesas to Asia. They thus occupy a strategic position for controlling the commerce and the military operations in the South Seas, and in this respect are as important in the southern part of the Pacific as are Hawaii and the Philippines in the northern part of that ocean.

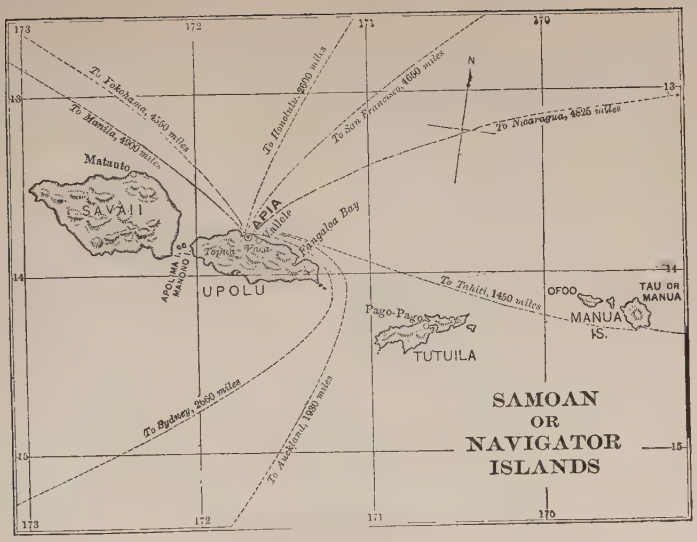
The Samoan group includes ten inhabited islands, but only three of them are of much importance. Of these, Savaii, the most western, is the largest, being forty miles long, twenty broad, and seven hundred square miles in area. It has only one good harbor, that of Matautu on its northern shore. The interior is crossed by three parallel ranges of mountains, which reach the height of four thousand feet, and are so rugged and covered with impenetrable forests that until recently no

white man had ever crossed from one side of the island to the other.

Four miles east of this island is Upolu, which is forty-five miles long, fourteen broad, and has an area of five hundred and eighty square miles. This island is important because of its city of Apia, which is the capital and commercial emporium of the group. This city is unfortunately situated on a bay that lies open to the hurricanes, which blow from the north in the months of January, February, and March.

Between these two islands is that of Apolima, which is an almost perfect volcanic cone, about seven square miles in area. It is surrounded by perpendicular cliffs, through which there is one opening on the northern side, which affords entrance for but one boat at a time. Its interior is a crater, which is filled with a luxuriant growth of palms and other tropical plants—a secluded paradise, in which, it has been remarked, one may rest "the world forgetting, by the world forgot."

Forty miles southeast of Upolu is Tutuila, seventeen miles long and five broad, with an area of only fifty-five square miles. It has the best bay for ships in the group, that of Pago-Pago, situated on its southern side, one of the safest and



A MISSIONARY SCHOOL IN APIA, SAMOA.

HEAD-TAKING IN THE SAVAGE DAYS IN SAMOA.

THE RISING SONS OF TODAY IN SAMOA.

noblest bays in the Pacific, and now in the possession of the United States.

In its aggregate area this group is small as compared with the great islands in the western part of the Pacific, but large as compared with the islands in the eastern part of that ocean. The statement may be surprising to many, but nevertheless is true, that it is about equal in area to all the Tongan, Cook, Society, and Marquesas islands. (It is about as large as the State of Rhode Island.)

While the mountains of Samoa are not picturesque, not rising with rocky crags, abysmal gorges, and sky-piercing peaks, they are by their low, rounded forms and unbroken slopes better adapted to agriculture; and are also very attractive with their enchanting robes of vegetation. The soil is so fertile, and the climate so warm and rainy, that it is adapted to yield in perfection and in the greatest abundance every kind of production found in the tropics. As yet not one-twentieth part of the area of this group has been reduced to cultivation. It may be said without exaggeration that, if its resources were fully developed, it could sustain a commerce worth in the value of its exports and imports five million dollars a year, and sufficient to support a population of five hundred thousand people.

The natives of this group are of the Polynesian race, which occupies the islands of the eastern half of the Pacific. Both physically and mentally it is the finest of the races of the Pacific, and the representatives of it in this group are not surpassed by any tribes on the islands of that ocean.

The missionary enterprise in behalf of the people of this group was commenced by Rev. John Williams in 1830. He went thither in a strange craft which he himself had constructed from Raratongan timber, and left eight Christian Tahitians with the king of Savaii. Two years later he returned, touching first at the eastern islands of the group, and was surprised to find that the natives had, by canoe voyages to Savaii, learned enough of the truths of Christianity to nominally accept Christianity. Arriving at the southern side of Tutuila, he undertook to land at a place, where a few years before a boat's crew of La Perouse's expedition had been massacred, and was hesitating to go ashore, when a native waded forth and informed him that his people had become Christians through information obtained from teachers left at Savaii by a great white chief twenty moons previous. Mr. Williams informed him that he himself was the chief referred to, and then the native made a joyful signal to the people on shore, and they rushed into

the ocean and carried the boat with Mr. Williams within high up onto the land. There Mr. Williams found that the natives had erected a chapel, and, without teachers, were regularly assembling in it for the worship of the true God. Continuing his voyage he found a similar state of things at Upolu, and, finally, arriving at Savaii, he received a most cordial welcome, and was able to address congregations of a thousand people. This man who first carried the Gospel to Samoa subsequently lost his life while endeavoring to win the savages of the New Hebrides.

Standing on the spot where John Williams first landed, an old man—one of the first Samoan Christians—long after recalled the portly presence of the missionary; the grateful and courteous way in which he had received the food which the kindly, hospitable Samoans had taken to the strangers; above all, that first giving of thanks to the Father of all mercies as "*Uiliamu*" took the food presented to them. Many years later another old man who was a priest of that olden time, told of his former life. As a priest he was believed to be an incarnation, or at least a representative of the unseen God to men. Said he:

"I was supposed to possess supernatural power, and men were ever afraid of me; and yet I was in

my own personal relation to the god even as others. I could provoke the wrath of the deity, and I must propitiate him even as others must. I had a beloved sister who was sick unto death. When naught availed for her recovery, and hope was well-nigh gone, I determined to make a propitiatory sacrifice." He had taken the bamboo knife and severed the third finger at the joint from his left hand; and when that did not avail he took off the next, the little finger. Then the sister recovered!

With what a sympathetic thrill one witnessed that old man tottering on the verge of the grave, as he raised his left hand in confirmation of that beautiful story of self-sacrificing love.

Before John Williams made that last fatal voyage to the New Hebrides he had the joy of seeing the establishment of the Samoan Mission. In 1836 six British missionaries arrived in Samoa. One of the six was the Rev. A. W. Murray, who, in many ways, was the most successful and remarkable of the missionaries to the South Seas. Mr. Murray was identified with the Samoan Mission for more than half a century, and witnessed the commencement and the triumph of Christian missions in several groups of the South Pacific.

This band of six missionaries, accompanied by their wives, sailed in the *Dunnottar Castle*, a small

craft of one hundred and eighty tons, around by Cape Horn, which was passed in the depth of winter amid intense cold and storms. Provisions were short and poor, accommodation was scanty and the voyage was long and trying, but in April, 1836, they anchored at Tahiti, where they witnessed the triumphs of the Gospel. Mr. Murray, with Rev. G. Barnden, was appointed to Tutuila, one of the easterly islands of the Samoan group, and in July they were introduced to the chiefs and people of Tutuila, and were left alone by the brethren to fulfil their mission.

In those early days communication with England took many long months; it was actually three years before Mr. Murray received letters from Britain! He became an earnest evangelist when he mastered the language, and he animated the native teachers with a like spirit. His colleague, Mr. Barnden, was drowned while bathing on December 31st, 1838, so that the whole work of the mission on the island devolved upon Mr. Murray. There were thirty villages, and the people had become anxious for Christian instruction. As many as three hundred were candidates for baptism at one time. Great periods of awakening followed, about the very season of the revival in Scotland, in 1839–40, and many were converted

to God. During the year 1841 Mr. Murray accompanied the mission vessel on a voyage to the New Hebrides and Loyalty Islands to locate teachers in favorable openings. He had the honor of introducing Christian teachers to Futuna and Aneityum; but those who had been left on Erromanga on a former voyage, after the death of John Williams, had to be removed, owing to the fierceness of the natives.

On resuming his work at Tutuila, five years after his commencement, he could not fail to mark the contrast in the condition of the people. The churches were crowded with eager worshippers, and the work of conviction and conversion seemed to be even greater than before. There were not wanting trials and disappointments, sometimes from the violent conduct of heathen chiefs and sometimes from the defection of weak converts.

Whalers sometimes called at the island, and Captain Morgan, commanding one, was found to be a devoted Christian. During one of Captain Morgan's visits he started the idea of a mission ship, and Mr. Murray suggested that he should offer himself to the directors as captain. He at once did so, and the Samoan missionaries strongly recommended him. On his way home the vessel which he commanded was wrecked off the Austra-

lian coast, but he escaped and reached England just in time to be appointed to the mission vessel, the *Camden*.

Not long after this a severe hurricane devastated the island. Coconut and breadfruit trees, banana plantations, native houses, and the church were destroyed. Food became scarce, and death followed famine. Only one provision remained of great value in Samoa in such times—a coarse yam grew spontaneously in the bush, deep in the soil, and escaped the effects of the storm. Bananas were nearly all destroyed. There has, however, been found a merciful provision to supply the need. When John Williams was in England, Sir Joseph Paxton, gardener to the Duke of Devonshire, at Chatsworth, gave him many plants to be tried in the South Sea Islands. Among them was a root of the Chinese banana, which is short in its height and yet singularly fruitful. On reaching Samoa, Mr. Williams thought this root dead and dried, and threw it away. Mr. Mills, one of the missionaries, picked it up and planted it on trial. It grew, and increased so rapidly that it was highly valued. Every teacher took roots of it when he went to pioneer the Gospel into other islands. At the present day the *Musa Chinensis*, or *Cavendishii*, is found everywhere from Hawaii to New

Guinea! Famines of food in many cases of hurricane have been prevented by means of this dwarf banana.

In 1851 Mr. Murray exchanged spheres of labor with the Rev. J. P. Sunderland, and occupied Manono, where he remained for three years, when he was transferred to the important harbor station of Apia, in Upolu. This beautiful port he calls "the queen of the Pacific." While at this station, Mr. Murray rendered some service in the work of revising the Samoan translation of the Scriptures. He did eminent service in mission voyaging, and in the work of an evangelist. On one of his voyages to the New Hebrides he spent three months with Mr. Geddie, and consulted about the desirableness of getting a mission vessel for that group. He was always forward in the extension of the kingdom of Christ.

In ten years the faith of Christ prevailed so in Samoa that five-sixths of the population were under the instruction of the London Missionary Society's agents. Some are now under the care of Wesleyan missionaries, and others under Roman Catholic priests. There is a seminary of young men preparing for the ministry and as much as $6,000 has been contributed in a single year to the funds of the society by the Christian converts. Commerce has also come to the group, and the people have advanced in the useful arts.

Mr. Murray's wife's health requiring a change, he proceeded to Lifu, one of the Loyalty Islands, where a large company of the natives had already been gathered into the Church. He had not been long in Lifu when the New Guinea Mission was proposed and a company of native teachers volunteered to act as pioneers in the new field. Messrs. MacFarlane and Murray started on the important enterprise of settling them in 1871. It was a hazardous work, but it was successful. On another visit Mr. Murray spent two years at Cape York watching the difficult mission. It was an anxious time, for some teachers had sickened, some had died, and some were murdered. The work, however, went on. The ranks were re-enforced, and European missionaries were settled. Now a Christian Church is on New Guinea, and the New Testament is printed in the Motu language under the care of that noble missionary, Rev. W. G. Lawes.

Mr. Murray returned to Sydney in 1875, after forty years in active mission work, and retired from direct service in connection with the Society, but not from service to the cause. His pen was never idle. He wrote books and magazine articles throughout all his time of retirement. He frequently preached during the same period, and

always seemed happy in declaring the Gospel of Christ. He was a devout man, of great fervor of spirit, of burning zeal, and of marked catholicity. All who knew him loved him, for he loved all who loved the Lord Jesus Christ. He died in his eighty-first year, and his funeral was attended by representatives of all the missionary societies, and by a large company of Christian friends who had loved the man and honored the missionary.

Two or three features of the work of the Samoan mission in the early days were: 1. The education of a native ministry. 2. Bible translation. 3. The extension of the mission by native agency.

1. An event of deep importance to the mission was the establishment of the Malua Institution for the training of native pastors and teachers. This institution was established in September, 1844, by the Rev. Charles Hardie and Dr. George Turner. Reckoning all classes as students for whom the institution has provided education since the college was established, exclusive of those who are still under training, there have been 1300 students for the native ministry, 900 women (wives of students), and 500 boy boarders, making an aggregate of 2700 who have passed through the institution.

The students cultivate the food necessary for

their own support and that of those dependent upon them. As this can be done in such a country without much labor, it allows ample time for the strictly educational part of the student's training.

Certainly the training needed by a native pastor or missionary is unique. Every pastor in Samoa must be also village schoolmaster, and for that normal training is needed. To meet that need a normal school has been established. The villages in Samoa are small, and there is very little of the wealth we reckon by money to pay for skilled labor in the erection of village churches, and the pastor who can direct such work is greatly valued; hence an important part of his training as a student must be industrial.

2. The Samoans possess an excellent version of the Bible. The present edition is the result of more than thirty years' study of the Samoan language, and is as faithful to the original as it is idiomatic and pure in the vernacular. The New Testament was printed in 1847, and at the close of 1855 the Old Testament was completed. Ten thousand copies of the Bible were sold at cost price to the Samoans in six years, and each edition of the great Book has been successively paid for by the people.

3. By means of native Samoan missionaries alone

sixteen islands to the northwest of Samoa have been evangelized. These islands are in the Tokelau and Ellice groups, together with five islands in the Gilbert group.

The first step in this extension of the Samoan Mission was taken in 1865, when native missionaries were located in the Ellice group. The way in which the mission was led to take the Word of God to those islands forms, perhaps, the most romantic story of modern missions.

So far as statistics can give the result, we have the fact that 15,000 adherents have been added to the mission; and of these over 2000 are professing Christians. The children in Sunday and day schools number nearly 3000. The people of each island support their own pastor, and for this purpose contribute an average of over $2000. In addition to this, they have built their own churches and pastors' houses, and sent to the foreign missionary fund the sum of something like £300 sterling annually.

Since 1883 the Samoans have joined the rest of their Polynesian brethren in the work of evangelizing New Guinea. There are thirteen Samoan native missionaries with their wives in New Guinea; all of them are in heathen districts, and are making full proof of their ministry.

The Wesleyans entered this group soon after the London Missionary Society, but withdrew by an amicable agreement that the Tongan and Fiji Islands should be left to them, and the Samoan group to this society. More recently the Wesleyan Conference of Australasia has re-entered the islands. The Roman Catholics began work in the group as soon as residence was made safe by the labors of the Protestant missionaries, and they now have a following of about one-seventh of the population. The Mormons also have a few missionaries and some converts.

The progress of the people of Samoa toward Christian civilization has in recent times been sadly retarded by their political troubles, and that chiefly by the intrusion of foreigners into their affairs. Their difficulties began with the struggles of foreigners for possession of land, and afterward continued in their struggles for the sovereignty over the group. The Samoan rulers did not realize the value of their lands, and sold them to foreigners, giving them titles to more land than there was in the entire area of the group. The Germans, who claimed the greater portion of the land, sought to secure possession.

Much intrigue and native warfare followed disputes over the election of a king. As might be

supposed, this state of things was very detrimental to the welfare of the natives. The insecurity of property kept the natives from industrial enterprises, and they indolently subsisted on the spontaneous products of their fruit-trees, and the yams growing wild in their forests, going in their ancient semi-undress. They were also demoralized by the barbarities of war, and injured in health by exposure to inclement weather while encamping in the mountains. Travelers going thither inferred that they had made less progress in civilization than the natives of islands that have enjoyed uninterrupted peace and prosperity. This is partly true, but they are hardly less improved in character and education. The testimony of the foreign residents in Apia is that they can almost universally read and write; that many of them have made considerable advance in the higher branches of education, and that they are on an average quite as moral and religious as the people of Great Britain and the United States. In nearly all their houses they daily conduct family worship. Out of a population of thirty-six thousand, about seven thousand of them are members, and twenty-eight thousand adherents of Protestant churches. Nearly all of these churches are under the care of native pastors, of whom there are about one hundred

and eighty. Besides these pastors there are two hundred lay preachers.

Unfortunately the present condition of the Samoan Church is not very encouraging. While *numerically* as strong as ever, there is only too much reason to fear that there is more formalism and less life than at the earlier periods of its history. There is a manifest tendency to escape the dominion of the motives which operated twenty years ago to quicken conscience and arouse to spiritual activity. It is probable that a large proportion of professing Christians have passed from the dominion of spiritual impulse to the formal and lethargic condition which was so disastrous to the Post-Apostolic Church; and yet there is a core of earnest Christian life in the Church. Some of the older pastors and many of the Christians in the Church are manifestly alive to the dangers and perils of this age of transition.

As John Williams himself felt, Samoa is only the first link of a chain; and the chain is not yet complete. The islands of the South Pacific have been connected with New Guinea, as John Williams prayed they might be; but in the South Sea itself, the largest and most populous of all the South Sea Islands is still entirely heathen. The great Solomon group is still almost untouched by the Gospel.

Can it be that Papua itself is to be the chief agent in the evangelization of that portion of the race to be found in the Solomon Islands? However that may be, we ought not in our missionary forward movements to forget our older missions, but "hold fast that which we have that no man take our crown." As it was when the *Messenger of Peace* first landed native teachers in Samoa, so is it still. God has owned these natives as pioneers of the Gospel, but the vessels that take them and the men that train them and lead them will still for some time to come be European.

Chapter VI

TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS IN THE NEW HEBRIDES

BY

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Missionary of the United Free Church of Scotland,

Futuna, New Hebrides

Chapter VI

TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS IN THE NEW HEBRIDES

FOR nearly a century after the discovery of the South Sea Islands, the New Hebrides escaped the eyes of explorers. Sailing in search of a southern continent, Fernando de Quiros discovered Santo in 1606. There he landed and founded a city—the New Jerusalem. But disputes between the natives and his crew soon forced him to leave. In 1774 Captain Cook named the group and made a rapid survey of the main islands. So correct is his description of the natives that it holds good of the unevangelized islands to this day. But so low was his opinion of them, that he ventured to predict that no attempt would be made to raise them.

The New Hebrides are composed of about seventy islands, varying in size from Santo, 200 miles in circumference, to the Monument, an isolated rock. About thirty of them are inhabited. The islands are coral and volcanic. The former, few in number, are low and flat and the latter rise to great altitudes, reaching over 5000 feet

in Santo. The soil is fertile and the vegetation dense. The only indigenous animals are rats and probably pigs. Goats, cows, horses, dogs, and sheep have been introduced. Fish abound, and are caught by spear, net, hook, or in torch-lighted canoes. The climate is moist and equable; the cool, healthy southeast trade-wind blows during the greater part of the year.

The New Hebrides are inhabited by the Melanesian, or black race, with woolly hair. Several small islands, as Futuna, Aniwa, and Emae, are peopled by a mixed race of Polynesians and Melanesians. The estimated population is 70,000. Tanna, Epi, Ambrim, and Oba, with 8000 each, are the most populous islands. Many of the natives are good-looking, with high facial angle. The retreating forehead, broad, flat nose, and projecting jaws of the negroes are rarely seen. Physically they are inferior in strength and endurance to the white race, and rapidly succumb to disease. On the heathen islands the men strut about almost nude. In the south the women are fairly well clothed, but as we proceed north, female clothing decreases, while native mechanical skill and ingenuity increase. Men and women are fond of ornaments, and wear bead or shell necklaces and armlets, and wooden or tortoise-

THE
NEW HEBRIDES
ISLANDS
Number of Islands 70
Inhabited Islands 30
Land area about 6000 sq. mi.
Population 70,000
Aneityum to Sidney, 1400 mi.
SCALE OF MILES
0 10 20 30 40 50 75 100
Mission stations underlined
Christian islands underlined
SOUTH
PACIFIC
OCEAN
168°
170°
16°
18°
20°
C. Cumberland
Pelia
Belgaule
Pono
Wuss
St. Philip or James B.
C. Quiros
Pt. Jackson
Hogg Harb.
Requin Bay
Lakarere
Jasmori
Latoto B.
Bige Road
Boat Cove
AURORA
OBA
SANTO
Vathuge
Pussey
Kerauanugi Bay
C. Lisburn
SETOVI I.
Vunmarams
Steep Cliff B.
PENTECOST
Tangor
Abnatere
Malo Pass
MALO
Boucainville Strait
Ridge Pt.
Malua and Espiègle Bay
Pt. Stanley
Bushman's B.
Brillon's B.
Randon Anch.
Mt. Marum
Panokumu
Vudli
Crater
AMBRIM
MALEKULA
Aulua
Dip Pt.
Bellan B.
S. E. Pt.
S. W. Bay
Sandwich
PAAMA
LEPOVI
Nikaura
Hurricane Harb.
Yemyu Cove
Drummond B.
Burumba
EPI
Nelson B.
Diamond B.
Sakau
TONGOA
SHEPHERD IS.
Aiwosi
EMAE
MAKURA
METASO
Monument
NCUNA
EMAU
DECEPTION I.
Havannah Harb.
EFATE OR
SANDWICH
Tukituki
Devil Pt.
Fila Harb.
Erakor
South Pt.
Polenia B.
EROMANGA
Traitor's Head
Cook's B.
Dillon's B.
ANIWA
Copeland's Peak
TANNA
Weasisi
Pt. Resolution
FUTUNA
Kwamera
On same scale
RHODE ISLAND
Providence
Newport
Aname
Anauunse
ANEITYUM
Anelgauhat

SCENE OF THE MARTYRDOM OF JOHN WILLIAMS, ERROMANGA.

THE HOUSE OF A NATIVE CHRISTIAN TEACHER ON ERROMANGA.

shell earrings. Those fond of music play the native flute and Paris pipes, and often continue their heathen dances and singing all night. Their houses were formerly from five to seven feet high, and without walls, but in later years have been greatly improved. The furniture consisted of sleeping mats, baskets, clubs, bows and arrows, stone or shell axes, fishing materials, and later a musket or two. They had a fair knowledge of surgery and a little of medicine. The doctors were specialists, who set fractures, compressed severed arteries, and trepanned the broken skull. The chief diseases are malarial fever, scrofula, skin and chest diseases, and isolated cases of elephantiasis. Dysentery is sporadic. Consumption is increasing. Venereal diseases have been introduced by whites and returned laborers, and have caused great havoc.

The natives are observant, well acquainted with nature, and quick to discern character. Most of them readily acquire neighboring languages or dialects. Some have learned to read and write in six months, but the majority take much longer. Morality, in heathen days, was very low. In some islands, indeed, it is doubtful if adultery was considered wrong, and was expressed in their language as *stealing* a man or

woman. The rights of property were usually regarded, save in war or private quarrels.

Polygamy and cannibalism were common. Infanticide, though practised, was not general. Caste of various and numerous grades, according to the number of pigs killed at feasts, obtained in the north. Heavy fines were paid for the infringement of rules in each grade. Women and children belonged to no caste, and wives lived apart from their husbands. Parental control was unknown. Women were the beasts of burden, and cultivated the plantations while the men fought or feasted. Sorcery, women-stealing, and land disputes were the principal causes of war. In Malekula the front teeth of the women were removed at the age of eight or ten, just before marriage. In Ambrim the women crawled on their knees before their lords. In Aneityum, Tanna, and Santo they were strangled at the death of their husbands.

The natives were polytheists. They believed in many gods, great and small, mutually independent of each other. The greatest, variously named Inhujeraing, Moshishiki, Mauitikiteki, etc., created the earth and, perhaps, man. In the south they said that he fished up the islands. All the gods were malicious, and, accordingly, the natives appeased them with offerings of food and drink

(kava), praying for abundance of food, freedom from disease, and long life. These gods, and the spirits of their ancestors, were the chief objects of worship. The dead were mourned for from one hundred to one thousand days. For years food was placed daily over their graves. In several northern islands grotesque images were erected in the public square as memorials of the dead. But offerings were also presented to the sun and moon, and their preserving care was sought.

Sacred men, or sorcerers, professed to cause disease, wind, rain, sunshine, and hurricanes. These sacred men, as a rule, were chiefs; but the authority of chiefs in the New Hebrides is very small, and confined to their own tribes. Many, irrespective of rank, possessed charms to protect them in war, ward off disease, and cause the fruits of the earth to grow. The future world was dark and dismal. No distinct division separated good and bad. The shades in semi-consciousness shivered in the cold and ate refuse. Warmth was sometimes purchased by tattooing their bodies, or was carried below from fires kindled by relatives after burial. There, after passing through successive descending stages of existence, the shades were annihilated. But rays of light struggled through the darkness. Traditions, varying in detail, existed of the creation,

the fall, the flood, Jonah, and others. In Futuna the maxim, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath," was repeated; and the curse of Cain was pronounced on the murderer.

Such were the people, and such was their state in the past; and, in heathen islands, so it is still. Degraded by horrid customs, steeped in the grossest superstition, with minds and understandings darkened by sin and Satan, in fear of man by day and of spirits by night, the natives of the New Hebrides were most needful of the Gospel, and by their isolation and Babel of tongues presented the greatest difficulties against receiving it. Burning with desire to supply this need, John Williams endeavored to carry the Gospel to them, but perished at Erromanga, in 1839, in the attempt.

This "Apostle of Polynesia" had heard of the savage cannibals of Erromanga, and of the many atrocities committed by them; but as he knew the effects of Christianity on some of the Polynesian islands, he was anxious to extend its blessings to other groups. He had awakened an immense interest in South Sea missions by his visit to England and by the publication of his "Missionary Enterprises." The Archbishop of Canterbury, after perusing it, declared that it read like a new chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. Peers and

peeresses not only read it, but sent their donations to aid the work of evangelization in Polynesia. The press reviewed it with favor and in a few years 40,000 copies were sold. John Williams became the hero of the hour, and many sympathizing friends breathed their benedictions as he sailed away on his new mission for the extension of the Gospel among the isles of the Pacific.

It was not long after his return to the scenes of his triumphs in Raratonga and Samoa that he set his heart on a visit to the New Hebrides. It had been one of his philanthropic utterances: "It is our duty to visit surrounding islands. For my own part, I cannot content myself within the limits of a single reef." He, therefore, took twelve native teachers as pioneers and sailed in the *Camden* for the New Hebrides in 1839. As the vessel neared the group he was all anxiety as to whether the savages would receive him in a friendly spirit, and allow the landing of a few of the teachers to prepare the way of the Lord. The first island of the group at which the vessel touched was Futuna, a huge rock which rises up 2000 feet above the sea. The natives there were friendly, but there was not opportunity for making arrangements to locate teachers. It was otherwise at Tanna. The harbor of Port Resolution was a

safe anchorage, and had been visited by European traders. The chief promised protection to the Samoan teachers, and three were left. To Mr. Williams this was a notable event. He wrote in his journal thus: "This is a memorable day, a day which will be transmitted to posterity, and the record of the events which have this day transpired will exist after those who have taken part in them have retired into the shades of oblivion."

The very next day was to be rendered still more memorable, but by his own martyr death. On the 20th of November, 1839, he landed, with Mr. Harris, a young man sailing in the *Camden*, who seriously thought of giving himself to missionary work. All seemed pleasant at first, and the party proceeded inland along the banks of the river at Dillon's Bay. Suddenly a shout was heard. The natives became hostile, and it was necessary to run for the boats. Captain Morgan and Mr. Cunningham were nearest to the shore and reached their boat in safety. Mr. Harris was struck as he ran, and fell into the river. Mr. Williams was clubbed to death just as he reached the shores of the bay. No help could be given, and their friends in the boat saw the natives spear and kill both Williams and Harris. Arrows began to fly around the boat, and the men were obliged to pull for

their lives. The bodies of the martyr pioneers were dragged into the bush by the infuriated cannibals for their horrid feast. When the vessel reached Samoa great sorrow was awakened by the heavy tidings of the death of John Williams. From island to island the wailing cry arose, "Aue Williamu! Aue Tawa!—Alas, Williams! Alas, our Father!"

In November, 1846, the Rev. John Geddie sailed for the Pacific and, after visiting Hawaii and Samoa, journeyed to the most southerly island of the New Hebrides—Aneityum—where some native teachers had been settled. What was the surprise of the mission party to find eight Roman Catholic priests and eight lay brothers already established in the island! The mission vessel then cruised throughout the group, calling at the stations where native teachers had been left. It was hoped that Mr. Geddie might find a home on the island of Efaté. An awful tragedy had, however, taken place there the previous year, when the *British Sovereign* had been wrecked. The crew were all saved with one exception. The natives appeared at first to treat them kindly, but it was only to allay suspicion. The whole of the survivors, twenty-one in number, each being placed between two savages in a march, on a

given signal were brutally massacred, and their bodies, divided among the villages, were cooked and eaten by the cannibal people. It was self-evident that a missionary could not at that time be safely settled in that quarter. The mission vessel returned to the south, and Mr. and Mrs. Geddie, with an assistant, found an opening at Aneityum, where they settled under the protection of the chief at the harbor.

The Geddies passed through a hard and trying experience in dealing with this people so low and savage. Their property was stolen, their house threatened with fire, and their very lives imperilled. Meantime the horrid custom of strangling widows on the death of their husbands continued. Inter-tribal fighting was chronic, and people were afraid to go from one side of the island to the other for fear of being killed, cooked and eaten. There was little to encourage the mission party.

A year or two later when the Rev. John Inglis had settled on the opposite side of the island, the tide turned in favor of Christianity at Mr. Geddie's station. Fifteen were baptized, and the Lord's Supper was observed.

To Mr. Geddie belongs the credit of having first reduced the language of Aneityum to a written form, the Gospel according to St. Mark, which

he translated, being the first complete book published in any language in the western Pacific. The missionaries have always endeavored to utilize the services of their most intelligent converts as teachers of their brethren. As soon as the back of heathenism was broken on Aneityum, Dr. Geddie took charge of the printing-press, while Dr. Inglis established an institution for the training of native teachers.

Many of these Aneityum helpers sacrificed their lives while assisting to carry the gospel of peace to their heathen brethren on their own and other islands. Now, from many islands in the center of the group, which were in the densest heathen darkness twenty years ago, numbers of Christian teachers have gone and are now helping to evangelize the more recently occupied islands farther north.

Many remarkable men have been raised up on all the Christian islands, and interesting details of these could be given by the missionaries. The force of character manifested by early converts is always striking; it has cost such men something to give up their plurality of wives, their enmities, and their unrevenged insults. After enjoying the peace and happiness which the hearty acceptance of the Saviour brings, such men

can fully appreciate the light and abhor the darkness in a way that can hardly be understood by their children, who are now having the benefit of an early Christian education, and home example of Bible-reading and prayer.

THE STORY OF WAIHIT

A few notes of one of the most remarkable of these native teachers on Aneityum, who passed away some time ago, will give an idea of the kind of fruit that is being gathered in this far-off portion of the great vineyard. Waihit was the first native convert in Western Polynesia, who left his own island to become a foreign teacher; after a few years' training he went to Futuna, where he suffered many privations that he would never have been called upon to do had he remained at home; but, the first step having once been taken, he never even dreamed of turning back or withdrawing his hand from the plow of Christian service until his loving Master saw fit to call him up higher.

As a savage Waihit was a cruel man, and all the more does the change illustrate the wonderful grace of God. He was believed to be in league with the spirit of Natmas, who controlled the sea and was supposed to have the power to raise a storm or proclaim a calm. When the fish-trap

or the drag-net was used, he was always consulted, and certain leaves that had touched his sacred stone were attached to the trap or the net, so that fish which were caught were accredited to his goodness.

On one occasion a *tabu* had been set on the fishing ground, so that when the fish came to feed on the coral reef at full tide there might be a great haul for a prospective feast. A poor woman recovering from sickness had gone to seek some shellfish; this act was observed, and, highly incensed that his authority should be set aside by a woman, he with a heavy hard-wood club broke the arm that broke his law. Truly the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel!

At first Waihit did all he could to annoy the missionary, and stole whatever he could lay hands on. European stores could not be obtained oftener than once a year in those days; the flour was getting low in the cask, and the baked bread was mysteriously disappearing, so it became imperative that the thief should be detected.

The expedient employed was to sift some *coral lime* into an empty flour cask and put a few grains of *tartar emetic* into the next loaf that was baked. Soon a messenger came to the missionary with a pitiful look, to say that Waihit was vomiting

violently. Dr. Geddie visited the man as quickly as possible and soon allayed the sickness. The cause was scarcely referred to, but Waihit became a humbler man afterward, and more honest than he had ever been in his life before.

In conversation one day Waihit was asked what was the first thing that turned him toward God. His reply was that he was seen by Dr. Geddie lying on the path drunk with intoxicating liquor that he had procured from a white trader. Dr. Geddie met Thetu, Waihit's wife, and told her that her husband was lying on the path like a pig. "That comparison," said he, "with an animal that wallows in the mire was the means of leading me to seek forgiveness from the God whom the missionary had been telling us about."

The various efforts made to evangelize the island were by this time causing a commotion. The women wore a grass girdle, but the men were content with a bark belt and a few leaves in addition to a *coat* of red ocher and coconut oil.

The missionary had said that the natives should get *loin cloths* from the traders in return for their produce and labor, instead of the continual supply of beads, powder, and tobacco. When this good advice became known it was construed into an order to stop the tobacco supply, which angered the heathen

very much. A general meeting was called; hundreds of savages were there ready for anything. Dr. Geddie wished to attend the meeting on their own ground; but Waihit said, "No! these men wish to raise a quarrel with you, and evil will come of it. You stay in the house and pray, while I go and meet them and defend 'the worship.' The four young men whom you have taught to read the catechism will go with me."

Thus that small band of babes in Christ went fearlessly to face another Amalek and his people. They carried their banner, which was a small eight-page catechism of Christian doctrine. As soon as this Joshua and his four followers appeared on the scene, the heathen orators began their speeches, and in the usual manner, with violent gesticulations, they charged the missionary with all the evils under the sun, especially the displeasure of the "Natmases," or spirit gods, whom they continually propitiated to avert calamity, disease, and death.

When the orators sat down exhausted, Waihit was asked what he had to say for the missionary. His youthful companions whispered that they could not open their lips to speak before all the old men. "You have got the *Intas Ahothaing*" (literally "The Question Book"), "ask me the

questions, and I will give the answers before all the people," said Waihit.

Then these five Christian soldiers stood up and the best reader began—

"How many gods are there?"

Waihit answered in a loud voice, "One only."

"Who is the true God?"

"Jehovah, He is the true God, and beside Him there is none else."

"What is God?"

"God is a spirit. He has not a body like us."

"Does God see us or not?"

"Yes, God sees every one of us."

"Does God hear our words?"

"Yes, God hears every word we utter."

"Does God know our thoughts?"

"Yes, God knows all our thoughts."

When they had proceeded thus far before the great crowd who had been amazed at the calm composure of Waihit and his companions, Tikau, the leading opponent, a fierce-looking man, highly decorated with red paint, shouldered his war club and said to his followers, "Who can answer these words? Let us be going." In shorter time than it takes to tell, the agile savages were following the leader, every one to his own home. The faintest rays of Gospel light had penetrated these

five minds. Yet their simple faith was rewarded in a marvelous manner; it had been given them, according to promise, in that same hour what they should speak—for it was the spirit of their Father who spoke in them.

A favorable impression had been made; a certain awe had been instilled into their ignorant minds. As soon as suitable converts had been instructed at the mission station they were sent to the out-districts, and then could have been seen daily what would have gladdened the hearts of all supporters of foreign missions—children, parents, and grandparents sitting side by side learning to read portions of the Word of God in a language that for the first time had been reduced to writing.

As Waihit's knowledge of the Bible increased he became an excellent preacher. After having served as a teacher on Futuna for a number of years, he returned to his own island and was ordained an elder of the Church—the permanent church building having been erected on his own plot of ground, which he gave to the missionary for that purpose. In later years, although his eyes grew dim, he never failed to take his due share in conducting the Sabbath services. When his turn came one of the younger office-bearers would read the chapter while the vigorous old

man delivered the address. On communion Sabbaths it was his special delight to sit on the pulpit steps, so as to be as near the feet of the missionary as possible; and the crown of blessing, had he been spared to see it, was that his eldest son afterward preached at the central church while the missionary was preaching at a branch station.

Nasauwai, another teacher, was Waihit's bosom companion in the days of heathenism; they had accompanied each other in their tribal raids. Nasauwai cut off his long corded hair, which was the badge of heathenism, when Waihit became a Christian, and at his suggestion attended the missionary school. After Waihit's death Nasauwai became so depressed in spirit that, eleven months afterward, he too died. He had been an excellent helper in all mission work, and was ever ready to contribute largely with sugar-cane and other native foods to feed the people who came from a distance when mission buildings were being rethatched or repaired.

As long as health continued he was never absent from Sabbath and week-day services. He had a special gift in prayer. When nearing his end, Nasauwai said that his heart was at peace with God because he was "leaning upon Jesus." When Nasauwai felt his strength ebbing away he

asked his wife, Nepia, to read to him a portion of Scripture. She opened her Bible and read in the native language, "Let not your heart be troubled," etc. He thanked her, and after a little while turned round and said, "Have you another portion for me?" She then read, "There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God" (Heb. 4:9). Becoming still weaker, he asked for yet another portion "*as a pillow*" for a dying man. Then the good woman turned to Psalm 116:15 and read, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."

"That will do," said he; and this ripe Christian feebly commended himself to God in prayer, and shortly afterward passed away, a redeemed soul.

This woman had a colored skin and frizzly hair, yet was not she truly a ministering angel to her husband in his hour of need? The apt portions of Scripture she selected may be explained from the fact that she was a Christian convert of thirty-two years' standing, and her whole library consisted of the hymn collection, the Catechism, the "Pilgrim's Progress," and the Holy Bible.

Had it not been for the prevalence of Christian sentiment, the law of the island would have condemned this woman to death when her husband

died. It would then have been the duty of her son to have strangled his own mother, so that husband and wife might accompany each other to "Umaatmas," or the land of spirits. Who can describe all the untold blessings which the teachings of Jesus have brought to women and girls in every land where Christianity prevails?

Since the advent of the Gospel, cannibalism, infanticide, widow strangling, and tribal war have ceased, and a fine sense of peace and security has been brought to many poor heathen natives in the South Sea Islands, who formerly had no hope, neither had they any idea of the loving character of the true God.

In 1883 all the principal islands, from Aneityum to Ambrim, were occupied by missionaries, and a third station was opened in Tanna. The Aneityumese Bible had been completed by the united labor of Drs. Geddie and Inglis and Mr. Copeland. Ten years later the New Testament in Efatese, and in a dialect of Tanna, was given to the respective islanders. Churches, with substantial iron roofs, were erected in Aneityum, Futuna, Aniwa, Tanna, Malekula, and Malo, from 1891–93, the natives of the three former islands defraying the cost themselves. The success of the mission in Nguna, with its large cathedral-like church, has been

phenomenal. In 1892, four hundred and seventy were admitted to church-membership. The story of Tongoa is scarcely less wonderful.

Thirteen islands are now Christian, of which the largest are Efaté, Erromanga, Aneityum, Nguna, Emae, Tongoa, and Aniwa. Epi is rapidly receiving the Gospel. In Futuna one district only is heathen. In Tanna—the hardest field in the group—the report is more encouraging than for years. Ambrim, twice vacated through illness and death, was reopened in 1892 by Dr. Lamb; but first hurricane and then fire destroyed the mission house, and the volcano threatened the mission with extinction; but a strongly-built hospital has now for years been open to whites and natives. Native teachers are under training, and conduct services in different districts. Churches have been formed in Malekula, Santo, and Malo. But the great mass of the people in these northern islands is heathen and more than 50,000 are still in heathen darkness.

Chapter VII

THE TRANSFORMATION OF NEW HEBRIDES SAVAGES

BY

Rev. John G. Paton, D.D.

Missionary to the New Hebrides, Author of "Autobiography of John G. Paton"

Chapter VII

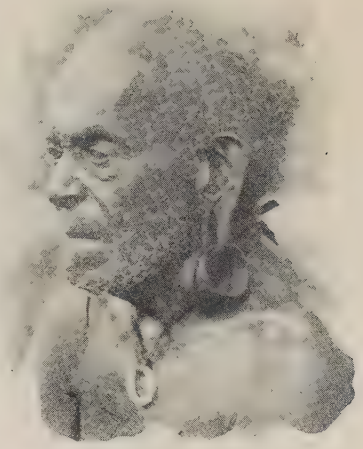
THE TRANSFORMATION OF NEW HEBRIDES SAVAGES

THE New Hebrides Christians are a people of simple faith who have embraced the Gospel, and try to love and serve Jesus Christ according to their knowledge of the teaching of His blessed word. They try to observe in their every-day life and conduct all that Jesus has commanded. Their constant every-day walk and conversation are powerful object lessons to the heathen and to all of the wonderful change they have undergone by the teaching and power of the Gospel, as they try to live for Jesus and eternity. They are far from being free from faults and failings common to man, nor are any of them perfect; for we all sin and come short. There is none righteous, no not one, except our Saviour, the God and man Jesus Christ. But according to their light and education, they would stand a favorable comparison with a similar number of Christians, say any eighteen thousand taken promiscuously from any white Christian community. A few years ago,

as heathen, they knew nothing of the Sabbath, yet now it is better kept by them, and their churches are better attended than I have seen in any land since I left the islands. They also highly value and carefully read and study the Scriptures, as they are God's only infallible guide to man and the only rule of faith and practise.

When we began the Lord's work among them, they were all painted savage cannibals without any clothing and without any written language. The women had to do all the plantation work, while the men were engaged chiefly in war or in talking about it. They lived constantly in a state of superstitious dread of the revenge of their heathen gods and of their enemies, and of the spirits of the people they had murdered, and of evils brought on them by their sacred men, heathen priests, and wizards, whom they all fear exceedingly.

As heathen they have no idea of natural death, but believe that every person who dies is killed by some one through sorcery or witchcraft, in using a piece of an orange or banana skin, or something of which the dead person has eaten a part. So after a death they all meet daily and with each other talk over the case to find out who has caused the death. Then, as soon as some person will



AN AGED HEATHEN OF FUTUNA.

A NATIVE CHRISTIAN TEACHER OF FUTUNA.

A HEATHEN CHIEF OF FUTUNA.

THE FIRST NATIVE PASTOR, NEW HEBRIDES.

name any one with whom he is unfriendly as having caused the death, they load a rifle and the priest or chief walks up to some young man and presents him with the loaded rifle saying, "You are to go and shoot this fowl or hog for us." He generally has no alternative but to be shot or take the rifle, lay it aside, and go and paint his face, neck, breast, and arms black, and return, take up the rifle and go and shoot the innocent person, after watching for him concealed in the bush near his house. War often follows in revenge, and in this way many lives are lost and sometimes a whole village or tribe is swept away.

On the islands first occupied by us, infanticide was common; the aged were murdered, and all widows were strangled to death when their husbands died. This was one of the most difficult savage practises to get the natives to give up, as they thought it was a great dishonor for the spirit of the husband not to have the spirit of his wife to wait upon him as a slave in the world of spirits. Notwithstanding all these dreadful savage cruelties and superstitions, even as a heathen they were an interesting, industrious people, living in villages and towns, and, like country farmers, cultivating and planting the lands around them for the support of themselves and families. Yet they have almost

no buying and selling, and no money is in circulation among them. "Might is right," and by club-law the strong oppress the weak without mercy.

The missionary first tries to acquire the language of the natives among whom he is placed; he has no help or teacher, but tries to pick it up as spoken by them, to discover its grammatical construction. He phonetically reduces it to a written form, translates some hymns into it, and teaches the people to sing them. He also translates and prepares a small book of extracts of Scripture, giving them an account of the creation, the fall, the flood, of God's love and mercy to men in Jesus Christ. He teaches them to read and understand it, and to receive the Scriptures of God as the only infallible guide and rule of faith and practise, to all men of all colors and countries, and that in it, by the suffering and death of His only begotten son, Jesus, God offers salvation and eternal happiness to all men who will accept it, believe and obey it, having repented of and given up all sin. The good God of love and mercy, so loving our lost and ruined race as to send His Son into our world to die for men and give them eternal life, is He who by His divine grace enlightens the mind and moves the heart of the savage to love and serve God above

all else. Hence they delight to attend school and church and prayer-meeting in order to learn all possible about the Saviour and their privileges and duties in Him, whom they try to love and serve as their present abiding friend and eternal reward.

All who attend our communicants' classes as catechumens must have a fairly correct general knowledge of whatever portions of Scripture are translated and printed in their own language; they must also know the Church catechism or confession of faith which I prepared for them in Aniwan, and which has also been translated into other languages. For a year before they are allowed to attend the communicants' class each man and woman must have an unstained character, so far as man knows. Then, according to their Christian knowledge and devotion, they attend the class from one to three years or longer before we baptize them and admit them to the membership of the Church. Hence, by God's blessing on such careful training and preparation of them for church-membership, we have fewer of our members falling away, and far more intelligent consecrated Christian help from them in working for the salvation of others and in all God's work than we would have if we baptized them as some do on a confession of their faith and because they are able to answer a few simple

questions. We believe that neither they nor we can really know, love and serve Jesus and feast upon real communion with him at His table and in the joys of His salvation and service, without doing all we can to teach others to accept and enjoy the same blessings for time and eternity. They are thus taught and led by divine grace to believe in all the evangelical doctrines of our common faith and to try earnestly to live up to them, in all things serving Jesus Christ.

All through life God's people grow in Christian knowledge and consecrated devotion to Jesus and His work, by their daily communion with Him in prayer and reading the Scriptures, as in humble penitence they follow on, loving and serving Him more perfectly, using all diligence to make their calling and election sure, till at death Christ perfects them in heaven. Our converts and church members begin and close every day in private and family prayer. They ask God's blessing on all meals of food. On Sabbath none of them are seen turning their backs on the Sabbath-school and church services, and going away, as many do in these lands, on foot, on bicycles, in carriages, street cars, railways, and steamboats, to spend God's day in pleasure and amusement, forgetting or disregarding the Divine command, "Remember the Sabbath

day to keep it holy." Unless confined to a bed of sickness or having to attend one so confined, all our church members are in their seats in the church on the Lord's day in all weather, and also at the week-day prayer-meetings. And being accustomed to prayer with their families, no male member when requested ever declines to open or close publicly a church service with prayer.

Their education and knowledge is limited and far from being like ours, and yet they can all read what of the Scriptures they possess, and show great zeal and exercise much self-denial in trying to teach and bring the heathen to know and love and serve Jesus Christ as their God and Saviour. Some of them die and others have been murdered when away as teachers, but others zealously volunteer to go and occupy their places, as when from Aniwa one died on Tanna and the Aniwans sent five additional teachers in his place.

Our converts build and keep up their own schools and churches without outside help, and by planting and preparing arrowroot yearly they have paid at the rate of about five dollars a leaf for preparing and printing the Scriptures, as we have been able to translate them into twenty-two of their languages. This is a great undertaking for them. The natives of Aneityum paid one thou-

sand two hundred pounds, or six thousand dollars, to the British and Foreign Bible Society for printing the complete Bible in their language, and a number of the islands pay the thirty dollars each yearly to keep their own teachers.

Even now the change in the living and conduct of our converts is a wonderful work of divine grace, and we hope that Jesus will be able to show the "finished product" among His Redeemed in the glory of Heaven. Pray that they and we may be led faithfully to live and labor for Jesus till death, and that He may spare us and give us the help and means for extending the teachings and blessings of the Gospel to the from 40,000 to 50,000 cannibals yet on the New Hebrides.

As the results of the missionary work in the New Hebrides, our dear Lord has given our missionaries about 20,000 converts, and the blessed work is extending among the others, cannibals on the group. In one year, 1120 savages renounced idolatry and embraced the worship and service of Christ. One missionary baptized 200 out of his communicants' class of 400, after a long and careful preparatory Scripture training. We never baptize and teach afterward, but educate and wait till they give real evidence of consecration to Jesus Christ, and then, at their desire, baptize, and continue teaching them

to observe in their life and conduct all things Jesus has commanded. Hence, we have only about 3500 communicants, tho over 10,000 attend our day- and Sabbath-schools. All of the converts attend church regularly. They contributed last year over £1300 in money and arrowroot, and a number of the islands now support their own native teachers. Yet they have no money but what they get by selling pigs, fowls, coconuts, and copra to passing ships. God has given four of our present missionaries each from 1700 to 2000 converts; and at all our more recently occupied stations the work is very encouraging, and enjoys the divine blessing.

Chapter VIII

HOW CHRIST CONQUERED FIJI

BY

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Associate Editor of the *Missionary Review of the World*, Author of "One Hundred Years of Missions"

Chapter VIII

HOW CHRIST CONQUERED FIJI

THESE islands in the South Pacific display in a marvelous degree the matchless power of Christ to reach, redeem, and transform the grossest, the fiercest, and the most devilish of humankind.

The group of islands is located about as far to the south of the equator as Hawaii is to the north. Only a few of them are of any considerable importance, either for size or the number of their inhabitants. As a matter of fact two, Viti-Levu (Great Fiji), and Na Vanua-Levu (the Great Land), include the bulk of the entire area of about 8,000 square miles. When first visited, more than a century ago, the population numbered about 200,000, but it has been reduced since then to 117,000 or less, largely through the ravages of certain infectious diseases. These islanders belong to the black Melanesian race and resemble the natives of New Zealand and the New Hebrides more closely than those of Tahiti or Hawaii. Physically and intelligently they rank among the

foremost in the South Seas; but before Christianity wrought its astounding miracles of transformation, they had no equals for brutality, licentiousness, and utter disregard of human life. The world over their name was a synonym for all that is atrocious, inhuman, and demoniacal. It was a part of their religion to be as cruel as possible towards their enemies, and to slay them with nameless and horrible tortures was a positive delight. Their habitual acts were by far too disgusting and fiendish to be described in detail, or even to be imagined. Here is the portrait of a typical Fijian, when wrought upon by the demon of passion:

"The whole body quivering with excitement; every muscle strained; the clenched fist eager to bathe itself in blood; the forehead all drawn up in wrinkles; the staring eyeballs red and gleaming with terrible flashings; the mouth distended into a disdainful and murderous grin."

The story of the introduction of the gospel of peace and love into this annex ante-chamber to the "bottomless pit" is a novel one, and full of interest. So far as any human purpose or plan was concerned, the first steps were taken apparently by purest accident, as a result of a curious combination of circumstances, two missionary organizations playing an undesigned part. In

the year 1823 the English Wesleyans began evangelizing work in Tonga, a group several hundred miles to the east of Fiji, and after eleven years reaped a rich reward in a great revival, in which several thousands of the natives were brought to a saving knowledge of the truth. Intercourse between the two island worlds was by no means infrequent, and a considerable number of Tongans had crossed in their canoes to Lakemba, one of the most easterly members of the Fijian group, for social and trading purposes. Among these visitors were some of the recent converts, who at once began to proclaim their new faith, and made a deep impression on the Fijians. When tidings of this work reached the home church, two missionaries, William Cross and David Cargill, were sent in 1835 to establish a mission. When they landed they were immediately met with a wild and rough reception, which gave them not a little discomfort and even endangered their lives. Several of the native Christian teachers were killed, and once the mission premises were set on fire. Before long, however, the good-will of the savages was won by kindness and good deeds, and by a system of barter, in which food and service were paid for with hatchets, pots, calico, and other imported goods. A printing-press was set up, from which

portions of the Scriptures soon appeared in the Fijian tongue, much to the wonder of the natives. Within five months 31 natives were baptized, and by the end of a year 280 had been received into church membership.

In the meantime by a providence even more strange the Gospel was finding entrance into Ono, a small island about 150 miles to the south of Lakemba. Here Christian influences, centering in Tahiti, a thousand miles away, were curiously joined with those from Tonga, so that the London Missionary Society was preparing the way for the advent of the Wesleyans. In the year 1835, Ono was smitten by a terrible epidemic, from which not the least relief could be gained by the efforts of the pagan priests. In this emergency one of the chiefs crossed to Lakemba, and learned from a Fiji chief who had recently returned from a voyage to Tahiti that Jehovah is the only true God, and that one day in seven should be set apart for His worship. Furnished with only this slight fragment of truth, he returned home and began to urge his people to cast away their idols and serve the living God. Not long after this a Tongan teacher visited the island, and told all he knew of New Testament faith and practise. His words were heard with gladness, and a chapel was soon built,

which was daily filled with attendants upon religious instruction. Sometime later other teachers were sent from Tonga, one of them a native of Ono, and soon three places of worship were crowded with inquirers. The entire population of a neighboring island abjured their idolatrous practises, and in 1839 word was sent to Lakemba that 168 men and 160 women had turned to the Lord. James Calvert was sent thither to encourage and strengthen them in the way of righteousness, and in a few months it was given to him to baptize 200 converts.

Thus far, though evil had been endured from the barbarism everywhere rampant, from opposition and persecution, nevertheless the trials and risks had not been peculiarly great. As yet only the outskirts of the realms of darkness had been touched. Only a skirmish had occurred; the fierce battle was yet to be fought. The chief abodes of violence and depravity were further west in the windward islands, in and around Viti-Levu and Vanua-Levu. These seemed to be the very seat of Satan, and in 1838, Cross and Cargill were transferred thither, Calvert, John Hunt and several others, following in due season. Almost at once these new-comers had a taste of the horrors in store for them. The king's son was drowned at

sea, and his sixteen wives were strangled according to custom. At the same time a cannibal feast was held upon the bodies of eleven men slain in war, these being cooked and eaten near the dwelling of the Englishmen. When their shutters were closed to hide the shocking spectacle, such mortal offence was taken that one of the missionaries came near being murdered. These messengers of the Glad Tidings for years were compelled to see and hear sights and sounds which can not here be told, but can be inferred in some degree from the brief statement of customs and practises which were common as a part of the native religion.

For vindictiveness of passion these demons in human form were unsurpassed, as well as for cruel jealousies, for Satanic rage when provoked, and for revengeful malignity even in the moment of death. A Fijian always went armed; for fighting was his business, and the numerous tribes were almost constantly at war. They had a habit of massacring all shipwrecked sailors or other strange visitors to their shores. Few Fijians died a natural death or lived to old age, for the feeble and aged were esteemed worse than useless members of society, and by artificial means were hastened to their graves. Infanticide was so common that two-thirds of the children perished

at the hands of their parents. Girls, in particular, were unwelcome, for they could neither wield the war-club nor poise the spear. When a chief built a house, and holes were dug for the posts, a man was flung into each one to be buried alive. When a war-canoe was launched living men were used as human rollers, and their bruised and torn bodies were afterwards roasted and eaten. On one occasion a fishing party of twenty-eight were seized, and after being beaten into insensibility, were cast into heated ovens. Some of the number, reviving, endeavored to escape, but were driven back to be roasted. Human flesh was eaten by preference, as well as from hatred of their enemies, slain in battle. In one district the entire population was kept to be devoured by their more powerful neighbors. A chief would send to a neighbor or ally a roasted victim carefully wrapped, and escorted by a procession. After one war the victory was celebrated by cooking 100 human bodies for a feast. One chief set up a stone to commemorate each time he had played the cannibal, and 872 of these tokens were counted by a missionary!

In addition to daily contact with such loathsome spectacles, the thieving propensities of the Fijians were so limitless and shameless that the household utensils of one of the families were reduced to the

possession of a single cup, and of that the handle was gone. At first but one ship visited the islands each year. A letter from England took fifteen months upon the way and it required three years to order and receive a supply of clothing. For a time the nearest physician dwelt at a distance of 1,000 miles across the ocean.

For a full decade the grace of patient endurance was the one which received the most continual and abundant exercise. Of course all were tireless in the performance of loving deeds, and lavished themselves without stint upon the poor creatures they had come to redeem from their grossness and bestiality. Schools were opened, and as soon as possible the task of translating and printing the Scriptures was carried forward to completion.

Finally, in 1845–6, a sweeping revival was experienced, which wrought marvelous transformations in a multitude of hearts and lives. Many of the features of this season of refreshing from God bore a close resemblance to those occurring in other island groups, Tonga, Tahiti, and Hawaii. First various influential chiefs were touched and regenerated by the Spirit, and then the people flocked en masse into the Kingdom. When the consciences of these brutal wretches were thoroughly aroused, they were tremendously excited,

and were fairly overwhelmed with terror. They would pray in agony, would literally roar on the ground for hours together, and would then faint and fall from very exhaustion. Reviving, they would pray, and roar, and faint again. All this anguish was somewhat proportionate to their former cruelty and fondness for blood. Some of the most diabolic of the chiefs were found among those who thus agonized to enter in at the "strait gate." Cries for mercy would sometimes drown every other sound, and no relief was obtained until pardon was assured. One monster in particular, known as a "human butcher," who passed through this harrowing experience, came out penitent and humble, and became a notable preacher of righteousness.

THE CONVERSION OF THAKOMBAU

One notable and important conversion was that of Thakombau, known as the "King of the Cannibals." His father, Tanoa, was a very powerful chief and exceedingly bloodthirsty and cruel, but Seru, his son, who afterwards became King Thakombau, surpassed him in cruelty. He treated his attendants as slaves, and did with them as he liked, for he was master of their lives. One day some prisoners of war were carried to Bau,

the capital, to furnish a cannibal feast. One of them was brought before Seru, who was still a young boy. The lad took a club, although he could scarcely hold it, and managed, with great difficulty, to beat in the head of his victim. This gave him renown and gave him the right to be considered a warrior.

A serious revolt drove the old King Tanoa from his home and capital. Many great chiefs were involved in this, but Thakombau managed to gain possession of the power at Bau and bring his father home in triumph. Then began the fearful work of revenge. Thakombau devoted to the club and the oven all his father's enemies that he could reach. The Namena tribe stood out boldly against Bau and defied it, but they were betrayed into Thakombau's hands and one hundred men were slain and their bodies devoured. By the king's order eighty Namena women were also strangled to accompany their husbands over the Fijian Styx.

Not long after this a devoted missionary visited Bau and sought to gain Thakombau's permission to preach the gospel of love and peace to his warriors, but the king refused, saying passionately, "We will fight until we die; we will teach our children and our children's children to fight. We do not want a message of peace."

The missionary warned the king of the consequences of his cruel course, but the king declared that he would never change and that if ever any of his people became Christians he would kill them. The missionary urged upon him the example of other Christian chiefs but Thakombau replied:

"When you can grow the *Ndalo* on a barren rock, then I will turn Christian, not before."

Thakombau now became not only the greatest power in Fiji, but the greatest enemy to the spread of the Gospel. Some natives at Nandi had gladly embraced the life-giving power born of faith in Christ, and the people of Bau, knowing this, were endeavoring to stir up a war of extermination. Varani of Viwa, and a zealous missionary, knowing the peril the Christians were in, went to Thakombau and begged him to intervene—to stay his hand —to save them!

"No!" he sneered. "You are in trouble now and I am glad of it. *I hate your Gospel!*"

Trouble, anxiety, personal danger, and even biting remorse threatened to overwhelm the king. He listened, often in moody silence, to those who wished to save him. His deadly enemy was close at hand, and Ratu Ngara said: "Fourteen times I have sought to make peace with Thakombau, and

now I will not rest until I have killed him and eaten him."

Enemies closed in upon the king on all sides. Disasters filled him with consternation—a great part of his capital was burned down; some huge temples and a vast amount of valuable property were destroyed. Thakombau's favorite colony at Kamba rose in arms against him, seized his property, and slew eighty of his adherents. Then the Europeans (except the missionaries) turned against him.

Dim conceptions of the necessity of having God's kingdom established in the soul, and of the soul's character being formed anew under the influence of the Holy Spirit, became fixed as realities in Thakombau's mind. "Turn to God, and be faithful to Him," said the missionary, who, after years of stout opposition, had been allowed to reside at Bau and preach the Gospel openly.

But still the king refused. One great obstacle stood in the way of his open and final acceptance of Christ. Ratu Ngara's threat to destroy Bau, and to kill and eat his old adversary, kept Thakombau restless, and called out afresh the fighting instinct as a means of self-preservation.

At this juncture Ratu Ngara was seized with a dire malady, which carried him off in a few days,

without his being able to bequeath his revenge to his chiefs and tribesmen. This made it possible to establish peace between the two tribes.

But Thakombau had made enemies of the great chiefs in his neighborhood, and of all those whose relatives he had killed and eaten by the score. These now turned against him and thirsted for his blood. The king had, however, entered a period of humiliation, repentance and prayer. Conviction had entered his soul, and remorse was tugging at his heart-strings. He saw the awfulness of his own life. He was face to face, not with man, but with God. But by God's mercy this heathen king at last heard the welcome command—"Go in peace and sin no more." Largely by the help of the Christian king of Tonga, George Tubon, he was rescued from his enemies and at last, forever renounced the gods of his fathers, and publicly owned himself the servant of Jehovah before the assembled celebrities of Bau. What a triumph for the Gospel of Christ! Before crowds of those whom he had so fearfully wronged, the king stood up and confessed—"I have been a bad man. The missionary wanted me to embrace Christianity, but I said I will continue to fight. God has singularly preserved my life. I acknowledge Him as the only true God."

Another remarkable convert in these early days of missions in Fiji was Joel Bulu, whose ministry continued for more than fifty years.

Miss Gordon Cumming says: "The first to welcome us on our landing at Bau was the native minister, Joel Bulu, a fine old Tongan chief. His features are beautiful, his color clear olive; he has gray hair and a long, silky, gray beard. He is just my ideal of what Abraham must have been, and would be worth a fortune for an artist as a patriarchal study. His faith is an intense reality. I have rarely met any man so perfectly simple, or so unmistakably in earnest."

At that time his work was nearly over, and he soon went home to his Master. This experience is a wonderful testimony to the power of the "old, old story."

The phenomenal spiritual quickening which brought about these conversions was the turning point in the history of Fiji. The midnight was past, the dawn had already begun to break, the joyful sunrise was near at hand. Cannibalism soon ceased altogether, idolatry was banished, and intertribal wars were known no longer. Scores and hundreds of church buildings were erected, some of them surprisingly large and comely. Of one of these sanctuaries it has been

written: "Mbau, which was formerly an Aceldama, is now the Jerusalem of Fiji, whither the tribes go up to worship. It has a fine stone church, 97 by 45 feet inside measurement, with walls two and a half feet thick. This was built from the stone gathered from the foundations of fifteen temples. The font is made out of a stone upon which formerly human victims of cannibal orgies were dashed. In 1874 the islands became a British possession, and ever since have been blessed with civil order and good government.

It is now over seventy years since the missionaries entered these abodes of darkness, and sixty since the great awakening began, and how is it with Fiji today? Almost the entire population is nominally Christian. The sanctuaries of worship number 826, and at about 1000 points the Gospel is regularly preached. There is slight need of missionaries, so that only 13 are employed, but with 76 native ministers, nearly 3000 local preachers, and about 6000 class leaders for assistants. In the 1450 schools 2700 teachers impart instruction. The church members number more than 36,000, and 17,000 more are in training for membership, while of the 117,000 inhabitants no less than 92,000 are attendants upon public worship! Think what this statement means.

Probably nowhere upon the face of the globe are Sabbath observance, Bible reading, and daily family worship so nearly universal as among the Fijians! Of course the type of piety is not especially high, for the race is tropical, and generations are required to eliminate from the blood the virus of rank paganism. But, what a marvelous transformation has been wrought! What power but the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and the might of the Spirit, could work a miracle so stupendous?

Chapter IX

JOHN COLERIDGE PATTESON, MISSIONARY BISHOP OF MELANESIA

BY

Rev. John Rutherford, B.A.

Chapter IX

JOHN COLERIDGE PATTESON

IN the heroic missionary, John Coleridge Patteson, we have a typical example of modern Christian martyrs. The story of his life is full of inspiration and instruction. Born in London, 1827, and killed at Nikapu, 1871, John Coleridge Patteson's was one of the shortest lives and prominent in modern missionary endeavor, yet one of the most useful in testimony to God. Some characters are a tonic and a stimulant; to enter within their circle is to breathe a bracing atmosphere, due not so much to mental gifts as to manly attributes and the manifest Christ-life.

Patteson's whole course was onward and upward. His was one of the purest, saintliest, and most heroic of characters, conspicuous for *truth* and *love*. Absolutely genuine, he had also a feminine gentleness. His sincerity constrained others to trust him, while his love warmed and won them, and welded them into unity with him. These traits may be traced to his *parents*, as a heritage: his father, Justice Patteson, was an

English judge, conspicuous for sterling integrity; popular, but not at the expense of principle, the love of truth permeating his being as veins of metal run through the rock. His son always felt that whatever was best in him was largely due to his father's sturdy backbone of principle, supplemented and complemented by his mother's gentleness, which was not, however, at the expense of firmness. She exacted implicit and unhesitating obedience, but her authority was steeped in love. Her boy needed such training, for he had a tendency to passionate anger, and a natural indolence, both of which he had need to overcome.

Coleridge, or Coley as the boy was called, was not a model boy, yet his good qualities were in the ascendant. His leading characteristic was a reverent and religious spirit which seems to have slowly and surely subdued inherent defects, and made it manifest that God's grace had the upper hand in the boy's life.

When but six years old he hinted his desire to be a clergyman, greatly to his mother's delight. On his fifth birthday his father gave him a Bible, which he early learned to read and love; and on one occasion when loudly called for, he asked a few minutes more "just to finish the binding of

Satan for a thousand years." This same Bible was, twenty-seven years later, used in his consecration as bishop.

Some special influences shaped him for the mission field. One was the atmosphere of a Christian home, and his first impulse came at a very early age. After listening with intense interest to the story of a missionary bishop who had experienced a severe hurricane in his field of labor, he exclaimed: "When I grow up, I am going to be a bishop and have a hurricane, too!"

After attending an elementary school in Devonshire he was sent to Eton where he endeared himself to the masters and his comrades. In his own private room he had daily regular readings of the Bible with his brother, his cousin and a friend or two; but the boys were so shy about it that they kept an open Shakespeare on the table, with an open drawer below in which the Bible was placed, and which was shut at the sound of a hand on the door!

In 1841 an event occurred which was destined to exert the strongest influence over young Patteson's future. In that year the Rev. George Augustus Selwyn was appointed to the diocese of New Zealand. Mrs. Selwyn's parents had always been intimate with the Patteson family,

and daily intercourse had formed a bond of friendship between the Bishop and young Coley. On October 31st Coley writes:

"I heard the Bishop in the evening. It was beautiful when he talked of his going out to found a church and then to die neglected and forgotten. All the people burst out crying, he was so very much beloved by his parishioners. He spoke of his perils and putting his trust in God; and then when he had finished I think I never heard anything like the sensation, a kind of feeling that if it had not been on so sacred a spot, all would have exclaimed 'God bless him!'"

One remarkable sentence that influenced Coley was this: "As we are giving up our best in sending forth our cherished and chosen sons, so let there go forth a consenting offering; let us give this day largely in the spirit of self-sacrifice as Christian men to Christ our will, and He will graciously accept the offering." So, while others were giving gold and silver, the Eton lad of fourteen gave himself. Not long after, Bishop Selwyn, calling to say "Good-by," asked Lady Patteson, "*Will you give me Coley?*"

He knew nothing of the effect of his sermon upon her boy, but God did, and the mother did not shrink from the sacrifice. When Coley himself

THE HOUSE OF A NATIVE CHIEF, FIJI ISLANDS.

INTERIOR OF A CHIEF'S HOUSE, FIJI ISLANDS.

SOQU, A CHIEF IN THE SOLOMON ISLANDS.

LEATHER MONEY USED IN SANTA CRUZ ISLAND.

made a like request she encouraged his desire, promising that if, with growth of years, this purpose ripened, he should be free to follow it.

He faithfully pursued his course, winning popularity by his sunny temper and manly conduct. An expert swimmer, a dexterous oarsman, and at cricket captain of the Eton eleven, he was one of the famous athletes of his day. Tho full of fun and frolic, his conduct was ever that of an earnest, consecrated man, and his influence over his associates was unbounded. On one occasion, presiding at the annual dinner of the eleven, a student started an objectionable song. He promptly ordered it stopped, adding: "If not, I shall leave the room." It did not stop, and followed by several others he at once withdrew, sending back word that if no apology was offered he would leave the eleven. Dismayed at losing so skilful a captain, an apology was promptly made.

From Eton he went to Balliol College, Oxford, where he distinguished himself, especially as a linguist. He won a fellowship at Merton College and later studied in Dresden and spent some years in foreign travel. In 1853, he was ordained, and took a curacy at Alfington; but less than a year later, when Bishop Selwyn returned to England in search of helpers, the old purpose, dormant for

twelve years, was reawakened, and the young curate offered to exchange his home parish for work among the cannibals of the South Seas.

A view of the usefulness of all studies to the Christian minister is well given in a letter Patteson wrote to the same friend: "We worked together once at Dresden. Whatever we have acquired in the way of accomplishments, languages, love of art and music, everything brings us into contact with somebody and gives us the power of influencing them for good, and all to the glory of God."

Of his personal appearance it is said: "The most striking feature was his eyes, which were of a very dark clear blue, full of an unusually deep, earnest, and, so to speak, inward yet far-away expression. His smile was remarkably bright, sweet and affectionate, like a gleam of sunshine, and was one element of his great attractiveness. So was his voice which had the rich, full sweetness inherited from his mother's family, and which always excited a winning influence over the hearers. Thus, tho not a handsome man, he was more than commonly engaging, exciting the warmest affection in all who were concerned with him, and giving in return an immense amount of interest and sympathy which only became intensified to old friends while it expanded towards new ones."

After consultation he resolved that his desire should not be entertained during his father's lifetime, and at a meeting with Bishop Selwyn, Patteson mentioned the subject to him. The Bishop replied: "If you think about doing a thing of that sort, it should not be put off till you are getting on in life. It should be done with your full strength and vigor." Patteson thereupon laid the matter before his father, and as the result of an interview and consultation between the Bishop and Sir John Patteson it was decided that no bar should be put in the way. The Bishop then said to young Patteson: "Now my dear Coley, having ascertained your own state of mind, and having spoken at length to your father and your family, I can no longer hesitate, as far as you recognize any power to call on my part, to invite you most distinctly to the work."

The young man accepted, and with this purpose in view he was ordained presbyter by Bishop Phillpotts in Exeter Cathedral in September of the same year. On the 25th of the following March on board the *Duke of Portland* he sailed for New Zealand with Bishop and Mrs. Selwyn.

The diocese of New Zealand was at this time sufficiently spacious, including the multitudinous islands of the South Pacific Ocean. But Bishop

Selwyn rightly resolved to respect the work of the other Protestant missionaries, thus avoiding any conflict with the work of the London Missionary Society or of the Presbyterian Church. But the groups of islands which seem to form a fringe round the northeastern curve of Australia, Banks Islands and Solomon Isles together with part of the New Hebrides, were almost entirely open ground, and amid the population of these Melanesian islands Bishop Selwyn's work chiefly lay.

Patteson's first trip in the mission ship, the *Southern Cross*, was a coasting voyage along the New Zealand coast in company with Bishop Selwyn; and already Patteson was becoming naturalized for his work in Melanesia.

"The work is wholly new," he writes, "and in many ways quite different from what I expected, e.g., my duties as inspector of pots, pans, hammocks, etc., as purveyor of meat, bread and vegetables, as accountant-general, and pacifier in ordinary of all quarrels, discontents, murmurings, etc., among sailors and officers, as tutor to two rough young colonial youths that the Bishop brought from the south, hoping the Archdeacon will lick them into shape at the College. All these things are new, and I confess, rather distasteful to me; but I am getting more accustomed to the various duties that

were at first really hard, and hope to think nothing of them soon."

Before this first voyage was over Patteson was promoted to take command of the vessel. To a friend in England he writes:

"You ask me where I am *settled*. Why, settled, I suppose I am never to be: I am a missionary you know, not a 'stationary.' But however my home is the *Southern Cross*, where I live always, in harbor as well as at sea, highly compassionated by all my good friends here, and highly contented myself with the sole possession of a cozy little cabin nicely furnished with table, lots of books and my dear father's photograph which is an invaluable treasure and comfort to me. In harbor I live in the cabin. It is hung round with barometers (aneroids) sympiesometers, fixed chests for chronometers, charts, etc. Of course wherever the *Southern Cross* goes I go too, and I am a most complete skipper. I feel as natural with my quadrant in my hand as of old with a cricket bat. If it please God to give success to our mission work, I may some day be settled (if I live) on some one of the countless islands of the South Pacific, looking after a kind of Protestant Propaganda College for the education of teachers and missionaries from among the islanders; but this is all uncertain."

For the purpose of aiding the evangelization of the Pacific, Bishop Selwyn brought some Melanesian boys to New Zealand that he might educate them to become teachers to their own countrymen and he founded a school for this purpose at Auckland. The Bishop continued to make voyages in his little mission vessel to various islands, and bring the boys to Auckland for training and instruction, sending them back to their own island homes for the winter months.

Along with Bishop Selwyn, Patteson now visited Norfolk Island and Sydney and the New Hebrides. Of one of the native New Hebrideans he gives this description:

"He had expended his energies upon his hair which was elaborately dressed after a fashion that precluded the possibility of any attention being bestowed upon the rest of his person which was accordingly wholly unencumbered with any clothing. The perfection of this art apparently consisted in gathering up about a dozen hairs and binding them firmly with grass or fine twine of cocoanut fiber plastered with coral lime. As the hair grows the binding is lengthened also, and only about four or five inches are suffered to escape from this confinement and are then frizzed and curled like a mop or a poodle's coat."

In Bauro, one of the Solomon Islands, there were coral crags and masses of forest trees, the creepers literally hundreds of feet long crawling along and hanging from the cliffs, the coconut trees and bananas and palms, the dark figures of men on the edge of the rocks looking down upon them from among the trees, the people assembling on the bright beach—coral dust it may be called, for it was worn as fine as fine sand—cottages peeping out from among the trees, and a pond of fresh water close by winding away among the cliffs. And then the contrast between God's works and the sin of man! Along the ridge-pole of one of the houses which Bishop Selwyn and Mr. Patteson visited here were ranged twenty-seven skulls, not yet blackened with smoke, and bones were scattered outside, for a fight had recently taken place near at hand. In this Golgotha, the Bishop, using his little book of Bauro words, talked to the people and plainly told them that the great God hated wars and cruelty, and that such ornaments were horrible in His sight. Iri took it all in good part and five boys willingly accepted the Bishop's invitation to New Zealand.

After touching at other islands they returned to Auckland where Mr. Patteson set himself to work away with twelve Melanesians at languages,

etc., with the highest of all incentives to perseverance, trying to form in them habits of cleanliness, order, and decency.

One of these lads, Wadrokala, narrated some facts regarding his native island: there the chief was called Bula, his power was absolute, and he had fifty-five wives. If one of his wives offended him he sent for the high priest who cursed her—simply said, "She has died," and die she did. A young girl who refused to marry him was killed and eaten. If any person omitted to come into his presence crouching, the penalty was, to be devoured. He seemed to have made excuses for executions in order to gratify his appetite for human flesh which was esteemed quite a delicacy. Every one dreaded him, and when at last he died a natural death, his chief wife was strangled as a matter of course.

Already Patteson and his work were so commending themselves to Bishop Selwyn that in a letter to Sir John Patteson he wrote: "You know in what direction my wishes tend, viz.: that Coley, when he comes to suitable age and has developed, as I have no doubt he will, a fitness for the work, should be the first island bishop upon the foundation of which you and your brother judge and Sir W. Farquhar are trustees; that Norfolk Island

should be the see of the bishop, because the character of its population, the salubrity of its climate, and its insular position make it the fittest place for the purpose."

The missionary voyages in the *Southern Cross* continued to be made from time to time. In 1857 they "visited sixty-six islands and landed eighty-one times, wading, swimming, etc.; all most friendly and delightful; only two arrows shot at us, and only one went near, so much for *savages*. I wonder what people ought to call sandalwood traders and slave-masters if they call my Melanesians savages."

In 1858 Patteson was put on shore at the island of Lifu to reside among the natives for a few months. Life there and in the other islands caused him to desire that many more missionaries should be sent out. He contrasts in this respect the French Roman Catholic missions, so strongly manned, with the feebleness in numbers shown by the English Protestant missions. Missionaries should possess, he says, various qualifications, should be able to make a chair, a table, a box, should be able to furnish a cottage, fell trees, saw planks, mix lime. "Every missionary ought to be a carpenter, a mason, something of a butcher and a good deal of a cook. Suppose yourself

without a servant and nothing for dinner tomorrow but some potatoes in the barn and a fowl running about in the yard. That's the kind of thing for a young fellow going into a new country to imagine to himself. If a little knowledge of glazing could be added, it would be a grand thing, just enough to fit in panes to window frames, which last of course he ought to make himself. To know how to tinker a bit is a good thing; else your only saucepan or tea kettle may be lying by you useless for months. In fact if I had known all this before I should be just ten times as useful as I am now. If any one you know thinks of emigrating or becoming a missionary, just let him remember this!"

With the year 1860 a new period began in Patteson's life. He had now worked for four years under Bishop Selwyn, but of late he had been left more to act on his own judgment. He had not completed his thirty-third year and was in his fullest bodily and mental strength. Bishop Selwyn now proposed to Patteson that he should accept the appointment of missionary bishop of the Western Pacific Isles. Patteson with much modesty had certainly never sought for such an office, but neither did he see it right to refuse it. Meantime the missionary voyages went on as before; but the

Southern Cross made her last trip in 1860, for in that year she was wrecked on the coast of New Zealand.

On Sunday, February 24th, 1861, John Coleridge Patteson was consecrated Bishop of Melanesia in St. Paul's Church, Auckland. He refers to the consecration in a letter in which he says: "Those nights when I lie down in a long hut among forty or fifty naked men, cannibals, the only Christian in the island, that is the time to pour out the heart in prayer and supplication that they—those dark wild heathens about me—may be turned from Satan unto God. And now to me it is committed to 'hold up the weak, heal the sick, bind up the broken, bring again the outcasts, seek the lost,' those beautiful, beautiful words! How I held tight my Bible that dear Father gave me on my fifth birthday, with both hands, and the Bishop held it tight too, as he gave me that charge in the name of Christ: and I saw in spirit the multitudes of Melanesia scattered as sheep amidst a thousand isles."

Soon he set out on his first voyage as missionary bishop in the *Dunedin*, a vessel not suitable for such work, but which had been patched up for the cruise. Touching at Erromanga in the New Hebrides, the island where John Williams was

killed, but now occupied by the Presbyterian Mission, the Bishop found that the missionary, Rev. Mr. Gordon, and his wife, had both been murdered by the heathen natives. They had been buried in the same grave, and the natives had fenced it round. And now, eighteen days afterwards, on June 7th, the Bishop with many anxious thoughts read the burial service over the grave.

A fresh voyage was made in the *Sea Breeze*, a chartered vessel of 70 tons—a successful voyage; and from no less than eight islands were young people received for the school at Auckland, so that on the arrival of these scholars there were under Christian instruction no fewer than fifty-one Melanesian men, women and young lads, gathered from twenty-four islands. "When you remember that at Santa Cruz, e.g., we have never landed before, and that this voyage I was permitted to go ashore at seven different places in one day, during which I saw about 1200 men; that in all these islands the inhabitants are, to look at, wild, naked, armed with spears and clubs, or bows and poisoned arrows; that every man's hand (as, alas! we find only too soon when we live among them) is against his neighbor, and scenes of violence and bloodshed among themselves are of frequent occurrence; and that throughout the voyage (during which I landed

between seventy and eighty times) not one hand was lifted up against me, not one sign of ill-will exhibited; you will see why I speak and think with real encouragement and thankfulness of a voyage accompanied with results so wholly unexpected. I say *results;* for the effecting of a safe landing on an island, and much more the receiving of a native lad from it, is in this sense a result, that the great step has been made of commencing an acquaintance with the people."

Of some of the incidents of this voyage he writes: "It would be the work of days to tell you of all our adventures. How at Malanta I picked two lads out of a party of thirty-six in a grand war-canoe going on a fighting expedition—and very good fellows they are; how we filled up our water-casks at Aurora, standing up to our necks in the clear, cool stream rushing down from the cataract above, with the natives assisting us in the most friendly manner; how at Santa Maria which till this year we never visited without being shot at, I walked for four or five miles far inland wherever I pleased, meeting great crowds of men all armed and suspicious of each other—indeed actually fighting with each other—but all friendly to me; how at Espiritu Santo when I had just thrown off my coat and tightened my belt to swim ashore through

something of a surf, a canoe was launched, and without more ado a nice lad got into our boat and came away with us, without giving us the trouble of taking a swim at all; how at Florida Island, never before reached by us, one out of some eighty men, young and old, standing all round me on the reef, to my astonishment returned with me to the boat, and without any opposition from the people quietly seated himself by my side and came away to the schooner, etc."

The spirit in which he did his work was that on those fair islands he saw hundreds of men ignorant of God, wild men, cannibals, addicted to every vice. He knew that Christ died for them, and that the Gospel message was meant for them too. How could he carry it to them? How find an entrance among them?

In February, 1863, the new *Southern Cross* arrived safely from England to the great satisfaction of Bishop Patteson. Soon the vessel was made ready for sea, and approved herself entirely to her owner's satisfaction, a worthy mission vessel. A visit in the interest of the mission was made to Australia where the churches pledged themselves to bear the annual expenses of the voyages of the *Southern Cross*.

Considerable progress had now been made in the

work of the mission, baptisms, confirmations, marriages, etc. The Gospel of Luke had also been printed in the Mota language. The mission scholars at Auckland had largely assisted in the printing of that Gospel and also in that of the Acts.

In 1867 the Bishop removed his home and the headquarters of the mission from Auckland to Norfolk Island. This isolated island lies midway between New Zealand and New Caledonia. It was now occupied by the Pitcairners, i.e., by the descendants of the mutineers of the *Bounty*, who were a civilized European community, and its situation was thought to be much more suitable than that of New Zealand had been as a center for the work of the Melanesian Mission.

In that year Bishop Patteson writes of the usual method followed at his visitation of the islands: "In these introductory visits scarcely anything is done or said that resembles mission work as invented in stories and described by the very vivid imagination of sensational writers. The crowd is great, the noise greater, the heat, the dirt, the inquisitiveness, the endless repetition of the same questions and remarks, the continual requests for a fish-hook, for beads, etc. This is somewhat unlike the interesting pictures in a Missionary

Magazine, of an amiable individual very correctly got up in a white tie and black tailed coat, and a group of very attentive, decently clothed and nicely washed natives. They are wild with excitement, not to hear 'the good news,' but to hear how the trading went on, 'How many axes did theysell? How many bits of iron?' Usually if we can merely explain that we don't come to trade, though we trade to please them, that we wish to take lads and teach them, we are obliged to be satisfied. 'Teach them! teach them what?' think the natives. Why, one old hatchet would outweigh in their minds all that boy or man can gain from any teaching. What appreciable value can reading, writing, wearing clothes, etc., have in their eyes? So we must in first visits (of which I am now thinking) be thankful that we can in safety step on shore at all, and regard the merely making friends with the people as a small beginning of mission work."

Before the close of the year an interesting event took place when Bishop Patteson ordained George Sarawia as deacon. George had been with the Bishop for ten years and was justly esteemed for his character and worth. He was the first Melanesian clergyman. The aim which the Bishop put before himself is thus expressed: "I am more

than ever convinced that the chiefest part of our work is to consist in training up Melanesian clergymen and educating them up to the point of faithfully reproducing our simple teaching. We must hope to see native self-supporting Melanesian Churches, not weak indolent Melanesians dependent always on an English missionary, but steadfast, thoughtful men and women, retaining the characteristics of their race so far as they can be sanctified by the Word of God in prayer, and without any of the useless imitations of English modes of thought or the superfluities of nineteenth-century civilization."

The Kanaka labor traffic had now begun among the islands enlisting its unsuspecting natives to go to the plantations in Fiji and Queensland. The Bishop felt strongly the iniquity of this trade and how sadly it hindered his work. In 1869 and 1870 the labor ships, finding that a sufficient number of willing natives could not be procured, began to cajole them on board. Then this expedient also, of decoying them without violence, failed. So rougher means were resorted to; the native canoes were upset and the men seized while struggling in the water. All endeavors at resistance or rescue were met with the use of fire-arms. The natives in the New Hebrides and elsewhere

were swept off in such numbers that some of the islands lost all their able-bodied men and were in danger of famine from lack of their workers. On one of the islands where a few years before 300 men used to assemble on the beach to welcome the Bishop now only thirty or forty were left.

Bishop Patteson protested vigorously but in vain against this fiendish work. By and by the traders began to use the Bishop's influence throughout the islands to further their own designs. Sometimes they told the unsuspecting natives that he had sent for them; sometimes painted their vessels to resemble his ship, the *Southern Cross*, and occasionally they went so far as to array a sailor in a clerical garb and hold a mock service on board. As a result of such infamous wiles, large numbers of natives were entrapped. All this risked the Bishop's safety, but he bravely continued his usual trips from island to island.

In April, 1871, the Bishop started from Norfolk Island on what proved to be his last voyage in the *Southern Cross*. Landing at Whitsunday Island he was told that a "thief ship" had carried off some of their people. Star Island was found nearly depopulated. Fifty men had been taken from Florida; they had gone on board to trade, but were instantly clapped under hatches. Some

canoes had been upset by a noose from the labor vessel, then a gun was fired, and while the natives tried to swim away, a boat was lowered which picked up the swimmers and carried them off. It was estimated that one-half of the population of the Banks Islands over ten years of age had been taken away. The Bishop was greatly distressed. All these years had been spent in preparing teachers qualified to teach their own people, but now, when the teachers were provided, most of the people had been taken away by the labor vessels.

But on the island of Mota matters were very encouraging—not less than forty or fifty natives were under daily tuition. On 26th June the first public baptism in Mota took place; and a coral-lime church building was now finished; it was the first church in Mota. The next Sunday 97 children were baptized at four villages.

On the morning of the 20th of September, 1871, the *Southern Cross* headed for Nikapu, and the Bishop gathered his Melanesian lads around him, strangely choosing for his last talk the death of Stephen, little knowing that he was to act anew the part of the first martyr that day. In tones never to be forgotten he quoted the words: "Therefore, whatsoever ye have spoken in darkness shall be heard in the light, and that which ye have spoken

in the ear in closets shall be spoken on the house-tops. And I say unto you, my friends, 'Be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do!' "

As they approached the coral reef, canoes with natives were seen approaching. Taking with them a few persons, the Bishop and his companions entered a boat and pulled toward the island. The people recognized him and acted strangely, but with the unselfishness and courage whereby he ever sought to disarm suspicion, he put himself in their power, entering one of their canoes; and then his companion, Mr. Atkins, thought he heard the word "*Tabu*," which with this race refers to the *offering of presents to an intended victim.* Some yams and fruit were put before the Bishop. The canoes were now dragged from the reef into the lagoon, and he was seen to land and disappear in the crowd. With intense anxiety his friends watched for his return. Presently the men in one of the canoes shouted, "Have you anything like this?" and a shower of arrows followed, with cries of revenge. "This for the New Zealand man!" "This for Bauro man!" "This for Mota man!" The boat sped back toward the ship filled with wounded men. Tho Mr. Atkins was dangerously wounded, he insisted on at once returning

to seek for the Bishop. The native boys and two sailors volunteered to go with him, and at last, as the tide rose, their boat crossed the reef. A native canoe was seen to float toward them. In it was a heap which one of the sailors thought to be a man in ambush, and at which he leveled his pistol, but it proved to be the body of the dead bishop, wrapped carefully in a mat, and upon the breast a spray of native palm with five mysterious knots tied in the leaves, and beneath the palm five bleeding wounds, each wound inflicted in retribution for one of the five natives who had died at the hands of the white men. A yell of triumph rang along the beach as the precious burden was borne back to the ship. The bishop's face was calm and full of peace, and the next day the precious body was committed to its sepulcher in the deep.

One of the native Christians wrote of their dead bishop: "As he taught he confirmed his word with his good life among us, as we all know; and also that he perfectly well helped any one who might be unhappy about anything, and spoke comfort to him about it; and about his character and conduct they are consistent with the law of God . . . He did nothing to gain anything for himself alone, but he sought what he might help others with; and

the reason was his pitifulness and his love. And again he did not despise any one nor reject any one with scorn, whether it were a white or a black person; he thought them all as one, *and he loved them all alike.*"

Years afterward, when Bishop Selwyn had succeeded Patteson, there was another landing at Nikapu. The visitors were received by the old chief, Moto, and one of the survivors of the kidnapped men as a penalty for whom the life of the bishop was exacted. The visitors were taken to the hut where Patteson had sat and spoken to the people, when, looking across the sea, he must have seen the arrows fly across at the boat; and it was then and there that he received the death-blow on the head by a club, the five wounds being afterward inflicted. It was then found that when the other people learned of his murder, they drove the murderers from the island, and the man who struck the first blow was shot dead by the old chief.

Bishop Selwyn and his friends proposed to place a cross on the spot where Patteson was supposed to have been killed, but, at the request of the natives, who desired that it might stand where it could be seen from the sea, this memorial of galvanized iron, with a burnished copper disk,

was placed on an eminence overlooking the waves, bearing this inscription:

> In Memory of
> JOHN COLERIDGE PATTESON
> missionary bishop
> Whose life was here taken by those for whom he would gladly have given it

Bishop Selwyn and his party knelt where the martyr fell, and repeated the collect for All Saints' Day: "Oh, Almighty God, who hast knit together Thine elect in one communion and fellowship in a mystical body to Thy Son Christ, our Lord, grant us grace so to follow Thy blessed saints in all virtues and holy and godly living, that we may come to those unspeakable joys which Thou hast prepared for them that love thee. Through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen."

Chapter X

JAMES WILSON, THE MISSIONARY SEA CAPTAIN

BY

GEORGE SMITH, LL.D., F.R.G.S.,

Author of "A Short History of Missions," "Life of Henry Martyn," etc., etc.

Chapter X

JAMES WILSON, THE MISSIONARY SEA CAPTAIN

OF the long roll of men sent forth by the London Missionary Society, from Dr. Vanderkemp down to David Livingstone and Chalmers of New Guinea, the first is still the most remarkable. He was James Wilson, ship captain, infidel, prisoner of the French, of Hyder Ali, and then the first to volunteer as a missionary to carry the Gospel in the good ship *Duff* to the islands of the Pacific Ocean. The story of Captain James Wilson is unique in the history of Christian missions, so full of holy heroism and romance.

A century and a half ago a Captain Wilson sailed his ship in the trade from the great English port of Newcastle. The father of nineteen children, he could not afford to give them much schooling, so he brought up the boys in his own ship from their earliest years. His youngest son was James, who thus lived at sea, amid influences of the worst kind, at a time when the mercantile marine of Great Britain was at its lowest moral point. When the war with America began, the

youth sought a career on land, in which his love of adventure could be gratified. There he took part in the battles of Bunker Hill and Long Island. The close of the War for Independence set him loose for other deeds. Returning to England, so good a sailor and fighter found no difficulty in securing a mate's berth on one of the East India Company's famous traders. The high spirits of the youth and his knowledge of navigation commended him both to his messmates and his officers; but he had not been long at Calcutta when he found that money was to be made, as well as a reputation to be gained, in the local mercantile or transport service; for that he left the East Indiaman.

These were the days of the war with Republican France and with the Mohammedan ally of the French, Hyder Ali, who was succeeded by his son, "Citizen" Tippoo. Captain James Wilson again and again ran the blockade which the French Admiral Suffrein for a time established on the Madras Coast, carrying military stores and supplies to the great Colonel Sir Eyre Coote. Courage and skill were never more successfully applied than by this Newcastle sailor, whose marine and military adventures extended from Bunker Hill to Negapatam in the East Indies.

At last, Wilson's over-boldness led to his capture. He and his men were carried to the French prison at Cuddalore, where he found the crew of another British ship. Life was tolerable enough for the officers until the French commander received an order from Admiral Suffrein to deliver up all his prisoners to the tyrant Hyder, who had deliberately purchased them for three hundred thousand rupees, or a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The commander and his officers were indignant at the baseness of the transaction, but they had no alternative save obedience. Wilson determined to save his own life. Carefully observing the ramparts of the fort as they rose from the river, he dropped down at nightfall forty feet into the water below, making a splash which, he felt sure, must have alarmed the sentries. Thrice Wilson, with his Bengali servant on his back, crossed the mouths of the Coleroon, and was already within hail of Porto Novo, when he was challenged by one of Hyder Ali's sentries. Again crossing the estuary, he found a canoe, in which he hoped to reach the Danish settlement of Tranquebar. Instead of this he was discovered by a party of Hyder's troopers, who stripped him naked, tied his hands behind him, fastened a rope to them, and drove him before them under the

burning sun some forty miles to his old prison. There he was chained to a British soldier, and thence the miserable band were marched on foot some two hundred miles to Hyder's capital and fortress of Seringapatam.

The horrors of that captivity have been described in more than one of the military biographies and histories of Great Britain. As if Wilson had not suffered enough, he had yet to undergo much more misery, compared with which death itself were better. Hyder Ali offered him and the other captives liberty and rewards if they would enlist in his army and profess Islam. If not, they were threatened with tortures long and lingering. Some are said to have yielded. But James Wilson, tho ignorant of Christian truth and religious principles, was a brave and patriotic man, who had fought his country's battles and valued her civilization. He refused, as the majority did, and was at once ordered to prison with a body of a hundred and fifty-three Highland soldiers of Colonel McLeod's regiment. Irons to the weight of thirty-two pounds were put upon him, and he was chained to a fellow, similarly loaded, night and day. Many a time, when one of two prisoners died, the survivor remained attached to the festering corpse. In an open court-yard, exposed to the cold wind by

night and the fierce sun by day, and starved till they feared to put a finger near their mouth lest they should bite it off, hundreds of Christian captives thus lay, and rotted, and died in the gloomy years of war in which, in South India, the eighteenth century closed. Wilson would have died of dysentery, but again God's long-suffering prevailed, tho he knew it not. Exchanging his miserable rice diet for a small and cheaper millet, he unconsciously effected a violent cure. When only thirty out of a hundred and fifty-four survived, after such a captivity of twenty-two months, Sir Eyre Coote inflicted the third defeat on Hyder Ali, the few captives were released, and Captain James Wilson found himself in Madras, penniless and impenitent.

He shipped as a mate to Bencoolen and Java, where, when at Batavia, the putrid fever, which was so fatal to the Dutch, well-nigh carried him off. He persisted in his trading, became part owner and captain of the ship, and at last achieved the fortune for which he had been working so long. Ignorant of or indifferent to the divine hand which held his soul in life and which was gradually preparing him for the highest form of service to the Master, he resolved to retire to England. It is a curious coincidence that John Thomas was sur-

geon on the East Indiaman in which he sailed. That first of medical missionaries, who was about to draw William Carey away from the islands of the Pacific, on which the Northamptonshire shoemaker had set his heart, to Bengal, made James Wilson only more determined in his infidelity. Neither the persuasiveness of his speech nor the gentleness of his life enabled Dr. Thomas to lead to Christ the man who so closely resembled him in temper and in adventures. Thomas remarked after one of their disputations that he had more hope of converting the heathen or Mohammedan lascars than Captain Wilson. Wilson landed at Portsmouth, bought a house and garden at Horndean, in Hampshire, and soon became known in the country round as "a worthy gentleman who had retired to affluence and ease from the East India service."

He was only thirty-six years of age, and was so well satisfied with *himself* that he had no conscience either for the teaching of Providence in his past eventful life and preservation, or for the warnings of Scripture. He was a Deist of the old school, and he gained so easy an intellectual victory over one of his neighbors, Captain Sims, a godly man, that he became confirmed in his scepticism.

Tho unable to give the self-sufficient and worldly

captain any other reason for his own belief in the Bible than this, "He that believeth hath the witness in himself," Sims did not cease to care for his neighbor's soul. Accidentally, as it seemed, Sims had his minister, Mr. Griffin, of Portsea, as a visitor on a day when he was asked to dine with Wilson. Sims saw his opportunity. Recurring to former debates, he appealed to his minister as to a man equal to the controversy. Mr. Griffin deprecated discussion in such circumstances, lest he should be suspected of being present by some underhand arrangement. This only stimulated Wilson, who said: "I am glad of the opportunity to converse on the evidences of the so-called divine origin of the Christian Scriptures, and I never met the clergyman yet whom I could not foil in a quarter of an hour." Thus challenged, the young minister accompanied his host to the garden. Later as Sims approached them in the evening twilight he said: "Has he convinced you, captain?" to which Wilson replied: "I will not say much about that, but he has said some things I shall never forget." He went to Mr. Griffin's service in Portsea on the next Sunday, when the prayers and the preachings alike opened his heart to the teaching of Paul, in the eighth chapter of his Epistle to the Romans, as to how God had predestinated men to be con-

formed to Himself in His Son. The next sermon showed how those whom He did predestinate He also *called*, and Wilson saw all his past life in the light of that revelation. After solitary agonizing from darkness to light, the proud Deist, now a humble and joyful believer, visited Mr. Griffin to tell him this: "I have no language to express the happiness I now feel. The gratitude I owe to God will, I hope, be expressed in the life I have yet to live by my zeal in His service bearing some proportion to that which I have manifested in the service of Satan." The two joined in magnifying the grace of God.

In 1796 James Wilson became a member of Orange Street Chapel, Portsea, and the good work was completed under his friend's preaching on the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, when he fully comprehended that he had been saved to be the means of saving others. "What," he now ever asked himself, "has my faith induced me to do for others?"

The London Missionary Society had been founded the year before, and its directors had resolved to begin operations in the new island world revealed by Captain Cook in his three voyages. They appealed for volunteers to go forth as the first missionaries, and Captain James Wilson was

the first to volunteer. He placed himself, his marvelous experience, and his fortune practically at the disposal of the society. All his worldly plans and visions vanished in the light of the heavenly vision, to which he was no longer disobedient. After frequent journeys to and from London, to make preparations for the voyage which he was to conduct, he sold Horndean and went up to London. On June 28th, 1796, he purchased the ship *Duff* for five thousand pounds, and on August 10th sailed from the Thames under this resolution, "That a mission be undertaken to Otaheite, the Friendly Islands, the Marquesas, the Sandwich, and the Pelew Islands, in a ship belonging to the society, to be commanded by Captain Wilson, as far as may be practicable and expedient."

Thus was the missionary sea captain made for the mission by the Spirit of God, and began the work of Christianizing the islands of the sea, which had so long waited for His law.

Of the thirty male missionaries, with six wives and three children, who embarked on board the *Duff* with James Wilson as commander, his nephew, William Wilson, as mate, and a crew of twenty others, only four were ordained ministers. The only one of the thirty whose name has come

down as distinguished in missionary history was Henry Nott, a bricklayer, twenty-two years of age. He died in 1844 after forty-eight years' splendid service. Dr. Love, the secretary of the society, warned the sanguine supporters of the new and sacred venture that accounts of solid success could not be expected for a long time. "Having done our utmost to begin the attempt well, let us follow it up and mature it by the faith, patience, and prayers of years to come." This great pioneer enterprise of the London Missionary Society has been used by the gracious Head of the Church to bring to Himself nearly all the peoples of the Pacific islands, and to prepare their ocean to be, in the second missionary century, the great highway of the Christian nations.

Captain Wilson, tho more experienced than they all, received a letter of instructions from the directors. He was told to proceed to Portsmouth to join the East India convoy there, and to keep company with it for protection in that time of European war; to procure at Teneriffe four pipes of the best wine in hogsheads, paying by draft on the society's treasurer; to take thence bunches of dried grapes for planting in the mission settlements, and pecks of wheat and seeds of tropical fruits for the same purpose. Making for Rio de Janeiro,

he was there to lay in a stock of sugar, tobacco, chocolate, cochineal plant, and other vegetable products. He was to proceed thence by way of Cape Horn to Tahiti, but if baffled by contrary winds to bear up and run for the Cape of Good Hope.

The sphere of the mission was declared, by resolution of the general meeting, to be "Otaheite, the Friendly Islands, the Marquesas, the Sandwich and the Pelew Islands." But while it was declared desirable to introduce the Gospel into several islands, it was pronounced necessary, if possible, to establish it in one. After detailed suggestions as to negotiations with the chiefs and the settlement of disputes through "appealing to the decision of Divine Providence by a solemn and religious use of the ancient institution of drawing lots," Captain Wilson was told to call at the East India Company's Canton factory for a return cargo, so as to sail back to Europe in the early part of 1798. "You are accompanied by the affectionate esteem of the excellent of the earth; and ministering spirits, we trust, will receive the welcome charge to convoy you in safety to the place of your destination. May they be glad spectators of the formation of a Christian temple in these heathen lands, and thus be fur-

nished with the subject of a new song to Him that sitteth upon the throne and to the Lamb!"

To the eye of sense a hundred years ago, it looked as if the opinion of Captain Cook as to the destiny of the Polynesians were more likely to prove correct than that of Love, Haweis, Captain James Wilson, and the supporters of the London Missionary Society. For years after March 5th, 1796, when Wilson left eighteen of the thirty missionaries on Tahiti, of the Society group, and the others on Tongatabu, of the Friendly Islands, and put one man, William Crook, the servant, ashore on the Marquesas, it seemed as if the whole enterprise were to be a failure. In March 1798, one half of them left for Sydney, and "gave up the work." Only in 1800 could Nott and Jefferson build a church and preach in public. Not till 1812 did it seem possible that there could be any fruit, when King Pomare asked Nott for baptism. Who shall picture the trial of faith which that heroic missionary had patiently borne these sixteen years, while deserted by nearly all his fellows, and treated as Noah was when he was a-building the ark? But God's long-suffering, reproduced in that of His servant, proved as ever to be "salvation" to races as to individuals, to the sensual Polynesians and cannibal Melanesians

as to the chosen Israel of old, and every evangelized dark people since. From Captain Cook's murder, and even John Williams's martyrdom, to the churches of Maoris and Fijians, Erromangans and Samoans, what a difference the century has wrought out; and all because Henry Nott believed the promises of God, commercial and political progress has been made possible, and the greatest litterateur of this generation, the Scottish Robert Louis Stevenson, who lies on the hill of Samoa, among the people whom he loved, blessed the South Sea missionaries as Darwin did at Tierra del Fuego!

American and European civilization may or may not in time kill out the Negritos, Papuans, and Malays of the islands of the Pacific Ocean; but if so, that will be due to the white men, whose vices and greed the evangelists of Christendom have sought to arrest, and would have anticipated, had the Church of the eighteenth century been as careful to obey its Lord as the Royal Society was to observe the transit of Venus! And whatever earthly destiny the God of nations and of missions may have in store for the islanders in the coming century, this much is certain, that Christ, wherever He has been preached and believed on, has redeemed them from the terror of

the devils their fathers adored for deities, as Milton sang; has given many of them a pure life and righteous government; has filled them with the assured hope which takes from death its sting and the grave its victory, and reveals the kingdom of heaven opened to all believers. It is true that, proportionally to population, the scattered races and confused tongues of the islands have had ten times more missionaries than those of the old civilizations and literatures of India, since Captain James Wilson escaped from the dungeon of Tippoo, the tiger of Mysore, and God used him to land Henry Nott, the bricklayer, in Tahiti and the brave solitary Crook, the valet, in the Marquesas. But it will no longer be the part of politicians and traders to taunt Christendom with this when, as the twentieth century advances, the whole ocean becomes in the highest sense worthy of its name, and proves to be the new Mediterranean of the Antipodes, the busy highway of Christian civilization.

Chapter XI
ROMANCE AND REALITY IN THE CAROLINE ISLANDS

BY

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Chapter XI

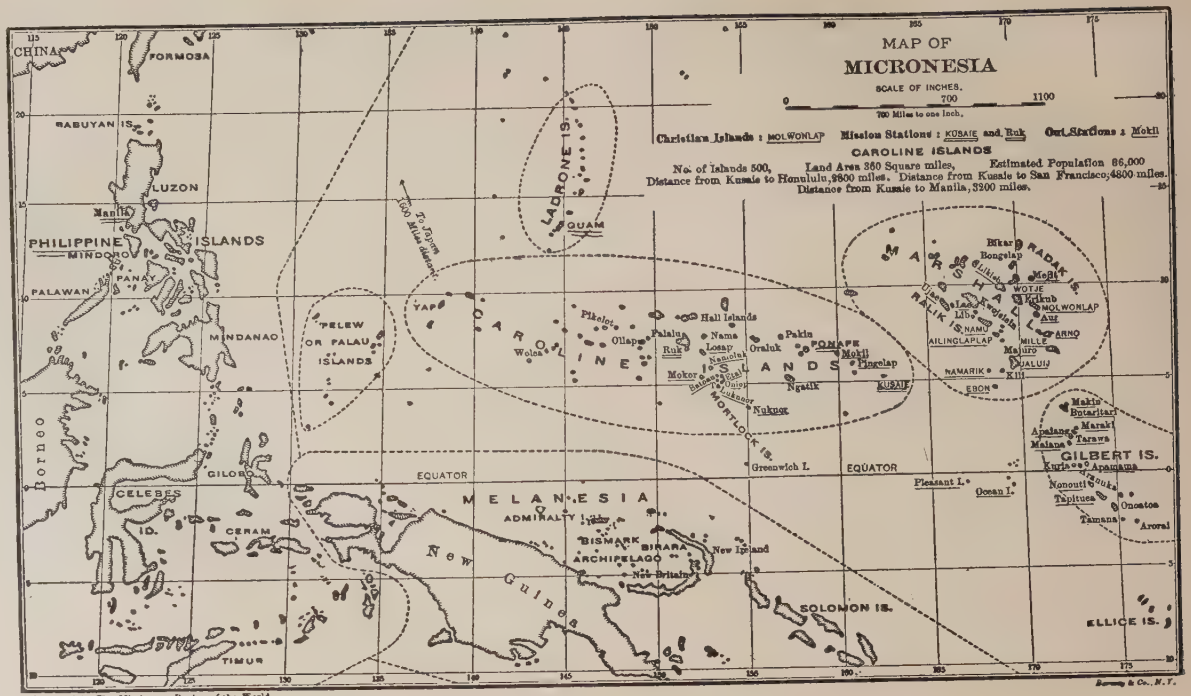
ROMANCE AND REALITY IN THE CAROLINE ISLANDS

THE Caroline Islands—or New Philippines, as they were called by their Spanish discoverers—are made up of groups within a group. Kusaie, the most eastern island of them all, stands alone, isolated by one hundred and fifty miles of water from Pingelap, its nearest neighbor. It is of volcanic formation, only thirty-six miles in circumference, yet rising some 2100 feet above the sea level. Here dwell the gentle and lovable Kusaians, speaking their own language, and living out in peacefulness their uneventful days.

Pingelap and Mokil, two low-lying but not unpleasant coral islands, come next in a westerly trend; then, fifty miles further west, Ponape's green hills rise from the ocean, not so high as Kusaie, but sixty miles in circumference. Some three hundred miles to the southwest lie the Mortlock Islands, all of coral formation. Northwest of these is the Ruk lagoon, consisting of ten high islands, beautiful for situation, and very fertile.

Some hundreds of miles west of Ruk is Yap, another high island, occupied by traders, and said to be more nearly civilized than any island of the group—if any place can be called civilized without being also Christianized. Still further west are the Pelews, or Palau Islands, another group of high islands similar to Ruk.

The high islands of Kusaie, Ponape, Ruk, Yap, and the Pelews, extending in a chain from east to west through the Caroline group, have rightly been called "the gems of the Pacific," even as Hawaii is its "paradise." They rise to a height of from five to twenty-five hundred feet above the sea, and are covered with a dense tropical growth from the fringe of mangrove trees growing out of the sea on the reef to the summits of the mountains where single rows of trees stand out in bold relief against the sky. The separate islands are made up of chains of mountains, broken by deep valleys, in which are beautiful rivers, whose waters spring out of the mountain side, falling and dashing tumultuously fifty or a hundred feet to the valley below, through which they wind like silver threads to the sea. The coast is broken by headlands and magnificent harbors, deep enough for the largest vessels afloat, and affording safe anchorage for a fleet of ships.



Engraved for The Missionary Review of the World.

Armstrong & Co., N.Y.

THE MISSION SHIP "MORNING STAR" NO. 4.

THE MISSION COMPOUND ON KUSAIE.

These high islands are a veritable fairyland of tropical loveliness; ferns are everywhere, varying from the stately tree fern to the drooping parasite growing from the branches of the trees and the crevice of the rock. The climate is delightful and not unhealthful, tho the constant rain makes some measure of precaution necessary. Hardly a day passes without several showers, followed by brilliant sunshine. This abundant rainfall conduces to the healthfulness of the islands, as it washes away the decaying vegetation, which would otherwise be a fruitful source of malaria, and leaves freshness and beauty behind. The soil of these islands is productive to a degree unusual except on volcanic soil; and breadfruit, pandanus, pineapples, bananas in twelve varieties, coconuts, yams, and taro are indigenous, while mangoes, guavas, papayas, limes, oranges, lemons, and sweet potatoes have been introduced. While there is very little level land on any of these islands, there are large tracts on the mountain sides which might be cleared and cultivated with great success, tho under the present conditions the great distance from a market prevents this being done with any thought of profit. Pigs, cows, chickens, and pigeons have been introduced, and the waters around the islands abound with fish, turtle, and edible crabs.

The hundreds of other islands in this Caroline group are all of coral formation, and are as barren as the high islands are fertile. Rising but eight or ten feet above the level of the sea, were it not for the protection of the coral reef surrounding them, they would long since have been devastated by the surging waves. This reef, however, forms a natural breakwater. The waves spend their force on its outer edge, then roll in to break again, with gentler force, upon the white sands of the shore.

For the most part the coral islands have but three natural products: the breadfruit, pandanus, and coconuts. On these, with fish caught from the sea, the people depend for their scanty subsistence. On some of the islands there is a coarse variety of plantain and taro. Pigs and chickens thrive, but no larger animals are found. There is no really fresh water on these islands. The brackish liquid collects in pools, usually kept full by the frequent rains; it is on some of the islands fairly drinkable, while on others it is said to taste like "diluted epsom salts."

The islands teem with life. With the missionaries the people are a gentle, kindly folk, unstable of character, yet easily to be entreated. With unkind treatment they show all the barbarous and cruel instincts of which the South Sea Islander is

capable. The peoples of the coral islands are of the same general character as the inhabitants of the adjacent high islands, and, as a rule, have the same language. They are of the brown Polynesian race, and are governed for the most part by chiefs whose authority is hereditary. Spirits of ancestors are worshipped by the heathen, who are very superstitious. They have no idea of God and none of sacrifice.

The eastern Carolines, beginning with Kusaie, and including Ponape, have been most influenced by the American missionaries. On any of the islands the foreigner is safe. There are churches and schools, and the people are hospitably and kindly inclined toward each other and toward the strangers within their gates.

Rumors of the beauty and fertility of the high islands, of the barrenness and desolation of the low islands, and of the primitive and savage character of their inhabitants had been brought to civilized countries by the occasional trading and whaling vessels that had touched at them and had left in safety. These traders carried to these islands rum and tobacco, and they left behind them a train of sin and debauchery and unchecked crime; yet never a word did these white men breathe of a better or a civilized life; never a word

of the Christ who died for all mankind. And these men were to the wretched natives the representatives of the people who live in the wonderful lands across the seas.

Alone, uncared for, they existed—for we can not say they lived. It was only the white folk who knew that these islands belonged to Spain, that these heathen people were Spanish subjects. Portuguese seamen discovered the islands in 1527, and they were annexed nominally by Spain in 1686, tho practically abandoned by her until 1885. The early discoverers saw the awful degradation and heathenism of the inhabitants, and left them to themselves. For years a curtain of silence hung heavily between them and the outside world, to be raised not by the Spanish who claimed the islands, but by Christian citizens of the United States.

In 1852 the first missionaries were sent to these Caroline Islands and to the adjacent Gilbert and Marshall groups by the American Board. "After a month of sea and sky," one of that pioneer band tells us, "we reached one of the low coral islands. Nothing to be seen but the illimitable sky above, the white sand glistening in the burning sun, and most trying to the eyes. The natives were nearly naked, sitting and lying round in the sun or in their little huts, as filthy as possible, appearing

more like apes than like human beings. Both men and women were formerly elaborately tattooed, but this custom is rapidly passing away." There was no marriage rite, but the pairing of men and women was respected.

It seemed as tho all connection of these missionaries with their native land was severed, and almost as tho they were no longer inhabitants of the same world. It was expected that the *Caroline* —the schooner which took them out—would visit them every year, taking to them their mail and supplies, and they looked eagerly forward to her arrival to break the pall of silence which enshrouded them. She returned to them but once; then the long silence began, while they almost counted the hours and minutes till she would again appear. But Christians in America were dilatory about their Master's business—we dare not say that they were unjust stewards of their Lord's bounty. Word came by a trading vessel that Christians in America could not continue giving as they had begun. Retrenchment was thought necessary, and the *Caroline* was sold.

The lonely workers in the islands of the sea were stranded. If ships were sailing to those seas, then mail and supplies would be sent them. If such trading or whaling vessels did not go, or did not

care to favor the missionaries who were spoiling their trade in rum and tobacco—ah! well, that contingency was not in the calculation.

There they were, five thousand miles of water between them and the home-land, shut out from everything that pertains to civilization, shut in to heathen more or less hostile to them. If soldiers fighting for the Union were without food and clothing, the whole nation would be aroused, people without the love of Christ in their hearts would spare neither time nor money in their relief. But these were soldiers of the Lord Jesus Christ, and therein lies the difference. For four years they had no regular communication with the outside world. Then the children came to the rescue, and in 1857 the first *Morning Star* was built.

Like figures in a fairy tale, who wake to action at stated intervals, and then fall back to sleep again, so life seemed to pass on Ponape. Months of quiet found their climax in days of intensity, when friends and all the world drew near at once; then the silence of utter separation shut them in again—the silence that seemed eternal in an eternal night.

From the early days of missionary work, through thirty-five long busy, fruitful years, the history of Ponape ran along in uneventful channels, as at Kusaie and in other parts of Micronesia. The

missionaries had much the same experience, the same dark heathenism with which to contend, the same weariness and loneliness and heartache oft-times; but under all and through all was the joy of seeing souls won to Christ, and of ministering to these needy islanders. They found them scantily-clad savages, with no home life or home instinct. Today there are thousands of them in Christian homes, happy in the knowledge that Jesus Christ is their Saviour, and living in simple-hearted allegiance to Him.

For years the missionaries labored. The dominant influence in Kusaie is Christianity; the people are so gentle, it seems incredible they should ever have been fierce and cruel; yet it is not many years since they, too, murdered a ship's crew for the sake of plunder. At Ponape the same good work was going on, and the Christian natives were sending some of their number, at the risk of their lives, to take the Gospel to the adjacent coral islands. Work was begun among the fifteen thousand people of the Ruk lagoon, and the matter of extending the work to the western Carolines was being seriously considered, when, for some reason beyond the ken of rational thought, Germany suddenly fell upon the Marshall and Caroline Islands, laying claim to both groups. At this Spain

suddenly awoke to the fact that the islands were hers by virtue of discovery, tho for long years they had been forgotten, and these Spanish subjects left to follow the dictates of their wild and lawless natures.

Through the arbitration of the pope, the Marshall Islands were given to Germany and the Carolines yielded to Spain, and she at once proceeded to take possession. The result is well known to all the civilized world. About a month after the arrival of the first governor, with his soldiers and priests, at Ponape, he announced his object in coming to be "to make for the happiness and well-being of the natives," and affirming that "no one will be troubled by his beliefs in the truths of religion." In less than four months from the date of this proclamation, but two schools remained of the nine on the island. At this time a member of the mission wrote:

"Never was the island in so good a condition as when the Spanish came. The work never prospered so well as during the past year. Now the wreck that has been made in these three months seems almost incredible. Schools closed, church services discontinued, natives encouraged to manufacture intoxicating drinks, and we live in hourly expectation of orders to close the boarding-school."

FOUR "OLD TIMERS" IN MICRONESIA.

SOME "NEW TIMERS" IN MICRONESIA.

A HOUSE AT JEREMIAH'S PLACE, MICRONESIA.

INTERIOR OF A CHURCH IN MICRONESIA.

The next three years were given over to despotism on the part of the Spaniards, rebellions among the people, and vain efforts on the part of the missionaries to make peace. At last the end came, and in the summer of 1890 the mission buildings were destroyed, the church was burned to the ground, and the missionaries forbidden to carry on their work. After that there were no missionaries on Ponape until the Carolines were again ceded to Germany, in 1900. The work was continued by a few faithful natives, and now the station has again been established.

Can anything be more pathetic than the instance of the once heathen, but now Christian, chief, sitting down amid the ashes of what had been the mission church, and weeping over the desolation around him? "As I was sitting there," he wrote a missionary, "some of the people who were wandering around saw me, and came where I was. Soon quite a number were gathered, and we thought we would have a prayer-meeting. We sang and prayed, but soon every one was crying. We tried to sing again, but they cried harder and harder, and one by one they got up and went sorrowfully away."

For several years the *Morning Star* was not allowed to touch at the island, tho hardly a year

passed without an attempt being made. Again and again the missionaries asked permission from Spain to return to Ponape, but they were steadily refused. Again and again they asked to be allowed to send Bibles and other books to the natives, but this privilege also was denied.

During this period of suppression Henry Nanepei, a Christian chief of Ponape, wrote:

"I am sorry to say that those Spanish priests are getting their backs up, and there is every probability of their trying to make trouble. The governor, too, seems to side with them in everything they say and do. It seems very singular that we can not be permitted to carry on our Christian work without being harassed by these Catholic priests. However, we are determined not to be enticed or intimidated by anything they can say or do. We beg you to pray for us, that we may be saved from the arbitrary and despotic power of our enemies."

This young chief's prayer was answered by the war of America with this "arbitrary and despotic power" of Spain during which Admiral Dewey captured the *Callio*, the Spanish gunboat plying between Ponape and Manila. Since then the islands have become German territory and while many of the German officials have opposed and

hindered missionary work, the Gospel is again proclaimed throughout the principal islands of the group.

In the neighboring Gilbert group, belonging to England, and in the Marshall group, belonging to Germany, the missionaries are allowed to work on without molestation, and, on the whole, both these protectorates will ultimately prove for the good of the people, and the advancement of the cause of Christ, provided, always, that these nations are represented by the right sort of men.

In the Caroline group many of the people are still waiting for the Gospel, and missionaries are endeavoring to take it to them. Of course, there is no great future before these islands, as is before China and the great nations of the earth, but there are thousands of souls going down in eternal darkness, and it is our privilege and duty to bring the light of the Gospel to all. It is wonderful what the Gospel does for them. In their heathen state they have few wants; nature is bountiful and they gather the breadfruit and coconuts, eat, sleep, and have a good time, according to their ideas. When they become Christians, they want clothing, and there is only one way to get it, that is, to go to work. The coconuts must be gathered and dried to sell to the traders. The teachers

encourage them to plant taro, bananas, and other foods, and thus much work is done. They buy all their books, and these must be paid for; so little by little they learn to work, and there is nothing like work to keep a man or woman out of sin.

Look at the little island of Pingelap. Twenty years ago the inhabitants were naked savages. Today they are a crowd of well-dressed people. They have planted their island with coconuts till it looks almost like a huge coconut tree. The women have learned to braid hats,which they sell to the traders, so that almost every family has a hand-sewing machine. Almost every one on the island can read and write, and all are nominal Christians. There is much to wish for yet, for no white teacher has ever lived among them, but the change that has been wrought is simply wonderful. What has been done on Pingelap can be done everywhere.

In Ruk lagoon are several islands which a few years ago had never heard a prayer, and the name of Jesus had never been spoken on them. One year just before Christmas they sent for Mr. Price to come and bring them the Gospel. He went and a crowd of naked savages greeted him on the shore. They were kind and attentive, and he left a teacher with them. He went over again

two months later, and large numbers had put off their heathenism and had put on clothing. He went again, only five months from the landing of the teacher, and the whole island had renounced heathenism and become nominally Christian. They were trying to the best of their light to live clean, pure lives, and no doubt many of them will rise in the judgment and condemn some who live in Christian America. Christianity changes their hearts as well as the outward life. What is it that has made the islands of Hawaii what they are? The Gospel of Christ, carried by the faithful missionaries of the American Board. The Philippines, after the hundreds of years of Spanish rule, were as low and vile as ever. It is the pure Gospel of Jesus Christ that lifts up, elevates, makes men; and it will do it wherever it goes. There are grand possibilities for Christian manhood and womanhood in those far-away isles.

Miss Elizabeth Baldwin, a missionary on Ruk, gives an interesting report of a tour in the Mortlock Islands:

Namaluk was made our first stopping-place. It was a sad story there, for almost all of the professed Christians had gone back to the painting of their bodies and the heathen dance, in the hope of attaining favor with the German government,

and only a very small company were able to sit down with us at our Lord's table. Those who had yielded to the temptation to deny their Lord were very desirous of still being counted Christians and of partaking with us the emblems of His broken body and shed blood; but we were all of one mind in telling them that this could not be allowed until there was evidence of repentance and the putting away of former things that they might be the true children of God.

On October 13 we anchored off Satoan. Pilli, the teacher there, was accused of having fallen into sin, and had gone to his home at Lukunor. So far as we could learn, the people had not relapsed into heathenism, as at Namaluk, and but three church members were disciplined. Shortly after dinner the following day the vessel anchored at Kutu, and a large number of people gathered to greet us. We were delighted to find the work here in so good condition. The other islanders had urged these people to join them in returning to the old ways, but they had replied that they would "stand by the Book." At the communion service the next morning thirteen children were baptized, a new deacon was elected and set apart to fill the place of the one who had died during the year, and seven were received into church-membership.

Of the seventy-nine children baptized at this station last year, only one had died, and the Christians had been, as a rule, faithful.

Pilli, the teacher, came on board the vessel at Kutu so that we returned to Satoan with him. The woman who accused him was called, and before the chief, deacons, and ourselves told her story, which we all believed to be true, altho Pilli denied it. The people were very desirous of having a teacher with them, so Amon and his wife Alis were brought from the ship and presented to them at a public service.

Lukunor was reached at noon on the following day, and we had a very cordial reception. We had heard some very unfavorable reports of the teacher and the work here, but almost all of these were denied in our presence, and for lack of sufficient proof to the contrary we accepted their word. A similar experience awaited us at Oniop, the other station in the Lukunor lagoon; a very fair face was made before us, and few church members were disciplined at either place. Some days later we learned that these two teachers had deliberately planned to deceive us and escape the discipline exercised at the stations first visited. They called the people together and made them promise not to reveal the true state of things, and

to deny all charges brought against them. The chiefs at Lukunor had urged that the truth be told, but the others prevailed. A letter was sent back to these teachers, reproving them for leading their people into sin, urging them to full repentance and confession of their guilt, and warning them to beware lest while teaching others they themselves be cast away.

On Pis we were glad to find that Ezra and Beulah, the young teacher and his wife who were left in charge of this station, had been faithful in their work, and the people had not relapsed into heathenism, as at other places. Fourteen were received into church-membership. At Losap also the work was in very good condition, considering the fact that they were left without a teacher shortly after our visit last year, and the services had been kept up by one or two of the Christian young men of the place. Three men here united with the Church.

But what shall we say of Nama, the last station visited? Formerly one of the most promising, it is now almost utterly given over to spirit worship and the deeds of darkness that accompany it. Even Allik, the teacher, who was faithful for so many years, has yielded to temptation, and not only left his people without reproof for their sin,

but entered with them into it. His wife has become since our visit last year a raving lunatic, or a demoniac, and it seemed to us that the latter statement most clearly fits her case. One deacon, who had been faithful, met us as we landed and greeted us. He was soon followed by Charlie and Maria, formerly teachers at one of the stations at Ruk, who had also stood firm in the terrible tide of temptation which has swept over these islands. While service was being held in the church the mutterings of the people engaged in spirit worship in houses near by could be heard. Yet even here there was a little company who could sit down with us to celebrate our Saviour's dying love in giving Himself for us. The teacher, Allik, was dismissed, and the church left in the care of the deacons and the Christians, as we had no suitable teacher with us for that station.

We hope that these reports may in no way lead to discouragement, but rather to more earnest and prevailing prayer. One needs to have lived among these people to understand how great the temptation has been to return to those former heathenish practises which unprincipled men have taught them to believe would give them favor in the eyes of "the powers that be."

Chapter XII

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS IN GUAM

BY

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Chapter XII

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS IN GUAM

THE beautiful island of Guam, the largest of the Ladrone group, has a population of about ten thousand, of which Agana, the capital, has seven thousand. There are two distinct classes: those of Spanish blood (the so-called high-class Chamoros), and the common people. The first class furnishes the civil officers of the government and possesses most of the wealth and intelligence, tho a large proportion of the poorer class have their own homes in Agana and little farms in the hills. The blood of many nationalities flows in their veins, but the Malayan undoubtedly predominates and gives its character to the people. Their faces show them to be a weak race, and while many are pretty, few are fine looking. Some of the children are very attractive with their soft black eyes and olive complexions, but one seldom sees a beautiful old man or woman. The iron of the pure Gospel of Christ must be infused into their blood to impart strength to their

characters and nobility to their countenances.

The language spoken in Guam is more highly inflected than those of other Micronesian islands. The Spanish language is used to some extent, and probably one-tenth of the people know enough Spanish for business purposes and one-tenth of these understand it reasonably well. The vast majority of the people speak only the Chamoro, understanding very few words of Spanish or English. At present every one wants to learn English, and this tongue will doubtless supplant all others in the course of time.

The homes of the people are superior in many respects to those of other Micronesians, but inferior to those of the very poor in America. The small thatch-covered houses are set on posts three or four feet high, which have wooden (often bamboo) sides and floors, and consist of two or three rooms. The better class have stone houses, covered with tile or corrugated iron; many of them are neat and homelike, but are generally destitute of furniture, and suggest anything but comfort. Chairs are unknown and, a mat spread on the floor at night serves for a bed. The women do the cooking on mud ranges; they chop their own wood, even going to the hillsides to cut and carry home bundles of sticks on their heads or shoulders. Rice and

corn constitute the staple food, with vegetables, fish and meat for variety.

The Chamoros are inveterate smokers; men, women, and children smoke pipes or, if they can afford it, immense cigars made from the native plant which, judging from the odor, can scarcely rival the Havana. Many of them chew the nut of the areca palm, the betel-nut, which is slightly intoxicating, and whose juice, mixed with lime imparts a reddish color to the lips, and is supposed to add much to their beauty.

The clothing of the people of Guam is simple, and adapted to the climate. For men it consists of white cotton trousers and a blouse worn outside (very neat when clean), and for the women a cotton chemise, a trailing skirt, usually of calico, and a white, thin camise, or overwaist, with low neck and large flowing sleeves. When the women go on the streets in full dress they usually wear a cotton kerchief, folded diagonally, over the shoulders, with the ends crossed and pinned over the breast and another thrown loosely over the head. The well-to-do wear clothing of richer quality. It is hard for the children to get used to the superfluous custom of wearing clothes, and they throw them off and run about naked, in defiance of law, at every opportunity. One little fellow was caught

by an officer and locked up over night for venturing too far from home undressed.

The Chamoros are a peaceable people, not given to deeds of violence, quarreling little among themselves, and living, for the most part, in separate families. They are kind and generous, given to hospitality, and quick to return favors. For the most part they are tillers of the soil, but very fond of municipal life, so that farmers will go as far as ten or twelve miles to till their land and return to their homes in town rather than live in the country. Late Saturday night the men come home, spend Sunday with their families, and are off for their ranches before daylight Monday morning.

Most of the women and some of the men go to mass early Sunday morning; the remainder of the Sabbath is given to sports and trading or to the doing of odd jobs. Gambling is a passion with them, and the streets of Agana swarm on Sundays and feast-days with groups of men and boys pitching coppers or larger coins. The natives admit that this is productive of great evil, since it deprives many families of food, and leads men to steal in order to pay gambling debts; but there is no public sentiment against it. Cock-fighting is so prevalent as to be a national sport; it is cruel and demoralizing, restricted but not prohibited by the governor.

SOME PEASANTS IN THE ISLAND OF GUAM.

WHERE THE FIRST PROTESTANT SERVICES WERE HELD IN GUAM.

PART OF THE PROTESTANT CONGREGATION IN GUAM.

Drunkenness, so prevalent formerly, is not common here now, and disorderly men, natives or marines, are very seldom seen on the streets. The liquor laws are practically prohibitory, especially for the natives, and no one can get foreign drinks without a permit from the governor. This permit is granted or not at his discretion, after the applicant has sworn that it is for personal use only.

Social life is, as a rule, very unclean, and the sentiment against social sins is abhorrently low. Houses of ill-repute abound. One who was in a position to know said: "Parents even in the best families would be glad to give their daughters in temporary marriage to the officers of the navy who are married men for the time of their sojourn here." Such a thing is not, of course, allowed in our navy. The thirst for white blood has something to do with this, but the sad thing is that public sentiment tolerates it. There are two reasons for this. The large fees demanded for legal marriages, during the Spanish administration, compelled many to live in unlawful wedlock, and thus lawful marriage was lightly esteemed. But much more than this the immoral lives of most of the Spanish priests and officers gave a religious sanction to vice. Some of the padres had children by different women in different villages and pub-

licly recognized them. "They told us," said a Chamoro, "to do as they said and not as they did."

The religious history of the island is interesting and sadly pathetic. In 1668, Mariana of Austria, Queen Regent of Spain and widow of Philip IV, contributed 25,000 pesos from the public treasury and sent Roman Catholic missionaries to evangelize the Ladrones. Diego Luis de Sanvatores arrived in Guam with six religiosos in 1669, and so vigorously did they prosecute their work that, according to the Spanish historian, "they taught and baptized 6000 persons during the first year." Padre Diego was indefatigable in his labors, scarcely giving himself time to eat or sleep, carrying his message into all parts, instructing and baptizing multitudes, especially little children. He was slain after three years by a native chief for baptizing his child without his consent, and was posthumously honored with the title: "The Apostle of the Marianas." His associates continued the work after his death, and in the course of time all the islanders became Roman Catholics.

Here was a fine opportunity to teach the Chamoros a spiritual religion, the pure Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, and had they done so the subsequent history of the island would have honored the Spanish name; but they chose rather to modify

the message and adapt it to the low state of intelligence of the people. The result is a form of heathenism shorn of some of its repulsive features, but still ignorant, false, and degrading. Image and picture worship was now well-nigh universal. In practically every house there is a shrine with an image or picture of Christ and Mary and some of the saints; candles are lighted before them, and prostrations are made precisely as is done in heathen lands. In a little pamphlet, the only book yet published in the Chamoro language, instructions are given for a prayer to be recited before the image of a former priest of this island. Mary is more worshipped than Jesus, and in one of their common oaths—they are very profane—they use the names of Jesus, Joseph, and Mary in one breath.

Prayers to the Virgin Mary and other saints, called the "Novena," are chanted by the women and children (men seldom taking any active part) for nine successive evenings at stated times in given neighborhoods, each successive evening chanting being at a different house. The prayers are in Spanish, and, according to the chanters' own confessions, are not understood by the great majority of those using them. Of singing and prayer as known to Christian people they have little or no conception.

How can such people be moral? The fact is they are not moral in any strict sense of that word. Necessarily religion is divorced from morality; and with few exceptions the natives are liars and thieves, low in their social ideas and practises, in mortal dread of ghosts and the devil, and devoid of any of the comforts and restraints of a personal religious life.

The Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ as taught by Him, and interpreted, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, by an intelligent and faithful study of the Holy Scriptures, and preached by Spirit-filled missionaries, is the only hope for these people; for that alone is the "power of God unto salvation" which can turn them from darkness to light, purifying and elevating social and family life, and creating a public sentiment such as is found in Christian communities all over the world. Christ alone can purify the heart.

There is evidence that not all the people of Guam have been satisfied with the spiritual food they have received; they have been hungry for better things. Prior to 1850, Bibles had been brought here, nobody knows how, possibly by whaling ships, and found their way into a few families, and were read with eagerness by the more earnest men. People long deprived of the Word

of God, when once they have tasted of this Bread of Life, hunger for more, and usually are eager to have their friends partake—like other good things that are more enjoyed when shared with others. The reading of the Bible spread among the people, and finally knowledge of this reached the priest's ear; then priest and ruler combined to stop it. Diligent search was made for the Bibles, and three large baskets of them were publicly burned in the plaza about 1856. Some successfully hid their Bibles and have them still.

One remarkable man, José Taitano, who had been reading the Book of books for many years, was long ago convinced that there was a better way than that he had learned from the priests, but he was perplexed. The government and the Church were against him, and it was a public misdemeanor to disobey the orders of the priests. So he waited and did nothing, only he discarded the grosser superstitions, such as the wearing of Carmelite belts and other charms and amulets, and hoped and prayed for deliverance. There may have been others like him; but for the most part the people had yielded to the inevitable, and remained subject to the priest and ruler, thinking there was no eye to pity and no arm to save.

On June 24, 1898, the *Charleston* took possession

of Guam for the United States, and the death-knell of political oppression and religious stultification was sounded. God's eye pitied and His arm brought salvation. Two natives of Guam who had lived many years in the United States and Honolulu, and had become earnest Christians, Joe and Luis Castino, when they heard that deliverance had come to their people, were moved to return to their native island and tell the "old, old story." On their arrival Mr. Taitano welcomed them, and with his large family of six girls and four boys openly united with them. The priest threatened them, telling them that they were still under Spanish law, and would be punished as soon as the Americans left. But the Americans did not leave, and opposition only made these men more earnest. A daughter of Luis Castino, an earnest Christian of strong character, who had been well educated in the Honolulu schools, opened a school for teaching English, and prosecuted her work with great patience, energy, and success.

On November 27, 1900, the first American Protestant missionaries arrived in Guam, and found a little company of twelve Christians.

The marines also attend the evening services, and the number of the Chamoros is increasing.

A young people's society, embracing in its membership all the Protestant Christians on the island who desire to identify themselves with Christian work, holds a meeting every Sunday evening. Some of these give conclusive evidence that they have been born again.

Soon the difficulty was to find a room large enough for the mission services. The only room available was overcrowded—a very uncomfortable condition in this warm climate. Many stood out on the street and listened to the singing, but could not be invited in because there was no room. No people, even in the untouched islands of the Carolines, ever needed the Gospel more than these. The American Board is now seeking to give them the Gospel, and by the side of the American flag to plant the blood-stained banner of the Son of God.

One of the great difficulties which faces Protestant Christian effort in Guam is the imperfect and semi-Christian work of the Roman Church. It is true that the people have been taught for many years some of the great truths of Christianity; but these have been so obscured by superstitious practises, idolatrous and spectacular processions, and priestly immorality and greed, that they have not only largely lost their influence but have even

become vitiated and degrading. The soil is not virgin; the ground has been burned over. A form of Christianity, without its purity and power, holds the people in bondage, and closes their hearts and minds and ears, their homes and villages, as to the Gospel message and messenger. The remark of a priest in the city of Rome, that "Roman Catholicism is fast becoming a religion of Mary," is only too true in Guam.

The superstitions and perversions of Spanish-Latin Christianity are other obstacles to the spread of the Kingdom of God. Several years ago some one found, after a great storm, a wooden image of the Virgin floating in the bay. It is said that an island priest threw it in during the storm, and afterward drew it out and announced that it had fallen down from heaven. It was carried to the church with demonstrations of joy, publicly placed among other images there, and a feast ordered in its honor. Afterward this feast was celebrated annually to prevent earthquakes, and called the "Earthquake Feast." Many knew of this deception but acquiesced in it as justifiable. Later this image was sent to Manila to be retouched, and received back again with special public ceremonies attended by the government officials. The image was set up in its old place in the church, a box was

A ROMAN CATHOLIC VILLAGE CHAPEL IN GUAM.

THE BEGINNINGS OF A BOARDING SCHOOL AT MISSIONARY POINT, AGANA.

placed at its feet, and large sums of money were cast into the box by excited worshippers. In the processions of Easter and other feast-days, when great crowds throng the streets, marching in procession, the images are carried at the head of the throng, receiving all the honors of the occasion, and every person in the island is practically compelled to attend and march in their processions. Formerly these processions were semi-religious and semi-political; now, under the American government, they are wholly religious.

The active opposition of the Roman priests is a serious obstacle to Protestant work. For several months after the mission was started people gathered in crowds on the street in front of the chapel to listen to the singing and bold ones ventured to sit on the steps and look in at the door. Going out from the service the missionary could hear the people saying among themselves: "That's a good man, he is a kind father (padre)."

These things came to the priests' ears, and a continuous fusillade began against the Protestants. It was asserted that they were "beasts" not men, that their books were "pig books" (*tratados de puercos*), and that they would transform the people into beasts if they came near them. Women were warned that if they went near the Protestant

chapel they would give birth to pigs, Catholics were urged to tear up Bibles that had heen given them, for "it is a bad book for you to read because you can not understand it." Every possible word of admonition, warning and threat was continuously dinned in their ears, at almost every service held in the church. A watch was also set on our chapel to inform the priest of those who attended and, not being able to trust the watch, the priest himself hid in a house near by to see what was going on. When it was learned that a man had entered our chapel, remonstrances were made and members of his family were enlisted to turn him away; and, failing of these, persecutions began.

The active persecutions are another hindrance. It is said that these began at the instigation of the priests. This may not be true; it is reasonably certain, however, that they approved of them. At first the persecutions were petty, such as social ostracism—refusal to sell meat to Protestants at the market, and so forth. These trials were borne patiently. Finally after the governor had issued a somewhat ambiguous proclamation which they understood to be directed against the Protestants, more violent persecution broke out. The chapel was stoned, attendants

were followed and assaulted on their way home, and stones were cast into the crowds. Protestants sitting at home with their families found large stones dropping through the thatch roofs in their midst.

The governor saw that he had let loose the passions of the people and took measures to quell the disturbance. The American community, Catholic and Protestant, rose almost to a man against it, enraged at the insult to Americans. Prominent officers were in the church when it was stoned, and some of the marines threatened retaliation. For months the street in front of the chapel was patrolled by uniformed police during all evening services until the danger was past. From this both Catholics and Protestants learned a valuable lesson—the Catholics that they were not under the old régime, when the government was hand in glove with the priests in forcing submission to their mandates; the Protestants, that they would be protected in the practises of their faith so long as they were peaceful and law-abiding.

There can be no doubt but that if the priestly domination, through the fears and superstition of the great body of the people, could be removed, more than one-half the people of Guam would quickly become Protestants; but as it is there

is a hand-to-hand struggle for every soul, even after it desires to be free, and slowly, one by one, after patient instruction and much prayer, the Lord adds to the number of those who are being saved.

The attitude of the government is on the whole helpful to mission work. Perhaps the majority of the Americans in Guam regard the missionary work as superfluous and unnecessary, if not as an actual intrusion. "The people have their own religion; let them alone," is the opinion of those who ignore careful moral distinctions and condone sinful practises. But the government, while showing no special favors, has been on the whole fair, sympathetic and appreciative.

Once a man who had experienced the transforming power of Christ in his own life, and who was as earnest and consistent a Christian as I have ever known, was sick and ready to die, and was detained against his will by relatives, his Protestant friends being refused admission to his house. All honor to Governor Schroeder who, when apprised of the facts, immediately sent an officer to demand his release, saying by this act: "No man shall be detained against his will nor compelled to act contrary to his desire and conscience in matters of religion under this government." Thus the

American flag scored one for liberty in the island of Guam.

The public schools, established by the present governor, are indirectly favorable to the wor , for they diffuse knowledge among the people and destroy the hold of ignorance and superstition.

The unusual intelligence of many of the people as compared with most Caroline Islanders is another encouragement. They are the most capable island people we have been privileged to meet and an old priest has written of them: "They are superior physically and mentally to the Filipinos."

Credit must be given to the Roman Church for what it has done in spreading a knowledge of some of the fundamental truths of Christianity; for, in spite of the obscurations and perversions, they have prepared the people for better things. They have enabled them to understand and appreciate Christian instruction.

It is encouraging to work for such people. Once get the ear and you can soon make the mind and heart to understand, and there is often a very gratifying response to the truth and appreciation of its meaning. Protestantism calls out the best and most intelligent people, those who are able to read the Bible and to think about its truth. On

October 4, 1903, a church of thirty-one members with thirty probationers was organized, and on November 1 of the same year was celebrated the first communion service in the island in which the cup was given to the laity. The decorum, solemnity, and evident appreciation of the meaning and sacredness of the sacrament were profoundly noticeable. Of these members two are teachers in the public schools and six are in the government employ. The people have been oppressed; ignorance and superstition have been fostered, and all progress prohibited. They have not had a fair chance. With public schools and other free institutions a great improvement may be expected of them.

The promise of native evangelists and teachers greatly brightens the outlook. However evangelistic the missionary may be, he must depend very largely on trained natives, whom he has taught and inspired to evangelize his field. Imperfect as some of them are, the native evangelists are necessary and must be employed, if the people are to be instructed in large numbers. In our schools there are promising boys and girls, soon to be young men and women, well instructed and strong in the faith, who will command respect by their worth and accomplishments, and be able to meet with

sound arguments the sophistries of the priests. They will know how to conduct earnest inquirers into the Way of Life out of the mazes of superstitions, half-truths and subtle errors which have so long kept them from the Light.

Herein lies our greatest encouragement and hope. When we can send forth such men, filled with the love of Christ, the Roman Church will either change its methods and become more Scriptural and less superstitious or multitudes will break away from it and seek something surer and better. For the present semi-heathen teaching and practise can not stand before the enlightenment of educated natives and their earnest, loving preaching of the simple and pure Gospel of our Lord.

A very noticeable improvement has taken place in the Roman Church since the arrival of Protestant missionaries in Guam. More instruction is given, and superstitions are less open and glaring; greater stress is laid on the necessity of a moral life, and in some cases discipline for immoral conduct has been exercised. There can be no doubt but that the Roman Church has received a new impulse and is becoming more educational and less superstitious. The removal of the support of the government has been most salutary, and the

friendliness of some of their best people for the Protestant Church and the changed lives and earnest preaching of some of the converts have stirred them profoundly, and led them to see that they must do more for their people. The love which our people have for the Bible and their knowledge of its teachings have affected a large number of people, and it is safe to say that there will never be another bonfire of the Blessed Book in the Plaza of Agaña.

We lift our hearts with profound gratitude to the Great Head of the Church, for the hold that His truth has already taken upon many hearts; for those who in the face of opposition and persecutions have steadfastly set their faces toward the better life; for a goodly number who have really experienced the blessing of forgiveness through Jesus, and whose faces are lighted up with the joy of the redeemed and whose lips and lives bear testimony to the power of Jesus as their Saviour. The sympathy and prayers of the people in America should be given to this little church in Guam. It is now a small company, but it is the little leaven in the meal which shall leaven the whole, the "handful of corn in the top of the mountain whose fruit shall shake like Lebanon."

Chapter XIII

THE STORY OF GUCHENG, PIONEER PREACHER IN NEW GUINEA

BY

Rev. Samuel MacFarlane, LL.D.

Founder of the New Guinea Mission; Author of "Among the Cannibals of New Guinea," etc.

Chapter XIII

THE STORY OF GUCHENG, PIONEER PREACHER IN NEW GUINEA

GUCHENG was born on Uvea, one of the Loyalty Islands, near New Caledonia, about sixty miles to the northwest of Lifu. The home of his childhood is one of those lovely atolls with its circle of reefs and islets forming a placid lagoon about fifty miles in circumference. Well do I remember the glorious sailing in that lagoon with a strong breeze and smooth water: twelve natives sitting on the edge of the boat, laughing and shouting with delight as they saw the water coming over the opposite side as we plowed along like a steamer. Then the natives would come out in their best sailing canoes to meet us, and the excitement would increase as we raced to the village.

Gucheng belonged to a tribe that came from New Caledonia, a tribe that delighted in war and cannibalism; and as the three tribes were frequently quarreling and fighting, he became familiar, from his childhood, with bloody wars and cannibal feasts. Even in times of peace the very games of

the boys were associated with war; for they fought mimic battles on the beach with toy spears and clubs, and naval engagements in the lagoon with toy war-canoes.

The chiefs and leaders of these warlike Papuans are frequently men who have forced themselves to the front by their size and strength, and bravery in war; the tribes are proud of them, and willingly obey them in peace as well as in war. But it sometimes happens among the cannibals, as among more civilized tribes, that the acknowledged leaders become tyrants and cruelly oppress the people. The cannibals have a very summary way of dealing with such!

About the time of which I write, the people of the western half of Lifu rose against their chief, disposed of him, and elected another in his stead. The leaders, in order to prevent jealousies and secure unanimity, wisely determined to elect an outsider, and the choice fell upon the chief of the tribe at Uvea, whose forefathers came from New Caledonia, and whose right-hand man was Gucheng's father. Ukenizö accepted the offer and became the great chief of as many thousands at Lifu as he had been of hundreds at Uvea. Gucheng's father and mother accompanied him and settled near the place that was soon to become

my home for the first half of my missionary life. Pao* at this time was making periodical visits to the western half of Lifu, and preaching the gospel of peace to the enemies of Bula. Crowds listened to him, and many followed him from village to village. Among the latter was the lad Gucheng. His young heart proved good soil for the seed of the kingdom; he heard with evident delight that the "Great Spirit" was not a tyrant, but a God of love; was not the cause of sickness and famine and death, and did not need to be appeased by sacrifices, but loved all men, and wished all men to love each other as He loved them.

This was a revelation to the cannibals of Lifu, and Gucheng received it as a message from heaven, and showed his anxiety to learn more about "*la trenge eweka ka loi*" (the good news).

On our arrival at Lifu, Gucheng at once offered his services as servant, willing to do anything he could if he might live with the missionary. We found him not only willing to serve but quick to learn. Almost from the day that Gucheng entered our family till the day of his death in the Fly River, New Guinea, he was my right-hand man, associated with me in nearly every enterprise for the progress of the mission at Lifu and the regions

* See page 31

beyond, also in the difficult and dangerous work of establishing mission stations in New Guinea. As a servant in our family, as a scholar in the school, as a learner in the workshop, as a student in the institution, as a native pastor at Lifu, and as a pioneer evangelist in New Guinea, he was always diligent, faithful, devout, thoroughly trustworthy.

Living with the missionary, he became a great authority among the people, especially at the inland villages, where most of the natives were still heathen. Gucheng generally accompanied me on my missionary tours, and after I had retired for the night the old men would get him to join them at the log fire in the coconut grove, around which they would sit for hours, chewing sugar-cane and drinking coconut milk, and asking all sorts of questions about the religion and habits and customs of the white people.

On one occasion, I had introduced a horse from Samoa, an animal that the natives had never seen before, and which some of them thought was a big dog. One of the old men questioned Gucheng as to how it was that altho he had been feeding his dog for six months, giving it as much as it could eat, hoping that it would become like the missionary's that he might ride it, yet it did not seem to get much bigger. My horse, as may be

supposed, was the object of great wonder and admiration; even Gucheng was much surprised and bewildered when I told him that it would have to wear *shoes*, and the making and putting on of these excited great interest. After much difficulty I made and fastened shoes on with screws but ultimately received from Sydney proper shoes and nails, and also a lesson from a blacksmith about horseshoeing, so that Gucheng was very soon able both to shoe and ride the horse, to the wonder and delight of the people.

During the first six months after settling at Lifu I made a tour of the island to acquire the language, and to become acquainted with the villages. During that and subsequent journeys, I was surprised to find that the water in some large caverns near the middle of the island, tho perfectly fresh, rose and fell with the tide. It appeared from this that the sea-water percolates through the rocks of a coral island, and the rain that falls on it percolates downward till it reaches the salt water, and, being lighter, does not readily mix with it, but is raised and lowered as the tide flows and ebbs. I felt that if this was the case, we might dig wells at the inland villages, and everywhere find good water about sea-level. This would be a great blessing to the numerous villages, whose only

means of storing rain-water was by scooping holes in the trunks of living coconut trees, which were filled by the rain running down the stem. Of course such water was scarce and impure.

Without making any attempt to explain my theory and hopes to the natives, I determined to test it by digging a well, simply informing them that I hoped to find water. Having made a windlass, we commenced operations on the mission premises. At first I had no difficulty in getting native labor; for altho the natives declared most positively that there was no chance of finding water there, still they were willing to dig some distance to prove their contention, and dissipate this *papali* (foreign) idea from the missionary's mind. The mission house was about forty feet above the sea-level, so that I knew we must dig the well that depth before there was any reasonable hope of finding water. When, however, they had reached a depth of about twenty feet, they threw down their tools and positively refused to descend the well again. It seems the matter had been publicly discussed, and the whole population had pronounced against this well-digging. The young people in our school were about this time becoming acquainted with the mysteries of geography. They told their parents and relatives that the world was

round, and that *Peretania* (Britain) was on the other side, immediately underneath Lifu. This astounding statement would have been scouted had it not been for the digging of this well. They had as yet very hazy ideas about distances, but it was enough for them to know the position of my country. They thought they saw clearly my object in digging the well. To look for water at such a place was an evidence of folly that could not be squared with their exalted ideas of the missionary; but to make a hole through the earth, and be let down and hauled up by a windlass, was an idea worthy of the white man!

They knew something of the dangers of short voyages, but what must a voyage to Peretania be! They all saw clearly that the well was to be a "short cut" to visit my home. Then the effects of this route were seriously discussed. The making of the hole through the earth would mean for them an enormous amount of labor, and they felt that if I had such an easy way of visiting my home, I should be going very often; and then there was the labor of lowering me down and winding me up; then some day they might find the bucket empty, I having decided to remain at home. Altogether the labor and risk were too great, so they resolved that the well should not be dug.

I had to fall back upon my faithful henchman, Gucheng, who persuaded three friends to help him, on my promising not to go below the sea-level. This promise secured the continuance of the work, and proved a great relief to public anxiety. "If," said the natives, "the missionary is really digging for water, and has promised not to go below the sea-level, then the work will soon be done, and we shall hear no more of digging holes in dry places to find water."

Week after week the work went on merrily, very merrily indeed, to judge by the laughing and jokes, when their friends, and strangers from a distance, paid a visit of inspection.

I had measured carefully the distance we were above the sea-level, and kept a daily record of the exact depth of the well, so that I knew when to expect water, if we were to be successful. I watched my chance when the bottom of the well was near the sea-level, and when half a dozen natives were standing with the two at the top, I asked them if they had not yet found water. The idea was evidently amusing to them, and they seemed particularly anxious to impress upon my mind that they were not seeking water at such a place. "*The eakune kŏ, ngo nyipĕti pe*" (Not *we*, but *you*). "Well," I said, "I will go down

myself and see if I can find water." One wag hinted that this might have been done from the first with very good results. However, none of them supposed that I really intended descending the well, but I insisted upon the two men coming up. I did not trust them to lower me down standing in the bucket, as they generally did, but slipped down the rope, and at once set to work with the crowbar digging out a small hole in the middle of the well, looking every now and then at the point to see if it was wet.

While thus engaged, the natives at the top were having a good time, somewhat at my expense. Questions were shouted down the well, followed by roars of laughter:

"Haven't you found water yet?"

"We are dying of thirst!"

"Take care you don't get drowned!" etc.

After a time I began to be quite excited, as I thought the point of the bar was wet. Soon there was no mistake; it was wet; there was water. I shouted to the natives at the top to get a pannikin from my wife and send it down in the bucket, and I would send them up some water from the well. They, supposing that I was responding to their jokes, asked what would be the use of a small pannikin of water among half a dozen thirsty

people, and begged me to send up a bucketful. However, as I insisted, the pannikin was obtained and lowered. By this time the water had percolated into the small hole I dug in the middle of the well, enabling me to get half a pannikin full, which I sent to the top. The effect was instantaneous and comical. Each tasted the dirty water and pronounced it the sweetest and best on the island. As a matter of fact it was brackish, as we were too near the sea to get good fresh water. The news spread through the village like wildfire and was passed from village to village with astonishing rapidity. The report was, that while their countrymen had been digging for months and could not find water, the missionary had gone down the well and found it in less than half an hour. After digging down as far as we could at the lowest tide we had always an abundant supply, which, being only slightly brackish, was used by the natives and for general purposes on the mission premises.

Gucheng took a prominent part, not only in shoeing the first horse and digging the first well at Lifu, but also in building the first mission house and institution building and students' cottages, and also in our first attempt at boat-building; for we built a boat, which Captain Fraser, of the

THE CHIEF'S SPIRE HOUSE AT KALO, NEW GUINEA.

A NATIVE HOUSE AT VANUABADA, NEW GUINEA.

MISSIONARIES AND CHRISTIAN STUDENTS IN NEW GUINEA.

Dayspring, declared to be the most remarkable boat he had ever seen! It was the result of a bad start from the keel. Having beveled one side more than the other, we found that one side of the boat was a different shape from the other! However, it was a good, strong, serviceable boat, that carried the messengers of the Gospel to many a village on the coast.

By the time Gucheng had finished his course of study in our institution for training native pastors and pioneer evangelists, he was, unquestionably, the best-educated native on the island, so I determined to attempt the formation of a model village at the place where he settled as native pastor. The people of Nachaum were living in scattered houses and small hamlets, like many of the other inland tribes, when Gucheng became their teacher, which made it almost impossible to get the children together in school.

I took the opportunity, at the induction of Gucheng, all the people being assembled, to propose my plan, which met with unanimous approval. A site was selected in a central position, and soon a broad avenue was cleared in the forest, the fallen timber being used to burn coral for lime required in building the church and school. I left the plan with Gucheng, who followed it to

the letter; he was the trusted leader and the hardest worker. Before he left the mission settlement he had given many proofs of his ability, both in the classroom and in the workshop, so the people gladly followed his lead. As the village grew in the wilderness its fame spread far and wide, and brought strangers from all parts of the island to see for themselves, and carry back most exaggerated reports of the work. The natives vied with each other in the building of their houses, which were all detached, with a garden in front and plantation behind. At length, after two or three years' commendable labor, the village was completed, and a great gathering took place at the opening of the coral church, which was indeed a memorable occasion. The natives flocked from all parts, bringing their best clothes under their arms to dress for the ceremony. There was the usual great feast prepared for the strangers—quite as attractive as the new village, no doubt. It was a glorious sight, filling the heart with gratitude and praise to God who had so richly blessed the means to bring about such a change among a people so recently savages and cannibals. The broad road leading through the village had been leveled and planted with grass, and as the happy crowd moved about admiring the church and

schoolhouse and the newly dug well, drinking its deliciously cold and fresh water, and looking into the different houses, it formed a beautiful picture.

The time had now arrived to commence a mission on the great island of New Guinea. The question had been discussed at the annual meeting of the missionaries of the Loyalty Islands mission, and the directors in London had sanctioned our proposal and appointed me to carry it out. So I called a great meeting of the churches of Lifu, laid the scheme before them, and asked for volunteers from the native pastors and students in our seminary, with the result that *all* volunteered, requesting me to select from their number those I considered most suitable.

As the best men were needed for pioneer work in such a place, Gucheng was the first native evangelist appointed to the New Guinea mission. He had married the daughter of a chief, who for many years was a girl in my wife's school, and developed from a wild, heathenish, unkempt girl into a fine woman, physically, mentally, and morally, and made him an excellent wife. The sacrifices which Gucheng and his wife made in leaving their comfortable home and pretty village and devoted people for the risks and privations of pioneer work among the cannibals of New Guinea

will bear comparison with those made by European missionaries. Their homes are as dear to them as ours are to us, yet they cheerfully give up all for the sake of Christ and His kingdom, and place themselves unreservedly at the disposal of the missionaries.

In beginning a great mission in a sickly climate, among a savage and cannibal people, it seemed imperative to form a central station at a place tolerably healthy and safe, which might become an educational center, as well as a sanitarium and "city of refuge" for the whole mission. Darnley Island, in Torres Straits, appeared to be the kind of place we needed. It is about seven hundred feet above the sea, possessing fertile valleys and plateaus, groves of coconut and other fruit-trees, good anchorage and fresh water, and is situated between Yule Island, on the New Guinea coast, to the east, and Thursday Island, in Torres Straits, on the west. The latter is a calling-port of mail steamers between England and Australia, and the most convenient place at which to get letters and supplies for the mission. To the north lies the great Fly River, which can be reached by an eight-hour sail in a whale-boat, and then ascended for six hundred miles, the highway into the interior of that great country.

Gucheng and Mataika, another Lifu native, were appointed to begin the work at Darnley; consequently, they were specially interested as we drew near our first landing-place since we left Lifu for New Guinea. The "sailing instructions" informed us that the anchorage was in "Treachery Bay," a name given to the place on account of a boat's crew having been massacred there, and that the natives were very wild and treacherous, and warned all visitors to be on their guard; so that when we dropped anchor in the bay without seeing a native our suspicions were aroused. There was no one to introduce us to this people, and none of us knew anything of their language; but *acts of kindness* are a language that people can understand all the world over, and that was the only language we were able to use in our first touch with these cannibal tribes in different points of our mission. The first man upon whom we tried this language was the leading warrior of the place, who is now the senior deacon of the church there.

Soon after we cast anchor on that memorable Saturday evening this warrior made his appearance on a hill, evidently to reconnoiter. We beckoned to him, and then jumped into our boat and met him on the beach. That meeting, like

many others of our first meetings with the cannibals in New Guinea, was very different from the pictures in books and magazines of the missionary's first landing among savages. Instead of standing on the beach in a suit of broadcloth with Bible in hand, the pioneer missionary in New Guinea might be seen on the beach in very little and very light clothing, with an umbrella in one hand and a small bag in the other, containing not Bibles and tracts, but beads, jews'-harps, small looking-glasses, and matches; not pointing to heaven, giving the impression that he is a rain-maker, but sitting on a stone with his shoes and stockings off, surrounded by an admiring crowd, who are examining his white feet, and rolling up his wet trousers (he having waded on shore from the boat), to see if he has a white leg, and then motioning for him to bare his breast, that they may see if that is also white. The opening and shutting of an umbrella, the striking of a match, the ticking and movement of a watch—these things cause great surprise and delight and loud exclamations.

When we met this savage on the beach at Darnley we first induced him to enter our boat and accompany us to the vessel, which after a few friendly demonstrations we succeeded in doing, tho he was evidently very much afraid. We

talked to him on board in a manner most effectual. Not knowing the way to his heart through his ear, we took the familiar road through his stomach by giving him a good dinner, then made him a few small presents and sent him away rejoicing, giving him to understand by signs that he was to return next morning when the sun was up and bring his friends with him.

Long before sunrise we heard unmistakable evidence of a crowd having assembled on the beach, all anxious to get on board, hoping, no doubt, to be treated like our friend the night before. After our morning bath on deck, during which there were loud exclamations at our white skins, we sent in the boats to bring them off to the vessel. On such occasions, in our first contact with savages, we take the precaution to fasten a rope across the after part of the vessel, beyond which we do not allow the natives to go. Two or three of the crew are stationed in the bows of the vessel, the mate and one of his men stand behind the rope in the after part, keeping a sharp lookout on the crowd. All movable articles which might tempt the natives are put below and the hatches fastened. Neglect or contempt of these precautions has often led to very serious and fatal consequences.

Imagine this crowd of savages on board our

vessel, naked, and ornamented with paint, feathers, and shells, all talking at once, examining everything, peering into every place, pressing against the rope which they are trying to remove or surmount in order to get to the cabin, standing in the rigging to get a better view, some of them falling or being pushed overboard amid the laughter of their friends.

What were we to do with such a congregation on that memorable Sabbath morning? How I longed to be able to speak to them! All we could hope to accomplish was to make a favorable impression upon their minds, showing by our conduct that we were different from others who visited them. To this end I conducted our morning service in the Lifu language. The crew joined our eight teachers and their wives, who all appeared in Sunday attire. Seven nationalities were represented, from the educated European to the debased savage. Every shade of color might be seen, both in skin and dress, from white to black. It was a strange and most interesting sight. Never before or since have I preached to such an audience. We sang, to the astonishment and delight of the natives, "Jesus shall reign," etc., and the hills sent back the response, in solemn and glorious echo, "Jesus shall reign." We prayed together that

God would direct, protect, and bless His servants in the great work they were beginning, for never did men feel more than we did then their absolute dependence upon divine help. The savages looked on in silence and wonder.

After the service we mingled with them freely, and took some of the leading men into the cabin; then made them a few presents, and sent them away feeling that whoever we were we differed from those who had hitherto visited them. In the afternoon we visited the village, where we were kindly received, return presents being made by the people. Thus our intercourse began, and in three or four days we had gained their confidence and established the mission, placing Gucheng in charge.

On the morning of the fifth day I was standing near the door of the grass hut that we had purchased from the natives as a lodging for our teachers till they built a suitable house for themselves. Our friends inside did not know that I was near. Their boxes and bundles had been landed, and all was ready for us to start for the point on the New Guinea coast where we intended, if possible, to form our next station. As I approached I heard one of the women crying most piteously; it was Gucheng's wife. I stood for a

few minutes outside, unwilling to intrude, for such grief seemed to render the place sacred. "Oh, my country! my country! Why did we leave our happy home? Would that we were back at Lifu again! These people will kill us when the mission vessel leaves, or they will steal all we possess." Then I heard her husband, in tremulous tones saying, "We must remember what we have come here for—not to get pearl shell, or trepang, or any earthly riches, but to tell these people about the true God, and the loving Saviour, Jesus Christ. We must think of what He suffered for us. If they kill us, or steal our goods, whatever we may suffer, it will be very little compared with what He suffered for us." I entered the hut, and talked and prayed with them, and I am not ashamed to add that we wept together. Our party soon joined us, and when we walked down to the boat I need scarcely say that we were all sad and sorrowful; and as we pulled off to the ship, and beheld the weeping little group on the beach, surrounded by naked, noisy savages, one could not help feeling how little the world knows of its truest heroes.

We were absent for three weeks on the New Guinea coast, forming stations at Dauan, Saibai and Katau. On our return we were delighted with the change that had already taken place.

Gucheng and his party had evidently been hard at work; with the help of the natives they had built a neat cottage, a great improvement upon the surrounding huts. It contained a living- and a bedroom; in the middle of the former stood a table and bench, and on the table were yams, bananas, and young coconuts, while outside were a crowd of laughing natives, who all seemed anxious to show how pleased they were to have Gucheng and his wife live among them. We spent the Sunday there, and had a most interesting service in the coconut grove—the best of all places for public worship in such climates.

The mission in the gulf suffered from sickness; different islands in the straits and points on the mainland were tried, but all proved unhealthy—even Darnley was far from free from the fatal fever. This led me to seek high land and healthy localities for mission stations up some of the rivers of which I had heard from the natives—the Baxter, the Fly, and the Katan; but these perilous voyages led to no practical result. With Gucheng and several other Loyalty Island teachers, we crossed the gulf and formed a station at Yule Island, but this also proved unhealthy.

At Port Moresby, where Mr. Lawes settled with the Eastern Polynesian teachers, the little mission

cemetery of two years' growth, with its eighteen graves, told a sad tale. With sick and dying teachers around us in both branches of our mission, we determined to try the east end of the New Guinea peninsula, hoping to find there a more favorable climate. Mr. Lawes and I made a prospective voyage, found the natives numerous, speaking a totally different language, and notorious cannibals—just the place for a mission, if the climate would allow us to live among the people.

I selected six Loyalty Island teachers, who were to leave their wives with mine, at our head station in Torres Straits, while we went to establish the mission. Gucheng accompanied me and threw himself into this work with his accustomed energy. Indeed, all the teachers worked well, and we had no difficulty in getting native helpers for very moderate wages. Dinner Island, which is now the government settlement in that district, was regarded by the surrounding tribes as neutral ground. We were visited from all parts, and sometimes had over a hundred canoes and catamarans at the place at one time. From the first we were greatly encouraged by the attitude of the natives. They were, nevertheless, a wild set of cannibals, both troublesome and dangerous, easily excited (but fortunately easily appeased), notorious thieves,

and evidently anxious that we should remain among them, probably feeling that it would be more profitable to fleece us than to eat us, seeing that we formed the connecting link between them and the land of hoop-iron and beads and hatchets.

Dinner Island proved unhealthful and many of our teachers died. I was reluctantly obliged to give up all hope of finding suitable localities in New Guinea for South Sea Island teachers. It became evident that New Guinea must be evangelized, if evangelized at all, by New Guineans. The responsibility of bringing South Sea Islanders to a place where half of them died was too great, hence we resolved to established a "Papuan Institute," and train a native agency from among the people themselves.

The only suitable place in the western district seemed to be Darnley Island, where we commenced the mission, and this we secured from the Queensland government, at a nominal rental, for our educational work. The shattered and almost hopeless condition of our mission, and an urgent letter from the directors, had led me to take up our residence for a time on the more healthy and adjacent island of Murray, with the view of moving to Darnley later on when the mission was firmly established.

Buildings for the Papuan Institute were provided by a friend in England, and in company with my faithful helper, Gucheng, we visited all the mission stations in the western district to obtain boys for our industrial school. At first they were not very willing to leave their homes, but we had no difficulty in obtaining pupils after the first year.

From the three newly formed churches in the district, containing an aggregate of over a hundred members, we secured a dozen volunteers for the Papuan Institute, earnest young men who were anxious to become messengers of peace to their savage countrymen—altho I dare say at first they would have preferred going anywhere rather than face their old enemies of the Fly River, yet ultimately the Fly River became the sphere of labor of most of them. Gucheng did good service in the industrial school which was a very busy, useful, and popular branch of our work.

Now I come to the last stage of the faithful labors of this devoted, energetic pioneer evangelist of New Guinea, of whom not much is known among the churches of civilized lands, but whose record is in heaven. The last scene of Gucheng's labors was in the great Fly River. We had been preparing for some time for the establishment of

a mission on the banks of this great waterway to the interior of New Guinea, to be conducted by young men from the institution, headed by two Lifu teachers, with the means of retreat in case of danger from fever or savages. We selected the healthiest season of the year for establishing this important mission. The students selected and set apart for this work were all earnest, intelligent young men, in whose Christian character and devotedness I had great confidence. They were not only the first native missionaries from among the people themselves, but the first converts of our New Guinea mission.

The first Sunday in September, 1883, will be a memorable day to many of the members of the Church of Christ at Murray Island. The ordinance of the Lord's Supper was a very solemn and soul-refreshing season. I spoke earnestly to the young men about to leave us, and in the afternoon—without any formal ordination service—I publicly appointed them to their stations, and asked each to give us some account of his conversion, and reason for wishing to become an evangelist, and how they intended to do their work. They all spoke well, the addresses of Gauri and Gabe being particularly appropriate, and led us to feel that they were entering upon their work in the

right spirit. On the following day we left, the whole community turning out to see us off.

Gucheng and Wacene were the two South Sea Island teachers appointed to accompany and help the first band of native workers. Our first point was the Katan River, at the entrance and on each side of which a large village is situated, the villages of Katan and Tureture, where our first mission stations were formed on the mainland in 1871, and where eight different South Sea Island teachers have tried in vain to carry on the work, owing to the fever of that low land. The last trial made was by my faithful Gucheng, who lost his wife there.

After carefully feeling our way among the reefs and shifting sand banks at the mouth of this great river, we found a fine harbor opposite the town of Kiwai, formed by the Mébu and two other islands, sheltered from all winds and safe at all seasons. We landed in the evening and had a most enjoyable walk on a fine, sandy beach. We selected a site for the mission house about a mile from the anchorage, on a long stretch of high ground, fertile and well wooded, near a deserted village. It was evident that natives from both sides of the river visited this place, but neither dare remain for fear of the other. Next morning

the material for the house was landed, and Gucheng was again in his element. There was music in the forest, but it came from American axes, falling trees, and cross-cut saws, mingled with peals of laughter.

Leaving the captain and crew to assist in erecting the house, I went about fifteen miles to locate Etage and his wife at Bampton, which is situated at the mouth of the Fly River. This is the place where the first martyrs of the New Guinea mission suffered—two Lifu men and their wives. The natives were still considered a thieving, treacherous, savage tribe, delighting in skull-hunting. However they were friendly and intermarrying with the people of Darnley, and Etage was a Darnley Islander whom they were pleased to receive as their teacher.

When we returned to Mibu, Gucheng and his party were putting the iron roof on their little house, which stood on posts seven feet from the ground, and under some large trees near the beach. When finished we attached a flag-staff to the end of the roof, on which we hoisted our flag, amidst three hearty cheers, not annexing the place to any kingdom but that of our Lord and Master, Christ.

We left the *Venture*, an old decked boat of four tons, which we almost rebuilt at the industrial

school. This was necessary for becoming acquainted with the tribes on both sides of the river —and as a means of escape, if necessary. On the night before we left we had a delightful prayer-meeting which lives in my memory. It was a beautiful moonlight night, everything around us looking peaceful and lovely, yet the lights at Kiwai and other villages reminded us of the inhabitants and their awful condition. We thought of the message we were taking, and thanked God for it, for all that it had done for similar tribes, and would do for them. As we sailed away next morning the *Venture* was lying peacefully at anchor with the dove and olive branch flying at the masthead, and our new little mission house shining among the trees in the glorious morning sun, with the British ensign floating from the roof. The place had already a civilized look, a sign of what was to take place at the heathen villages along the banks of the river. As we expected, Gucheng and the new teachers lost no time in becoming acquainted with the surrounding villages, especially the town of Kiwai, an important center to which we intended removing our station as soon as practicable.

On my next visit to the Fly River, in an ordinary five-oared whaleboat, we found all well and the

work advancing most satisfactorily. We visited the wild tribes at Kiwai and Samari, where we arranged to form mission stations, in the meantime taking a few of the many natives from these villages who were anxious to pay a visit to Darnley and Murray, that they might see for themselves the effects of this "Jesus religion," of which they were hearing so much. This was exactly what we desired, knowing that our guests, when they returned with us, would help to remove any opposition to the establishment of mission stations at their villages. The few weeks spent at our headquarters were days of wonder and astonishment to our visitors. Our preparations were made for forming the two new mission stations at Kiwai and Samari, and four of the senior students volunteered to assist and remain with their friends for a time, knowing the Fly River men and the danger of our enterprise.

Our guests, tho pleased with their visit, were anxious to go home, and we decided to return. As we waved good-by to the crowd on the beach, some confident, others buoyant, all wishing us Godspeed, we little thought of the kind of reception that awaited us at Fort Spicer. Our first sadness was to see the flag on the little mission house flying at half-mast, and our grief to learn that the first South

Sea Island pioneer to New Guinea had gone to his reward. Our faithful Gucheng did not live to see and take part in the establishment of the stations at Kiwai and Samari, but no man did more to make it possible. His record is a noble one, which might be said of many other Polynesian pioneers in New Guinea. His body lies on a lonely island in the middle of the Fly River, where it was laid by loving hands and sorrowful hearts, but "I heard a voice from heaven saying, Write, Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord" (Rev. xiv : 13).

Chapter XIV

JAMES CHALMERS, THE "GREATHEART OF NEW GUINEA"

BY

Rev. George Robson, D. D.

Editor of the *Missionary Record of the United Free Church of Scotland*

Chapter XIV

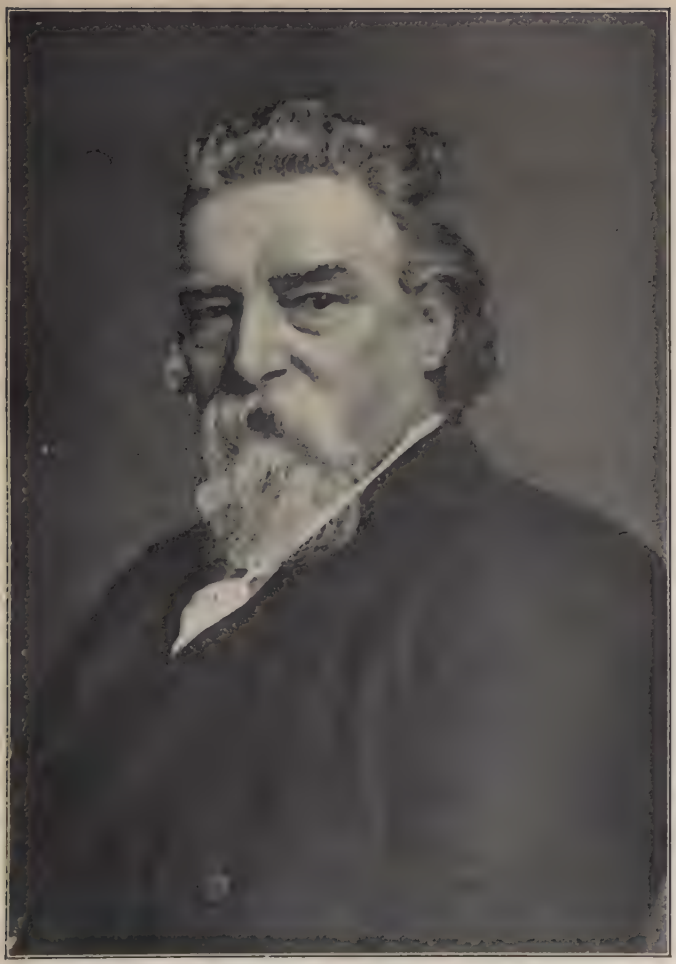
JAMES CHALMERS, THE "GREATHEART OF NEW GUINEA"

THE life story of James Chalmers, one of the most heroic and successful of pioneer missionaries to barbarous races in missionary history, is well worth recording.

In geographical circles he was known as the explorer who had penetrated farther into New Guinea than the most costly government expedition had been able to reach. By colonial government officials he was held in honor for his services in the promotion of peace and order among the tribes. Vice-Admiral Bridge, formerly Commander-in-Chief of the Australian Station, says: "I can honestly say that I do not know how I should have got on without him. He had an equal power of winning the confidence of the savages quite unused to strangers, and the respect, and even love, of white seamen . . . . . It is difficult to do justice in writing to the character of this really great Englishman." Robert Louis Stevenson aptly

styled him the "Greatheart of New Guinea," and desired to survive him, that he might have the opportunity of writing his biography.

Spiritually, James Chalmers was a son of the United Presbyterian Church at Inverary, Scotland. He was born at Ardrishaig in 1841; but his parents shortly afterward removed up the loch-side to the county town, and there the boy grew up, inheriting the striking features and deep blue eyes of his Highland mother, thin and wiry in frame—with no promise of the stalwart figure that came with manhood—generous in soul, of irrepressible energy, and with a keen enjoyment of frolic, sports, and adventure. Twice he was carried home apparently drowned, and he is said to have four times rescued others from drowning. During his student days at Cheshunt and Highgate he is known on four occasions to have saved life in this way. He was still a boy of fifteen when the first seed of missionary impulse lodged in his heart. One Sabbath afternoon, in the Sabbath-school, Rev. Gilbert Meikle told the story of the triumph of the cross in Fiji, and added, "I wonder if there is any lad here who will yet become a missionary. Is there one who will go to the heathen and to savages, and tell them of God and His love?" James Chalmers went behind a stone wall on his way



JAMES CHALMERS,
The "Greatheart of New Guinea."

ON THE SHORES OF NEW GUINEA.

A CORNER IN DELENA, A NEW GUINEA VILLAGE.

home, and, kneeling down, gave himself to God for this work.

As the lad grew up he showed a marked coolness toward religion. In 1859, however, a remarkable revival stirred the little town, and one night the news came to Mr. Meikle that James Chalmers was in the street, crying aloud for mercy. Through that crisis he was wisely guided by his minister; and then the lawyer's clerk, happy in the grace of salvation, began to devote his free hours to incessant evangelistic work in the town and neighborhood. James Chalmers later passed into the service of the Glasgow City Mission in connection with Greyfriars Church, then under the pastorate of Professor Calderwood. His work lay in one of the most degraded districts of Glasgow, and his straightforward, sympathetic dealing with the fallen and the suffering sharpened his insight into human nature, and made him an actor in many a tragic scene. At Greyfriars Church one day Dr. Turner, of Samoa, encountered the young missionary, and laid before him the claims of the foreign field. The memory of the early dedication behind the stone wall came back upon him, and offering himself to the London Missionary Society for service, he was accepted for training, first at Cheshunt College and afterward at Highgate.

In January, 1866, Chalmers sailed for the mission field. He was accompanied by his wife, a woman whose rare fortitude and calm discretion were veiled by the gentle meekness of her disposition. Their destination was Raratonga, in the Hervey group in the Pacific, but hardly could their way have been more full of peril and discouragement. The *John Williams*, in which they sailed, was nearly wrecked in a disastrous gale in the Channel, and had to put in to Weymouth for repairs; on entering Aneityum it struck the reef, and was with great difficulty saved from sinking, and taken back to Sydney for further repairs; on leaving Niué it was finally wrecked; and not till seventeen months after leaving London did the travelers land at Raratonga. Chalmers' courage was an inspiration in the moment of peril; he shared with the seamen their hardest toil. And he was always the missionary. Up in the cross-trees of the main-mast he found a favorite retreat for studying Raratongan, while among the roughest in the ship's company he sought and won souls for Christ.

Ten years were spent in Raratonga. He landed on the island in the season of its direst distress. Two hurricanes in succession—an unprecedented circumstance—had devastated the island, and

Chalmers was just the man to redeem the opportunity of such a situation. Vigilant and prompt, but patient and loving, he met the natives with a masterful, brotherly kindness, which compelled their obedience, while it drew to him their trust and their affection. He toiled incessantly, preaching the Gospel, dealing with individuals, training the students, superintending the several stations on the island, and visiting the other islands in the group, while at the same time he was bravely weaning the natives from old and bad customs and educating them to industry and independence.

In 1871 the London Missionary Society advanced on New Guinea from the Loyalty Islands. The privations and perils of the enterprise were not ignored. The Papuans were reputed to be the most degraded and cruel savages in all the world of islands; but it is now recognized that the high-handed proceedings of the white traders, which were nothing less than commercial brigandage, had not a little to do with the deeds of blood which occasioned this evil repute. When Samuel MacFarlane, of Lifu, was appointed one of the pioneers of the new advance, every student in the Lifu Institution and every native teacher in that island, volunteered their services.

In the whole history of missions, there are no nobler illustrations of a true understanding of the missionary obligation, and no nobler instances of personal devotion, than are to be found among the natives of Polynesia who gave themselves for the work in New Guinea. To dissuade one of the first band from venturing to Murray Island, a native said:

"There are alligators there, and snakes, and centipedes."

"Hold," said Tepeso, "are there *men* there?"

"Oh yes, of course; but they are such dreadful savages that it is no use your thinking of living among them."

"That will do," said Tepeso; "wherever there are men, missionaries are bound to go."

In the first twenty years of the mission a hundred and twenty Polynesian teachers died of fever, were poisoned, or were massacred; but for every vacancy scores of others immediately offered.

The part of that large island—three times the size of Britain—which was selected for the enterprise was the southern coast of the eastern section, from the Fly River eastward. Various points were selected, at which the Polynesian teachers were located. Three years later the Rev. W. G. Lawes arrived at Port Moresby, the first European mission-

ary to settle in that section of the island; and after another three years James Chalmers arrived.

The story of the New Guinea Mission teems with heroisms, shadowed by tragedies and illumined with the triumphs of Gospel love. Chalmers said of this mission: "I know of no mission that can compare with it in results;" and the story of it forms one of the greatest missionary epics of modern times. The transformation already effected where the Gospel has gained a footing, and the development of native evangelistic forces, are a splendid demonstration of the power of the name of Christ in one of the darkest places of the earth.

A single incident illustrates the process of transformation. One evening Chalmers arrived at a large village, where his coming had been heralded and was warmly welcomed by the chief. Their temples, where the slain were presented to the idols, were the finest he had seen; the carvings such that Chalmers distinguished the natives as "cannibal semi-civilized savages." To a crowd of them gathered in the largest temple, lit only by flickering firelights, with skulls in abundance all round, the two teachers began to preach Christ; and at last Chalmers went out to sleep on the platform outside. When he awoke, after sunrise, and went into the temple, he found one of the teachers still

at it, and hoarse with talking; they would not let him sleep, they had always more to ask. Once more he told them the story of Christ; and when he had finished, there was but one response from all their lips: "No more fighting, Tamaté—no more man-eating; we have heard good news, and we shall strive for peace."

It would require a volume to describe the part which Chalmers took in planting the Gospel in Guinea. The main fact is that he was himself a living epistle of it. His very aspect, at once commanding and winning, gave him favor with the natives. Alert, resourceful, and muscular, he had the knack, in every critical moment, of doing exactly the right thing to avert peril or to evoke friendship. To win the trust of the natives, he knew that he must trust them; and tho his life was almost in constant peril, he carried no weapon, except a simple walking stick. The love he had for the people gave him a vision of their better qualities, and made him yearn the more for their redemption; and so they came to cherish toward him a boundless confidence and affection, and his name "Tamaté" —the native pronunciation of Chalmers—was spoken with wonder among tribes that had never seen him, as that of the "white man who brings peace and friendship." Along

the extending line of stations he seemed to be ubiquitous, promptly appearing wherever occasion required, and always "saving the situation." He was the servant of all; and at his own station he would give himself to the teaching of the alphabet to a class of little children with as whole-hearted earnestness as if he were quelling a fight or addressing a multitude. And while thus absorbed in immediate duties, he was always considering and planning with statesmanlike foresight the future development of the work to the regions beyond.

Chalmers was not a learned theologian or scientist, but he had great common sense, a very practical turn of mind, boundless energy, a love of adventure, marvelous tact, and sympathy and true unselfishness. He once wrote: "We speak too much of sacrifices for the Gospel's sake. May there never be a missionary or his wife in this mission who will speak of their sacrifices or what they have suffered."

Chalmers' energy was chiefly directed to finding out the most suitable localities for the native evangelists, the gaining of protection for them from the chiefs, and tolerance by the people. He even appealed to their selfish and mercenary instincts, and sought to persuade tribes habituated to massacre and war to be at peace, with a view to securing

the happiness of the people and a permanent basis for Christian effort. He made use of the friends he made among the heathen to communicate to other heathen the elementary knowledge of Christian truth and civilized customs. No white man had ever had a more wide and varied knowledge of the mainland of New Guinea, or visited more tribes, or made more "friends," or endured more hardships, or faced more perils, than Chalmers. His powers of endurance were remarkable. He would talk and wade and swim with almost inexhaustible energy on his tours. He could do without food or sleep as few other men could. His marvelous presence of mind and great tact in dealing with men often stood him in good stead.

There grew up among many of the people a great respect and admiration for this majestic man who was always brave and kind, gentle to women, little children, and the distressed. He was a peacemaker everywhere, and always an agreeable companion, so that they trusted him implicitly and were proud to call him "friend." Even non-Christian natives often warned him to avoid unfriendly tribes, and would accompany him rather than have him go alone.

On one occasion he resolved to visit the chief of a wild tribe, notorious for his many deeds of

treachery. A woman on the beach warned him not to land. When he did so the crowd seemed threatening, and when he approached the chief his present was declined with something like disdain. Seeing the serious aspect of affairs, he said to his companion, "Gould, we had better get away from here. Keep your eyes all round, and let us make quickly for the beach." The crowd followed, one man with a great club uncomfortably near. "I must have that club," said Chalmers to himself, "or I fear the club will have me." Talking to the savage all the way, he skilfully diverted his attention by an attractive present, seized the club, rushed to the beach, and gained the boat just in time.

Mr. Chalmers gave the following account of work in his own immediate sphere, which is illustrative of his usual methods of work at Saguane: "Two years ago we began to hold morning and evening services in the chapel for all the people of the village. These services were never to exceed ten minutes. A hymn is sung, a short passage of Scripture read, and prayer offered. At first very few came, but I insisted on the services being continued, and every morning at sunrise and every evening at sunset the bell rings. We have many visitors from time to time, and generally these at-

tend. Among others we had Mauata and Tureture natives, and they were so taken with the morning and evening prayers that on their return to their homes they introduced the same custom there. Soon their house of meeting was crowded, and a great blessing was given them. They began to observe the Sabbath and did what they could to have three services in the day—that is the orthodox number in these parts. Now they must have missionaries, so large deputations waited upon me and I promised to do my best for them and get, as they begged for, Samoans. They will not have the Straits natives as teachers.

"The tide of blessing spread to other parts along the coast, and to the river. New chapels were built by the people of Mauata, Tureture, Kunini, Geavi (Wigi) Parama, and now, here, Iasa and Ipisid are beginning. All services are well attended on week-days and Sabbaths, and there is a great interest shown in all they hear. In October I baptized one hundred and four, and last month fourteen, besides very many children, and there are now awaiting baptism a very great number. Wherever our people go they hold services and do, tho in much ignorance, what they can for Christ.

"Here three times on the Sabbath the chapel is crowded. At eleven we have Sunday-school in

our school-room, when we have a large attendance of young men, boys, and girls. At the same time, in the chapel, the teacher's wife has the women, old and young. During the week we have meetings for prayer, and many men often join us.

"We have had a good average attendance at school here throughout the year—fifty-four. Living with us are lads from other villages. We will not have them from this village to live in the grounds. The school is so popular that we have had to turn many applicants from other villages away. A goodly number, twenty, read simple English fairly well."

On the coast of New Guinea, covering a distance of some hundreds of miles, there are now, mainly as the result of Chalmers' labors, eleven European missionaries, with one hundred and twenty-two trained native teachers, and a considerable number of other helpers, who at stations far apart have gathered converts, and are witnessing for Christ and civilization in the "regions beyond." While honor is given to Chalmers, let honor be also given to the European and Polynesian missionaries who have shared his labors and seconded his efforts, and to whom is left the task of carrying on their common work for God.

The number of church-members in the New

Guinea Mission amounts to more than one thousand five hundred, and the adherents to more than six thousand. In their ingathering many have shared; but as an explorer, peacemaker, teacher, encourager of trade and commerce, and all round example of manly and Christian virtues among black and white races alike, he stood prominent.

After his wife's death his headquarters were removed to Port Moresby, where in 1881 the first church was opened and the first three converts baptized. So he advanced westward, until at last he established himself at Saguane, on a large sandy island dividing the main outlet of Fly River. Driven from it by the encroachments of the sea, he moved to Daru, an island forty miles to the south, and the seat of the western magistracy.

From there, one day in mid-April, 1901, he sailed on the *Niuė*, a "beautiful little lugger" of fifteen tons, given to the mission some years ago by the church in the island of that name, formerly known as Savage Island. He was accompanied by his recently appointed colleague, the Rev. Oliver Tomkins and twelve students. Their destination was the Aird River, to the northeast corner of the Gulf of Papua, the one blank spot in the knowledge possessed of the southern coast of New Guinea. Chalmers had visited that quarter once or twice,

but had had very little communication with the people. They had attracted him as a fine, warlike race, who would furnish splendid Christians. It is said that there was tribal war, and Chalmers hoped to make peace. At Aird River the whole party put off from the *Niué* in a small boat; and as they were about to land, a fleet of canoes filled with armed cannibals swept round them, and they were seen no more.

In one of his last letters Chalmers wrote: "Time shortens and I have much to do. How grand it would be to sit down in the midst of work and just hear the Master say, 'Your part is finished; come!'"

His desire was granted, tho not in the way he had in mind. The report of the massacre of Chalmers and Tomkins was first brought to Port Moresby on Saturday, April 27th. Fortunately the lieutenant-governor was in port with the *Merrie England*, and on hearing the news he at once decided to go and investigate.

The *Merrie England* anchored off Goaribari Island, in the Fly River, about 2 P. M. on May 2d. The whole expedition, consisting of about twenty Europeans and forty natives, was divided into six parties, and made for the island in six boats, towed by a steam-launch. At Risk Point numerous natives were seen attempting to cross the channel

in catamarans, but at sight of the launch they turned back and fled into the swamps. At 4:30 P. M. the first village was reached (Dopima), and here two boats were left to search, while the rest proceeded to the second village, Turotere. The steam-launch and boats went ashore, but as they neared the beach about a hundred armed natives rushed out of the swamp and fired their arrows at them. His excellency then gave the signal, and several volleys were fired. The party then landed, and rushed after the fugitives. Leaving two more boats at the second village, the lieutenant-governor went in the steam-launch with two remaining boats round the point to look for other villages. At Aidia he was attacked, and fired upon the natives who ran into the bush. Desultory firing continued in the three villages, and a loud explosion at the second village announced that a large war-canoe had been blown up with dynamite.

The next morning his excellency came off, and reported that he had abundant evidence of the truth of the murder. A captured prisoner had given them the whole story, which was as follows: "The *Niué* anchored at Risk Point on April 7, and a crowd of natives came off. As it was near sunset Tamaté gave them some presents, and made signs that they were to go away and the

next day he would visit them ashore. At daylight next morning a great crowd of natives came off and crowded the vessel in every part. They refused to leave, and in order to induce them to do so Tamaté gave Bob, the captain, orders to give them presents. Still they refused to move, and then Tamaté said he would go ashore with them, and he told Tomkins to remain on board. The latter declined and went ashore with Tamaté, followed by a large number of canoes. As soon as they landed the whole party were massacred and their heads cut off. The boat was smashed up, and the clothing distributed. All the bodies were distributed and eaten, Tomkins' being eaten in the village of Dopima (where they were all killed), the body of Tamaté being taken to Turotere. No remains of the bodies could at first be found, but later Chalmers' skull and hat were recovered and pieces of the smashed boat. Altho no natives were fired upon unless they first attacked, some twenty-four were killed and many more wounded. His excellency gave orders for all the fighting-men's houses and war-canoes to be destroyed, but no dwelling-houses. This was done in all the nine surrounding villages. The houses and dubus were found filled with skulls—in one dubu alone seven hundred skulls, and in another four hundred."

Tamaté died in New Guinea for New Guinea as he wished. He finished his course; he won the crown. Thank God for the work he accomplished. May God give us grace to imitate him in his love and zeal in the Master's service, that we, too, may hear with him the Master's voice: "Well done, good and faithful servant. . . . Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

No vengeance was asked for, or, rather, only the revenge of Christian love, such as burned in Tamaté's heart. When the first Gordon was murdered in Erromanga, the second Gordon went to preach the gospel of love over his brother's grave. When he too was killed, young Robertson and his brave wife saw in the crime a call to choose that island as their sphere of work. Now it is a Christian island. So the death of Tamaté was a call to messengers of the cross to carry the Gospel to those savage tribes for love to whom he counted not his life dear unto him. A memorial station has been started at the very place where Chalmers was killed, and bids fair to be one of the most fruitful in New Guinea.

Chapter XV

MIRACLES AMONG THE MAORIS OF NEW ZEALAND

BY

Rev. Donald MacDougall, B.D.
Author of "The Conversion of the Maori"

Chapter XV

MIRACLES AMONG THE MAORIS

THERE is no more striking illustration of the Gospel of Christ as the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth than the conversion of the Maoris of New Zealand; a whole nation of cannibals in a quarter of a century made nominally Christians through the preaching of the Gospel.

According to tradition, Maoriland was discovered by Te Kupe, a priest, who lived on an island called Hawaiki (perhaps Hawaii, to the natives of which the Maoris bear a strong resemblance). This priest incurred the displeasure of the ruling chief of Hawaiki, and was compelled to flee from his island home to save his life. After many, many moons, he came back, and was received as one returned from another world. The story he brought was far more surprising than his reappearance. He told them, in glowing language, of a wonderful country which he had discovered toward the south, of its richness, huge forests,

burning mountains, steaming lakes, gigantic birds, and other marvels.

This account of fairyland set the natives of the home island wild with excitement and passion to seek its shores. Indeed Te Kupe himself was now regarded as little less than a god. Preparations were made by the more adventurous spirits to visit and explore this alluring land, and six great canoes were constructed. They were laden with provisions and water, and one day they left Hawaiki for the south. Days passed with no sight of anything but water. But eventually land was reached. Te Kupe's canoe, the *Aotea*, was the first to get to shore, and thus the Maori name "Aotearoa" was given to New Zealand.

The physical features of New Zealand are very interesting.* The 4000 miles of seacoast contain some of the finest harbors in the world; there are highlands, with the Pumice Hills, the volcano Tongariro, 6000 feet high, and Mount Ruapahu, 3000 feet higher, and others rising to a height of 14,000 feet; the forests are so dense that beasts of prey are not found and sound does not penetrate; there are fine rivers and the boiling lake of Rota Mahana.

*The account of the early condition of the Maoris is from an article by Rev. Arthur T. Pierson, D.D.

The Maoris, in the days when Europe first made their acquaintance, lived in very small unfurnished dwellings, not high enough to permit a man to stand upright. Their cooking utensils were a few stones. Polygamy had no limits but the ability of a man to procure wives; every household was marked with daily strifes and deadly hatred. Extreme barbarism prevailed, in fact the lowest type of savage life. New-born babes were left in neglect to cry themselves to death. When five days old, infants were sprinkled or dipped at a stream and named, while a priest mumbled a prayer to an unknown spirit, "May this child become brave and warlike," or, perhaps, "cruel, adulterous, murderous." Stones were sometimes forced down the throat to make the heart hard and pitiless.

Tabu prevailed. It set apart men from all common approach—no one dared visit or converse with a tabued person; death was the penalty for being found in a canoe on a tabued day, or for a woman to eat certain articles of food. Tattooing with fish bones, dipped in indelible dye, was quite universal, and this process was slow, painful and prostrating. Superstitions too absurd to be soberly recorded ruled the people. A pain in the back was treated by jumping and treading on the patient. Dreams and omens were regarded as infallible.

The issue of a war was determined in advance by setting up sticks to represent contestants and watching which were blown down. Jugglers were their oracles, and witchcraft was the dreaded foe, to defeat whose malign designs any innocent person was liable to the most cruel death.

The Maoris were the worst kind of cannibals. They drank the blood of enemies as it flowed on the battle-field, and then feasted on their roasted remains. Their virtues were so few, and their vices so many and appalling, that not a few Christians doubted whether there was anything left worth saving, or possible to use as a basis for the Gospel. They could scarce be called idolaters, for they were so low sunk in barbarism that they had not even the invention to construct a god, and had no gods nor any objects of worship. Thunder they attributed to *Atua*, a great spirit whom they feared as the author of all calamities. They believed him to come as a lizard and prey on the vitals of the sick, and hence incantations were used, and they threatened to burn or kill and eat the demon unless he should depart. They also believed in *Wiro*, the Satan of the Maoris. They were virtually atheists, or, at best, devil-worshippers. They had a vague belief in a future state, but, of course, it was robed in gross and sensual conceptions.

When a chief died, slaves were killed to wait on him, and widows sometimes put themselves to death to rejoin their husbands.

When, at Samuel Marsden's request, the Church Missionary Society sent out three laborers in 1814, they were met at first with curiosity, then with distrust and hate. The task of acquiring the language was great, but it was next to impossible even then to gain a hearing. The few who came, almost nude, or in fantastic dress, would rudely leave in the midst of the service, saying aloud: "That's a lie; let's go."

When, in 1821, Samuel Leigh and other Wesleyan missionaries went to Wangaroa, the chief Jarra bade them welcome; but Mr. Leigh and his colleagues had had some hints beforehand of Jarra's treacherous nature. He was one of those who, twelve years before, had left Port Jackson for England with a few other Maoris. Captain Thompson found Jarra mutinous; he rebelled, refused to work, claiming to be a chief's son, and was reduced to submission only by being whipped and half starved. He brooded over his punishment, and hatched a terrible revenge. He pretended to be penitent, and gained the captain's confidence. At Wangaroa, Jarra moved his father to vengeance. With great subtlety he induced the

captain and crew to land, drew them into the woods, under pretense of selecting timber, then murdered them, and, in their clothes, went to the ship, assaulted all he could find, and plundered the vessel. But a sudden retribution was awaiting these murderers and plunderers. Jarra's father set a powder keg on the lower deck, and amused himself trying the muskets, a large number of New Zealanders being on board. An accidental spark caused an explosion, which blew up the upper works of the ship and killed every Maori on board. Then the natives on shore set fire to the vessel and ate every survivor.

With such a record, Jarra was not likely to be trusted, and about six weeks after they landed he began to show his tiger teeth. He threatened to burn Mr. Turner's house and eat the missionary and his wife, simply to extort a present. Other like-minded chiefs harassed the missionaries by similar threats and outrages, but were kept at bay by the remarkable Christian coolness and fortitude of these brave souls.

The cannibalism of the Maoris has never been exceeded in atrocity. Mr. Turner found several chiefs rollicking by a fire. On turning toward the fire he saw a human being roasting between the logs. Sick at heart, he tried to warn them

of the wrath of God, to preach to them the new law of love; but to what an audience! An English missionary, while on a cruise, touched at New Zealand for fresh food, fruit and vegetables. Of these he obtained a fresh supply, and was about leaving, when a chief asked him if he would like some flesh food. Says the missionary: "Thinking that doubtless they had hogs, I said 'Yes.' He gave a quick glance around him, as if he were looking for a messenger, and singled out and called to a fine young lad, apparently about eighteen years of age. The boy came and stood before him; and before I knew what he was about to do, and having my back turned to him, looking at the fruit, etc., I heard the sound of a heavy blow, and looking quickly around, found the still quivering body of the boy laid at my feet, with the words: '*Hevi ano te kai?*' (Is that blood sufficient for you?) Horror-stricken, I denounced the deed most bitterly, and, leaving all the provisions behind on the ground, returned sorrowfully on board."

The natives were very indolent. The missionaries could get no help in building the mission premises, and not until 1824 were the buildings completed. Where idleness prevailed, curiosity, its kindred vice, also existed, and this led the natives to send their children to learn to read, and so

many of the young Maoris were taught the catechism and learned to pray and sing. The same curiosity led the adults to go and hear what the missionaries had to say, so that the work looked hopeful. But despair came. A civil war became the occasion for acts of violence; the mission houses were burned, and it was a long time before quiet was restored and houses and fences rebuilt.

Chief Jarra was taken very ill. The death of a Maori chief rings the tocsin of vengeance—the quarrels and grudges of his life are then settled. The natives insulted the missionaries, stole their goods, broke down their fences, and replied to expostulation only with new threats of worse violence. Jarra gave ominous signs that if he should die the missionaries would be held accountable for the fatal explosion on board the *Boyd*, when so many Maoris were killed, as the God of the Christians had caused that spark to leap from the gunlock to the powder keg. Of course, with such unreasoning and insane passions no argument was possible.

The women and children were sent away to a distance, and the missionaries lived for weeks in constant apprehension. Jarra died, charging his followers to exact vengeance for his wrongs. The poultry of the missionaries was stolen, and some

of it was offered as a sacrifice to Jarra's father. In January, 1827, the whole party of Wesleyan laborers were compelled to embark for New South Wales, after undergoing numerous exposures and barely escaping with their lives from these treacherous and cruel savages.

To one of the New Zealand chiefs, however, their departure was a matter of great regret. Patuone had "rubbed noses" with the missionaries, and was known to be very friendly to Europeans. From him, in October, 1827, came an invitation for the exiles to return. It was an irresistible Macedonian cry; and the whole band, in the early part of the next year, landed on the north island and settled in Patuone's province.

Two years of fruitless labor passed by. Few would hear the message. The very chief whose letter had recalled them neither attended their place of worship nor gave them any encouragement. With great faith, seen nowhere so richly as among missionaries, they toiled and prayed, believing "that prayers and tears through Christ Jesus, can accomplish anything." In 1830 there were more attendances, and more attention was given to the truth. But the most powerful witnesses were the lives of these godly men and women. These Maoris could not but see a tremendous contrast

between themselves and the heroic and unselfish souls who were risking life itself for their sakes.

The first conversions startled the whole community. Tawai and Miti, two of their greatest warriors, openly declared their allegiance to the new captain of their salvation. God's Spirit was at work. Some came forty miles in canoes to hear the Gospel, and, as in one day, multitudes turned to God. The natives overflowed the chapel, and the forests and hills became sanctuaries, where the Word was preached to attentive listeners. The missionaries could now travel far and wide only to find multitudes ready to both hear and heed the Gospel.

Two incidents of conversions are especially noteworthy. On a certain Sunday the Rev. Mr. Taylor, a clergyman of the Church of England, was administering the Lord's Supper. Among the communicants were two rival chiefs, Tamati Puna and Panapa. When the former was admitted to the table, he happened to kneel next to Panapa, who had a few years previously killed and eaten Puna's father. This was the first time they had met and for a moment the old spirit of revenge seized Tamati. His face changed, his tongue protruded, and all the muscles of his body quivered. He sprang to his feet, and when he was about

to give the fatal blow to his rival foe, his hand seemed to have lost its power. He came to himself, and walked out of the meeting.

In a few moments he returned a changed man, knelt next to Panapa, and burst out weeping and sobbing like a child. When the service was over, the missionary asked him "What was the matter?" for his emotions were extraordinary. "Ah," he said, "when I knelt next to Panapa I recognized him as the murderer who killed and ate my father, and I could not control myself; but somehow I could not strike him, and as I walked out I heard a voice saying, 'Thereby shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye love one another.' I thought I saw a cross and a man nailed to it, and I heard him say, 'Father, forgive them.' Then I returned and felt ashamed, and came back to the altar. It was the love of Jesus that melted my heart and made me eat of the same bread and drink out of the same cup with the murderer of my father."

On another Sunday, four converted young chiefs, in their zeal for the Lord, went to preach to a desperate gang of natives, headed by a chief called Kaitoke, and as they began to preach and tell them of the love of Jesus, they were urged to stop, but the young men persisted, saying that the

Saviour had commanded the Gospel to be preached to all men. The savages threatened to kill them, but the young chiefs continued till they were shot by their enemies. News of the tragedy spread, and the whole community was in commotion. Heathen friends of the martyrs wanted to avenge their death, but the missionaries and Christian chiefs used their efforts for peace. Hundreds of armed natives were ready to attack the enemy. Some young men stole away and fired several shots; others followed, and a battle took place which lasted for two hours. Several of the savages and Christians fell. Kaitoke was wounded and taken prisoner, after which his band laid down their arms and went to their homes. Haimond Peta, an old warrior, who was once the terror of his enemies, but had become a Christian, was one of the leading men in the fray. He died two years later a devoted Christian and before his death, he said to one of the missionaries, "Don't ask the Lord to keep me here any longer. I have taken leave of my people and children; my heart is in heaven, and I long to depart."

Chief Kaitoke himself was converted the first time he attended church. When Chief Wirema Patuone saw him entering the meeting-house, he became greatly excited and cried aloud: "O God,

give the murderer a new heart." The Lord answered that prayer; and he and several of his savage tribe embraced the Christian faith and were baptized.

In 1809 the ship *Boyd* had been plundered and burned by these cannibals, who devoured every survivor of the crew. Behold the contrast! A shipwreck at Kaipara Heads cast over 200 persons naked and destitute on the shore. They were received with humane and Christian kindness; not to be clubbed and roasted, but snugly housed and fed in Okaro, and not one farthing would these Maoris accept in return for their hospitality.

Most wonderful of all, these New Zealanders felt that they must send the Gospel, which had brought them such blessing, to the destitute about them. A grand missionary meeting was called by the Okaroans. It was a three days' meeting. One whole day was consumed in addresses on missions, fifteen or sixteen of which were made by converted natives. No wonder if all eyes wept as these regenerated cannibals told of Him who had saved them, and of their passion to tell of Jesus to the lost. Poor as they were they made an offering of sixty-five dollars—an average of about thirty cents for each attending native Christian!

The subsequent history of the Maoris was one

of large and frequent outpourings of the Spirit. They sought to bless others and were themselves blessed. Hundreds were converted, new churches were organized, and new buildings erected in all peopled districts; native young men were trained and sent forth as evangelists, and the isles resounded with praise to God!

Chapter XVI

OBSTACLES AND OPPORTUNITIES IN THE PHILIPPINES

BY

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Chapter XVI

OBSTACLES AND OPPORTUNTIES IN THE PHILIPPINES

EIGHT millions of people on the other side of the planet have recently come under the control of the American Government. Some of them are partially civilized, many are wholly primitive, and nearly all are heathen with a thin veneer of Romanism of the medieval-Spanish type.

They are not an inherently degraded or vicious people. For uncounted centuries their women have been creatures of men, and if they easily yield to the soldier and the priest, it is not so much because of a lascivious disposition as because they have never been taught to have a conscience on the subject or to feel that it was possible for them to resist anything a man may desire. Their Church leaders, who should have inculcated loftier standards, put a premium upon concubinage by refusing to perform the marriage ceremony except for exorbitant fees.

The unwillingness of the Filipino to work is a serious problem in the development of the islands.

Rich soil, perpetual summer, and simple wants are not conducive to hard labor. Little toil is necessary in a land where bananas, coconuts, and hemp grow spontaneously, and the sugar-cane, once fairly started, thrives so vigorously that weeds can not compete with it. A few hours' work with a bolo will construct a hut of bamboo, and the leaves of the abundant nipa will thatch it. Clothing is an equally simple matter in that soft climate. There is thus little stimulus to work.

The Filipinos are however undergoing a process of awakening in their industrial and religious as well as in their political life. An instance of this process of awakening is the experience of the Presbyterian missionaries in the island of Panay. They rented a house in Molo, a large town which is really a suburb of Iloilo, and were kindly received by the people. A house was promised for a school and children to attend its sessions. As they were unable to speak the dialect it was impossible to take advantage of these offers at first. A visit from a U. S. Army chaplain (Roman Catholic) seemed to change the spirit of the chief men of the village, and the priests (Filipinos) began to exercise their authority. A young public school teacher who was teaching one of the missionaries Visayan was dismissed from his school. The

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IGORROTE SCHOOL CHILDREN FROM THE PHILIPPINES.

MOHAMMEDANS OF THE SULU ARCHIPELAGO.

young men who were studying English with the missionaries were threatened with excommunication, and later a man who was assisting the Baptist missionary in the translation of the New Testament was waylaid and murdered outside of town. The military authorities then advised the missionaries to move into Iloilo, that they might be better protected. This they did, and Molo seemed closed. Within six months the people begged them to return, and now a good congregation meets twice a week in the center of the town. The rule of the native priest savored too much of friardom and was not to be borne. Not only there but in many other places the people welcome Protestant services.

Liberty is the order of the day, and it would be impossible to stop the movement away from Rome were it desirable. Is it surprising that the people should cast aside the most galling of all yokes that they have worn? The Christian Church has large opportunities as well as undeniable duties to these people. The Church has been praying for open doors, and now the doors are not only open, but the people are anxious and eager for instruction, and yet there are not men and money to carry on the work.

The movement which has begun in and about

Manila will spread to all parts of the islands, for the people are ready for instruction. With the fulfilment of the promises of the Government by the establishment of provincial and municipal government, the old feeling of distrust and fear are being replaced by confidence and trust. There are dangers and perils in the path of the work of reconstruction and education. There is danger that liberty will mean license to an untrained people. There is danger of an unholy compromise with error in order to win the people in great numbers. There is danger of a Protestant formalism in exchange for the Roman.

The missionaries are doing their utmost to avoid these dangers, but they realize that now is the time for a distinct effort to spread the Gospel from one end of the islands to the other. The great danger is that the people, freed from the ecclesiastical tyranny of the past, will drift into indifference or lapse into heathenism again. Such has been the case in every Spanish colony that gained its freedom.

OBSTACLES TO CHRISTIANITY*

The difficulties that beset Christian missionaries in their work for the Filipinos are not wholly due to the indifference and wilfulness of the people

*By John B. Devins, D.D.

nor to their unfortunate history. Many of them are such as should not exist in an American colony.

Probably the greatest of these obstacles is the example of the Americans. The gross violations of financial confidence by Americans in civil, military, and business life, resulting in newspaper exposures and terms of imprisonment; the indulging in customs which offend the Filipinos, and which fill the society columns of the newspapers, lead the natives to reject that form of religion which the Americans represent. A trusted American employee arrested for embezzlement, a soldier leaving his Filipino wife, or mistress, when his regiment sails for home, or a Sunday house-party in the country with a cock-fight as an attraction, lead the Filipinos to wonder whether their islands have gained in morality by their exchange of owners and armies. The friars do not let an opportunity slip for deepening or creating the impression that the Spaniards, and not the Americans, are the real Christians.

The attitude of the American Government is strictly non-partisan. Any man may worship God as he pleases. A Roman Catholic, an Aglipayan, a Protestant, or an infidel will be protected equally in his worship or non-worship. At the same time, there has been an impression among the American

teachers and civil government employees that their superiors will be better pleased if nothing is done by Protestants which serves to emphasize their religious tendencies, such as the entertainment of missionaries or Bible agents, or attendance on Protestant services.

Aside from the attitude of the Government, whose non-Catholic representatives have not been openly in favor of Protestantism, the social customs of many Americans do not aid the missionaries, who ought to be assisted by the people from the home land. It seems pitiable that Americans consider it necessary to sacrifice their own sense of right in order to conform to the customs of those whom they should teach Christian principles. When a Filipino calls upon another native, the host never thinks of offering him beer or whiskey, but these are considered necessary when an American calls.

The church-going habit by Protestants seems to have been well-nigh forgotten. With thousands of Americans in Manila not Roman Catholics, the three Protestant churches are never full.

In the provinces, outside of one or two cities and army posts where there are chaplains or association secretaries, there is practically no church attendance on the part of the Americans, Protes-

tants or Catholics. A mission to the Americans in the Philippines is quite as necessary, perhaps more so, than a mission to the Filipinos. The clergymen in Manila and Iloilo, and in one or two other places, are doing all that they can to help their countrymen who are willing to be helped.

Climatic conditions and distances form serious obstacles to religious activity in the Philippines. The weather is often called upon to bear blame for which it is not responsible, but a good deal may be laid at the door of a temperature which struggles to record three figures, and seldom fails to get within four or five degrees of its goal for days at a time, even during months not in the so-called "hot season." When one has been wilting and withering for six days, a Sunday in the country or an opportunity to "lie around" in his room presents a temptation not easy to resist. People living within a block of the church find the atmosphere too oppressive to venture out, while others walk miles and are not overcome with the heat. How the missionaries live and labor, as they do year after year, is one of the marvels of missions. It is true that many of them are not strong, and that the ladies especially find it necessary to go to Japan once in two or three years. If any missionary seeks a hard field, let him or her apply to one of the

boards for an appointment to the Philippines.

The question of language and race also form serious obstacles to mission work in many parts of the islands. This has been obviated somewhat by the plan of comity adopted when the American missionaries came here. There are five or six denominations carrying on work among the natives, although the Episcopalians are concerned chiefly with the Americans, and their work among the natives consists largely in settlement work. None of the denominations has anything like an adequate force of workers to take advantage of the opportunities.

Great as are the obstacles, Christ and the representatives of the Christian churches are able to overcome them. This can be done sooner and with less loss of men and means if more adequate support is now given by those who desire to see the Kingdom of God established in the Philippine Islands.

Among the many encouragements which lead us to look for great spiritual harvests in these islands are the number of strong men who are becoming Christian evangelists. The story of one of these men is ably told by Bishop Frank W. Warne.

About ten years before the American occupation

of the Philippines Paulino Zamora, a Filipino, became anxious to secure a Protestant Bible, but there was none to be had in all the islands. After some time he succeeded in obtaining a portion of the Bible from the captain of a Spanish ship, and began to study it. At about the same time the British and Foreign Bible Society sent two agents to the Philippine Islands. They were poisoned, probably at the instigation of the friars, in the Manila Hotel De Orienti. One of them died, but the other, Mr. Castells, escaped and became a missionary of the British and Foreign Bible Society in Central America. Paulino Zamora received from them a complete Bible and some instructions. He knew that he could not, if it were known, keep a Bible in his home in Manila, and therefore for the purpose of studying it he moved out in the province of Bulacan, some distance from Manila, and there continued his Bible study.

Through faith in the truth he found in the Bible he entered into as definite an experience of justification by faith as Martin Luther did when climbing the Scala Santa on his knees.

Zamora rejoiced in his new experience and invited some neighbors to study the Bible with him, and it soon became known to the friars that a Protestant Bible was in his possession. One

evening, about sunset, his house was surrounded by the police; he was arrested, a search was made, and the Bible found. He was taken to Manila and cast into the Billibid prison, an unventilated dungeon near Manila. Soon, without a trial, he was banished to an island in the Mediterranean Sea.

Zamora had a brother who was a professor in the chief Roman Catholic college in Manila. When the father was banished, this brother took his nephew, Zamora's son Nicholas, and put him into a college to educate him for the Roman Catholic priesthood.

When, in the provision of God, America gave religious liberty to the Filipinos, Paulino Zamora was able to return to Manila and at about the same time his son was graduated with honors for the priesthood.

During all the years of his college course, Nicholas had been curious to see the book on account of which his father had been banished. When they met in Manila under the protection of the American flag, the father taught his son the Protestant Bible and led him into a clear experience of personal salvation.

Soon after this, during the month of July, 1899, Mr. Arthur Prautch, a Methodist preacher who had an institute in Manila for American soldiers,

announced in the Spanish papers that on the following Sunday there would be a Protestant service, in the Spanish language, in the Soldiers' Institute. He secured an interpreter, and a very few people came to the meeting. Among them were Paulino Zamora and his son Nicholas. On the fourth Sunday the interpreter failed to appear and Mr. Prautch, not knowing Spanish, said to Paulino, "Will you speak?" The courageous old man stood up, but his voice failed him and he, who had endured so much, was unable to speak in public. He therefore turned to his son and said, "Nicholas, you try!" Nicholas sprang to his feet, opened his Bible, and read with much enthusiasm the passages that his father had taught him. He then told the people how he had found peace with God through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, without the intercession of the priests. Mr. Prautch saw quickly that Nicholas was a God-chosen and prepared instrument, and asked him to speak again next Sunday. Nicholas replied: "It will give me pleasure."

Mr. Prautch announced that on the following Sunday Nicholas Zamora would preach in the institute in the Spanish language. This news spread rapidly over the city, got into the daily papers, and the next Sunday there was a crowd.

Nicholas continued from Sunday to Sunday, and the crowd increased, and in February, 1900, when Bishop Thoburn and Bishop Warne arrived in Manila, Nicholas was preaching in seven different centers to good audiences and was one of the most widely known, best loved and hated man in Manila.

Some weeks later, there, in the Soldiers' Home, in a room with a dusty floor, without a pulpit or an altar, and with only a few rough chairs, Bishop Thoburn ordained Nicholas Zamora, the first Protestant minister in the Philippine Islands.

Zamora's aged father sat in the audience, and when the ordination was over the old man rushed forward, threw his arms around Bishop Thoburn and hugged him and wept on his neck, and tremblingly quoted in the Spanish language the very words of Simeon: "God, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." How kind and wise the Providence that permitted the trembling old man, who had suffered for religious liberty and who had been imprisoned and banished and who had led his own son into the clear Christian experience, to see that very son ordained the first Protestant minister in the Philippine Islands.

The work has grown, due largely to the work of Nicholas Zamora, until over 1500 persons have

been baptized and taken into the Methodist Church and more than 300 couples have received Protestant marriages, indicating their final break with Romanism.

Under the leadership of Nicholas the first Protestant church in the Philippine Islands was built and largely paid for by the Filipino Protestant Christians, and in August, 1900, Bishop Warne dedicated the first Protestant church in the Philippine Islands.

PADRE JUAN AND THE VISAYAN PEASANTS

One of the greatest fields of opportunity for the Gospel is in the Visayan Islands.* Here the Gospel has been welcomed first by the peasants. The first missionaries came to the Visayan Islands with definite hopes and plans to evangelize the better-educated natives, who had become enlightened enough to throw off the religious yoke imposed by the friars. This liberal-minded, leading class seemed to offer the greatest opportunity, and plans and expectations accordingly took little account of the peasants. But God, who directs the great missionary enterprise in all lands, did not thus leave out of account these neglected Visayans,

*This story of the work in the Visayan Islands is contributed by Rev. Charles W. Briggs of the American Baptist Missionary Union, stationed at Iloilo.

for the missionaries soon found that the peasants were the only ones who would attend the services, and the only ones to whom the Gospel appealed. Since the opening of the work, in 1900, practically all evangelical services have been conducted in the Visayan language and for the peasants. Work for the upper class has not been neglected, nor has it been entirely without its fruit, but it has never assumed large proportions.

The barrio, or village peasants, were especially prepared for the coming of Protestantism long before a Protestant missionary ever seriously considered coming to them with the Gospel. Here, as in Christ's time, it was in the fulness of time that the evangel was first preached. Their preparation was two-fold. For many decades a suspicion had been developing among these peasants toward the Roman Church and the government it represented. This spirit of rebellion naturally called down upon the barrios the furious and cruel hand of the despotic power exercised by the friars. The dreaded *guardia civil* raided the barrio country, and the peasants retaliated by raiding the towns and making it unsafe for officials and papal propagandists to go into the barrio country unarmed. In some districts near the towns the power of the friars was so great that the peasants were compelled to

pay a feigned subservience to the authorities, while in the more distant sections and in the mountain regions the peasants were practically never reduced to submission. These conditions during the several decades preceding the famous revolution in 1896 were breeding a spirit of Protestantism that became very intense. They identified their oppressors and their priests with the Roman Catholic faith. Thus they had broken with their Romanism and were in a Protestant attitude waiting for competent leaders, and the first missionaries found it relatively easy to gain an immense following from these most desirable of all the inhabitants of the Visayan Islands.

These ignorant peasants were inevitably exploited by various demagogues, who, under politico-religious pretenses, led them into all sorts of superstitions and secret organizations. But, wonderful to tell, one of their leaders was a man of apostolic mould and power. His name is now universally known as Padre Juan, or "Father" or "Priest" John. His story is as fascinating as his work and his influence were remarkable.

Padre Juan was a native Roman Catholic priest, a native of southern Luzon, who came to Panay some forty years ago. He was sent by the friars as a missionary to the barrios in the interior of

Panay. But the friars soon heard disturbing rumors about Padre Juan, to the effect that he had become a demagog, was looked upon as a miracle-worker by the peasants, and that he was stirring up sedition and teaching false doctrines. After a fruitless search for him by the *guardia civil*, he was eventually captured, reduced to imprisonment and *finally* sent to the penal station in Paragua Island, where he eventually died of fever. This is the friars' version. But the peasants say that Padre Juan came to them as a leader sent from God; that he brought with him a Bible which he continually read and taught to them, and that he told them Christ was their only Saviour, and that images and saints and masses were idolatrous and wicked. He loved the peasants and they loved him in return, and followed him in great crowds, and the whole barrio and mountain region believed in him. Then, strangest of all, he told them that some day true teachers would come to them, white men, but different from the friars, and that they would know the true teachers because they would bring the Bible—God's own Word—to all the people! Then Padre Juan was captured, and all the peasants were the more mercilessly punished by the friar government, because they persisted in believing in his teaching. They endured all

and looked forward to the fulfilling of their hope for true teachers. These things happened thirty or forty years ago.

When the first missionaries began to preach in the Jaro market, the great central gathering place for the barrio peasants, the people came in small numbers to hear the new white teacher, and the fact that he continually used the Book which he told them to be God's Word. They went back to their barrios and told what they had seen. Some of the older people remembered Padre Juan or had heard of him and recalled his prediction. Others came down to hear again the new teachers and to make inquiry. The conviction became general that the true teachers had finally arrived, and from that time the Protestant services were thronged by earnest peasants. The missionaries knew nothing of these traditions at that time, and marveled at these multitudes in a Roman Catholic country who came calling themselves already Protestants, and saying that they believed God's Word even though they were ignorant and humble, and that they wished to have it explained to them and to be organized and protected by the new teachers.

Before Protestant work had been prosecuted nine months in the Jaro market, a great petition signed by more than thirteen thousand names was

brought to the missionaries, the petition stating that all the undersigned were Protestants, and wished to be evangelized and organized and protected as Protestants. This list, at first looked upon with caution, lest it be but the fruitage of a moment of excitement on the part of a peasant people not knowing what they were asking for, was found to be genuine.

Thus it was that the barrio peasants were prepared for the Gospel. Padre Juan's name is already as nearly buried in oblivion as his friar enemies could succeed in burying it. He may have been one of the Filipinos of that generation who was educated abroad. Be that as it may, he had manifestly come into touch with the truth as it is in Jesus, and resorted to this means of planting it as best he could where it might be bearing fruitage when the great rising tide of missions, which he was spiritually sensitive enough to feel, would flood these islands. We can only guess at who he really was, and where he got his Bible and his knowledge of the Gospel. We wonder and thank God for the greatness of his soul, regret the tragedy of his short career, and then write of the Philippines as was written of Galilee and Judea: "There was a man who came from God, whose name was John; and he came to bear witness to the Light."

THE PHILIPPINE NATIVE SPORT — COCK FIGHTING.

PROTESTANT SERVICE IN A COCKPIT IN THE PHILIPPINES.

BAPTISMAL SERVICE AT THE FOUNDING OF A CHURCH IN THE JUNGLE.

South Copiz Province, Panay, Philippine Islands.

John the forerunner, was here, and hundreds of his followers are today baptized Christians.

Padre Juan's story is romantic, but one must not overlook the inevitable. No minister could, in four or five brief years, lead a great ignorant peasant multitude into all the truth. And during the thirty or forty years since his capture, a whole generation has passed and another has taken its place. Only the traditions of Padre Juan and of his message remain, and these are often confusing and adulterated. A great multitude of peasants are ready for the Gospel, due to their strange history and the remarkable way in which God led them long ago. But centuries of darkness and error, of hungering and reaching out for the light, but meanwhile of wandering in the darkness, have left their blight upon the people. A long, difficult task confronts those who would lead them out into the fulness of the liberty of the sons of God. More of them believe the preached word than we have as yet been able to baptize, organize and lead into the knowledge of the Scriptures. Generations must pass before the barrio country can become thoroughly Christian, grounded in the truth that Christ left us to teach. Schools, hospitals, living examples of Christianity, and generations of faithful teaching line upon line and precept upon pre-

cept must follow before the end for which we work can possibly be realized. But on no mission field is there brighter promise of the relatively speedy triumph of the Gospel, of the regeneration and sanctification of the whole mass, than is met with today in the great barrio country in central and northern Panay.

Such ripeness for evangelism has never been seen in any Roman Catholic field. The deep hatred of the friars, the natural curiosity to hear for themselves what Protestantism really is, and the real hunger for a better spiritual life, combine to make the people eager to hear the message. It is not exactly a thirst for the Gospel. It is simply thirst! They are restless, discontented, and ready to listen to the story of a satisfying religious life begotten in the soul by the Holy Spirit.

Chapter XVII

AMONG THE HEAD-HUNTERS OF BORNEO

BY

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Chapter XVII

AMONG THE HEAD-HUNTERS OF BORNEO

BORNEO, the largest island of the Malay Archipelago, attracted the attention of the friends of missions at an early date. Especially in Germany interest was aroused in the natives of the island by the descriptions of modern travelers and by the reports of officials of the Dutch Government. The Missionary Society of Barmen, therefore, commenced work among the Dyaks, starting from the Dutch military post of Bandjermasin in Southern Borneo. But in the year 1856 a revolt against the Dutch Government wiped out every evidence of the mission work by the murder of the missionaries. For a number of years no attempt was made to re-establish the mission, but finally it was organized again, and at present, a wide interest has been awakened and considerable success seems to be assured. Farther in the northwest the British Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, opened work among the more or less civilized inhabitants of the State of Sarawak. This state is under the beneficent rule of Rajah Brooke, the

successor of his illustrious uncle, who has done more for the civilization of at least a part of Borneo than any other white man.

The extreme north of the island of Borneo is occupied by the territory of the British North Borneo Company, an English trading firm resembling in its purposes more or less the old East India Company. This district had been left to itself as far as missionary effort was concerned, and being the most unknown part of the island, it was also the most uncivilized. A large number of peoples speak different tongues, some resembling those of the Philippine Islands. They were constantly at war with each other, and their houses were decorated with the smoked heads of their defeated enemies as trophies of war and emblems of tribal bravery. They lived with no other foreign influence than that of the supercilious and oppressive Malay settler and the Chinese trader, who under European influence imported the deadly opium poison which demoralized the weaker Dyak more rapidly even than the more wiry Chinese. Into this country the Methodist Episcopal Church sent its first missionary, in February of the year 1891.

In the company of the superintendent of the Malaysia Mission, the Rev. Dr. J. C. Floyd, I reached Sandakan the capital of the State, where

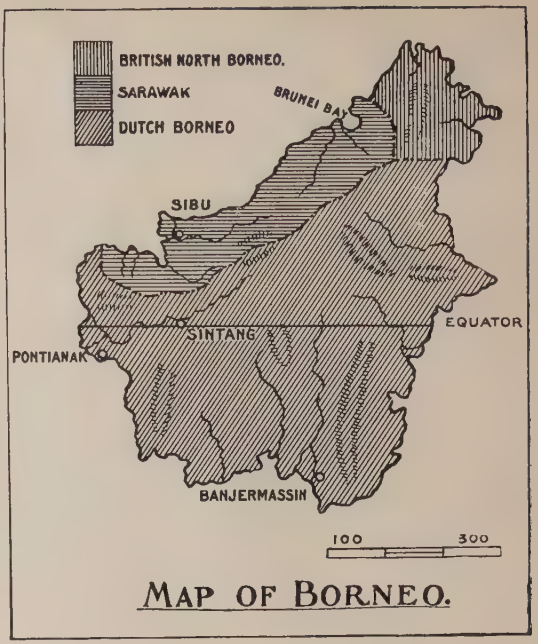
the Governor pointed out the strategic importance of a mission at Limbawang, about five days journey from Kimanis on the river of the same name. We proceeded therefore to Kimanis from whence after a short time Dr. Floyd returned to his headquarters in Singapore.

Soon after there was a flood between Limbawang and Kimanis, followed by an outbreak of a peculiar semi-religious riot in the interior and a famine. These prevented my reaching the heart of Limbawang, and after careful consideration I decided to accept the invitation of the native chieftain of Kimanis, of the tribe of the Kenowits, to settle there. I erected my mission house on the northern bank of the river, opposite the large tribal house of Anakoda Unsang, the chieftain, on the other side of the river. There were a few Malay settlements near by toward the seacoast, as well as a number of Chinese stores, but a little farther away there were villages of Dusuns or Kadasans, Muruts and Peluans, all Bornean tribes, speaking different languages. Some were refugees from the Philippines, who had fled from Spanish justice or the more obnoxious oppression of the Spanish priest. The majority of these people were Bisayas (Visayans). There was therefore no lack of opportunities nor lack of variety of work, tho the population

was not as dense as one would have liked. I was permitted at once to commence work among the Malays and Chinese, whose languages I had mastered, and I immediately attempted the acquisition of the languages of the Kenowits and other Bornean tribes. My work in connection with the erection of my house greatly assisted me. I had engaged two natives to help me in the cutting and preparing of timber, and their gossip and other conversation as well as the talking of visitors to the scene of our labors provided me with the best opportunity of hearing the languages spoken. An ever ready notebook and pencil fixed words and phrases in my vocabulary, and, in turn, these were used on the first opportunity to verify their meaning.

In this way I acquired enough of the language, in a comparatively short time, to enable me to commence an organized effort to teach the children and instruct the grown-up people in the Gospel and in other useful information. Meanwhile I gained a deeper knowledge of the manners and customs and religious views of the people. The head-hunting propensities of the Dyaks are well known to the student of ethnology. I learned that the leading thought in the taking of heads was the idea that the conqueror could secure the "soul"

DYAK WOMEN OF BORNEO.



MAP OF BORNEO.

A HOUSE OF DYAK HEAD-HUNTERS, BORNEO.

A CHINESE CHRISTIAN CONGREGATION IN BORNEO.

of the conquered and add it to his own soul, increasing thereby his courage and strength, and consequently his reputation as a hero, as long as the head of the victim remained in his possession. It is therefore the custom of the people after battle, to wrap the conquered heads in a loose crate of rattan and to smoke them over a fire of damp wood and leaves. Then they hang the ghastly trophies in the houses in bundles having an uncanny resemblance to gigantic grapes, each head forming a berry. It needs no further mention that these war-trophies are considered by the Dyaks their most sacred possessions and are guarded with the utmost jealousy and vigilance. Their loss would mean not only a considerable decrease of personal prestige, but also the loss of a part of the "soul," i.e., of courage and strength.

In the field of religious knowledge there is a very general belief in a good and powerful god called Kinaringan, the creator of heaven and earth. His blessed abode is on the heights of that lofty peak, Kinabalu, not far from the Marudu bay, about forty miles to the north of the mission house. Kinaringan is not worshipped, as far as I could ascertain, tho evil spirits innumerable are appeased by simple sacrifices, and sometimes exorcised by magic formulas. The brave Dyak,

however, expects to abide with Kinaringan after death, and hopes that on the heavenly heights a handful of grain strewn into the fertile soil will produce a harvest sufficient for all eternity.

I have often had the questionable privilege of sitting under the bundles of heads in the Dyak houses, for that is the seat of honor, and of closely examining them. Anakoda Unsang, who claimed to be my friend, was not a talkative man, but when roused from his studied stolidity he would relate the circumstances of many a battle and victory in the past with apparent gusto, not unwilling to declare his courage and reputed invulnerability.

Among these people I commenced my missionary labors. These consisted in teaching a number of boys and adults the Roman alphabet and the reading of a few simple words, which had been printed on two pages in our mission press at Singapore. Some amount of national prejudice had to be overcome as is illustrated by the following story.

The Dyaks say, that at the beginning Kinaringan created four classes of men, the yellow men (Chinese), the brown men (Malays), the white men (Europeans), and themselves, *men* without descriptive epithet The yellow men were clever

with their hands, able to do anything that required skill; the brown men excelled in the worship of God (being Mohammedans), bowing before him five times every day; the white men were very magicians, causing the iron to float and building iron ships which would go over the sea without either oars or sails; but all three races were sadly deficient in the powers of memory. To remedy this great deficiency Kinaringan prepared letters and characters which he presented to them, in which they could write down what otherwise they would forget. The Dyak did not need this gift, for "we never forget anything, and therefore have no need of writing!"

Nevertheless a few acquired the accomplishment of writing and reading their own names and a few simple words, while the instruction gave us an opportunity of making progress in the knowledge of the language and the mind of the people. Gradually I commenced preaching, and both in private and in public tried to exert an influence among them.

To convey an idea of the difficulty of my task—aside of the difficulty of the language—I mention but one incident. Speaking of the divine command, "Thou shalt not kill," I encountered a specimen of rather acute logic. "Sir," said one,

"you do not fulfil this commandment, for you too kill the animals of the forest." "Yes," I replied, "but this commandment means: Thou shalt not kill men." "Oh surely not," answered my native friend, "for does it bring you honor to kill animals?" I answered, "No, we kill them for food, not for honor." "But we," he replied, "kill men for honor, and we are praised for bringing home the heads of our enemies. How can that be sin which brings us honor, while that which brings you no honor shall not be sin?"

After I had learned more of the religious views of the people, I learned to answer this argument. I could remind them of the fact that Kinaringan, in creating men, had endowed them with many gifts, the country and all that was therein, but that, more priceless than any other gift, he had given men his own breath or soul, that which we call life; and would he allow men to ruthlessly take away what he had given his people, or would he not severely punish those that destroyed the life which had proceeded from him?

A very satisfactory proof of the efficiency of the teaching on this subject was seen in the fact that in the whole neighborhood, this side of Limbawang—within a radius of sixty miles from my house—no human head was brought home in triumph

during the whole length of my stay in Kimanis.

Early in December I received a letter from the headquarters of our mission demanding my immediate return to Singapore. Our missionary force there had been weakened by illness, the colleague whom Bishop Thoburn had expected to send me had given up the thought of mission work in the foreign field, and had engaged in work among the Jews of New York and neighborhood; and as the Bishop had never relished the idea of having one of his workers alone in savage surroundings, so far from all means of communication, he urged my taking up work in Singapore. A few years before that time I had given a solemn promise at the moment of my ordination to "reverently obey them to whom the charge and government over you is committed, following with a glad mind and will their godly admonitions," and as I had been willing to go I was not unwilling to return.

Nevertheless it was the saddest farewell which I have ever been called upon to say in leaving a charge. Here was not merely the affection which naturally arises between pastor and people, but here was the great need and the unfeigned willingness to listen to the Gospel message, preached in so much weakness, and here was the improbability of finding a successor to continue the necessary

work. I had arranged for a boat to convey me to Labuan, an island port toward the west from Kimanis, where I could hope for a steamer to Singapore once a week, while the nearer port, Pulo Gaya, had only monthly communication. The boat which belonged to a Chinese (Cantonese) trader was old and leaky, but we made some necessary repairs which, however, did not stop every leak.

I had conveyed my belongings into the vessel and now said good-by to the friends which I had made. How great was the sadness of farewell, how kind the proffering of little mementoes and farewell gifts, how earnest the request for a teacher and missionary! The darkness of the evening had fallen upon this sad afternoon of leave-taking with the rapidity in which night follows upon day in the heart of the tropics, and yet I had one important call to make, the farewell visit to Anakoda Unsang, the chieftain, in his tribal house. I had met the Kenowits in the afternoon, but the chieftain had been absent, so I set out after sunset to bid him farewell.

After ascending the notched, slanting tree which serves as stairs to the lofty Dyak building, I found him seated in company with two of his brothers, in front of a little kerosene oil lamp, a simple tin

vessel filled with American Standard oil, which even then had reached Borneo. The cotton wick produced a smoky reddish flame, in the lurid light of which I saw the stalwart figures of the three Dyaks, and the bundle of head trophies overhead, while a few women and children moved to and fro in the deeper darkness. I took my usual seat before them and the conversation began. Anakoda Unsang had heard of my intended departure, and wistfully asked: "Why do you leave us; have any of us treated you unfairly?" I could answer this question with a good conscience, for these men had been my friends, altho the chieftain had given less evidence of interest in my preaching than anyone else. I explained the reasons of my recall, and he expressed his regret at my leaving, asking me to send him another missionary in my stead.

"You do not really seem to want a missionary," I said, "for have you followed my teaching, have you become a Christian, you or your people?"

The chieftain now pronounced a truth which no missionary should ever forget, in saying: "Sir, we have heard your preaching, and as wise men we have watched your living, and now see that both agree, your preaching and your living, so that we are willing to become Christians. You

have told us many good things, you have made our mouths water, and now you withdraw the food and leave us to ourselves. Will you not send us a missionary?"

"Anakoda Unsang," I replied, "you do not really want a preacher. These heads (pointing upward) are dearer to you than a missionary."

"Do not say so," he replied, "we surely want a missionary."

A sudden thought came to me to prove the sincerity of the desire of the savage chieftain, and I said: "Anakoda Unsang, give me one of these heads."

I had intended to explain the reason of my extraordinary request, but immediately the chieftain had grasped the hilt of his sword with his right hand, and jumping into a standing position he had dragged the weapon halfway out of its sheath, while his eyes shot fiery looks at me. I had never before seen a Dyak look so fierce. He stood close before me. I had risen from my seat and stretched my right hand toward him, so near that I could feel the hot breath which escaped from his widely opened mouth. His lips quivered and his hollow cheeks trembled with excitement. It seemed as if he wanted to scream his battle-cry and to strike at me, but his tongue was lamed and

his hand stayed as if held by a supernatural invisible hand. I looked steadfastly into his eyes, and said as quietly as I could:

"Anakoda Unsang, you know me as a man of one word. You have told me to send you a missionary; therefore I say again, give me one of these heads, and I will take it with me, and show it to my friends in Singapore and at home, and say to them, 'See, Anakoda Unsang has broken with the customs of his ancestors; he has given me this head as a pledge that he will become a Christian, and that he wishes a missionary for himself and his people.' Then it may be that I can send you a substitute for myself."

When I had said this, he closed his eyes for a moment, as the tiger does when you look into its eyes, and when he opened them again, the savage fire had died out in them. With a jerk he thrust his sword, which had not yet been wholly uncovered, back into its sheath, sank back into his former seat, and with a motion of his hand said quietly, "All right, take one, choose one yourself."

Anakoda's brothers, as I now perceived, had sat motionless, gazing at the unwonted scene. They remained so as I took my pocket-knife out of my pocket, raised myself upon a low stool, and cut out of a bundle of thirty heads that of a young

man, wrapped it in my handkerchief, and said good-by to the chief. At this moment the chieftain's wife, who must have observed the proceedings, brought a bag plaited of screw-pine leaves, into which I placed the head with the handkerchief. The two brothers sitting with us around the lamp had not yet recovered from their surprise, but finally they too bade me farewell. A few moments later I sped my way through the dark and presently saw the little gleam of light from my own house on the other side of the river, which I crossed by swimming, holding my precious trophy high over my head in my right hand, striking the wave with my left.

Early the next morning I left Kimanis, and after three days of a stormy and perilous voyage I came to Labuan, whence in due time I reached Singapore by steamer.

Six months after my departure from Borneo Anakoda Unsang, my friend, was killed in a battle at Limbawang, where he had been sent to quell a disturbance among the tribes, but his people are still waiting (October, 1906) for the fulfilment of my promise. I have often shown the ghastly trophy of Borneo in Europe and America, and made my plea. When will we send missionaries to evangelize the Dyaks of North Borneo?

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